SACRED PRAISE

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Sacred Praise

EDITED AND COMPILED BY

JAMES M. BLACK

FOR THE PUBLISHERS

FOR USE IN

GOSPEL MEETINGS,

EVANGELISTIC SERVICES, SUNDAY SCHOOLS, PRAYER MEETINGS, and YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES

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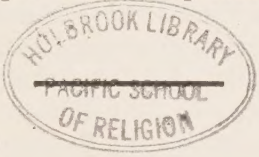

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THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN
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Preface

SIX years ago we issued "Songs of Faith and Hope." Three years ago we issued "Songs of Faith and Hope, No. 2." There are many song books of many grades seeking a market.

The publishers have been justified in their venture by the sale in six years of nearly one million copies of "Songs of Faith and Hope, Nos. 1 and 2." So far as we have been able to learn this is a larger sale than that of any other book of like character, save one. "Songs of Faith and Hope" met an instant response and quickly found an assured place in the work of the Church.

Another three years has gone by, and there is a demand for a new book of like grade and price. Experience has taught us that the Christian public, whether old or young, does not like a large or expensive devotional book, it wants them smaller and oftener; in this way the latest and best compositions are introduced. Experience and good business sense both tell us that it is wise to send out another book under the same editorial auspices.

Prof. J. M. Black needs our indorsement even less than he needed it six years ago, but the experience of these years only emphasizes the fact that he is, in our judgment, the best man now engaged in doing this sort of work.

"Sacred Praise" has a list of contents which has been scrutinized from every standpoint with the utmost care. It goes out under the official sanction of the Church and is well fitted to serve the Prayer-Meeting, Young People's Meetings, Sunday Schools and Revival Meetings.

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

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THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN

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Reprinted January and March, 1913; February, 1914; March, 1915

Sacred Praise

No. 1. Unsearchable Riches.

F. J. C.

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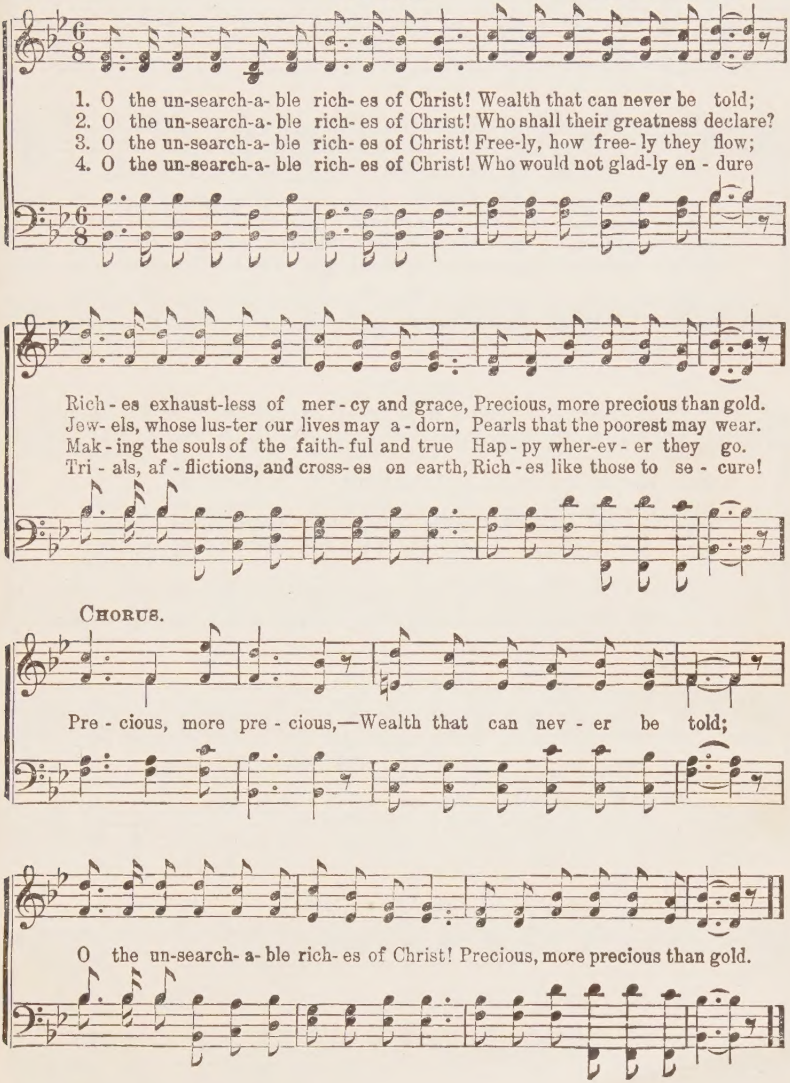
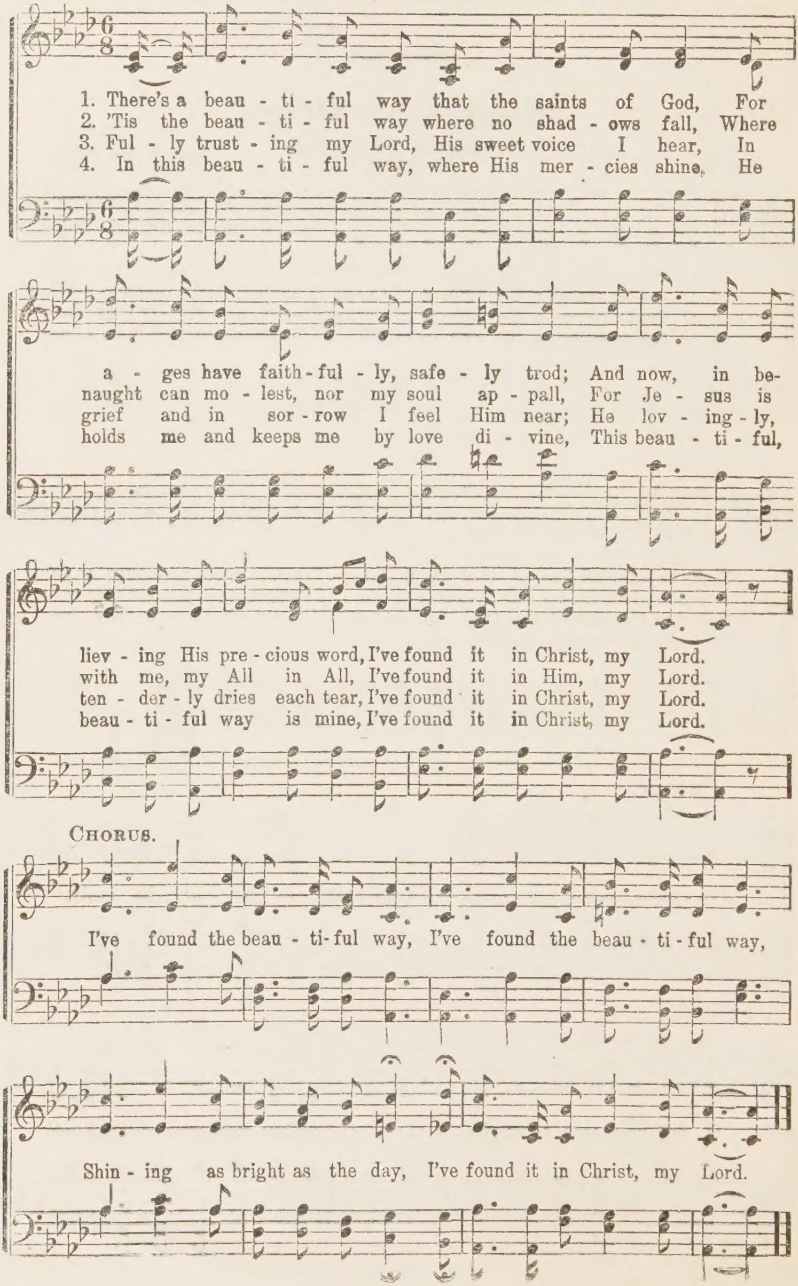
JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ! Wealth that can never be told;
2. O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ! Who shall their greatness declare?
3. O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ! Free-ly, how free-ly they flow;
4. O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ! Who would not glad-ly en-dure
Rich-es exhaust-less of mer-cy and grace, Precious, more precious than gold.
Jew-els, whose lus-ter our lives may a-dorn, Pearls that the poorest may wear.
Mak-ing the souls of the faith-ful and true Hap-py wher-ev-er they go.
Tri-als, af-flictions, and cross-es on earth, Rich-es like those to se-cure!
Chorus.
Pre-cious, more pre-cious,—Wealth that can nev-er be told;
O the un-search-a-ble rich-es of Christ! Precious, more precious than gold.

No. 2. The Beautiful Way.

Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

KATHARINE S. WADSWORTH. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful way that the saints of God, For
2. 'Tis the beau - ti - ful way where no shad - ows fall, Where
3. Ful - ly trust - ing my Lord, His sweet voice I hear, In
4. In this beau - ti - ful way, where His mer - cies shine, He
a - ges have faith - ful - ly, safe - ly trod; And now, in be-
naught can mo - lest, nor my soul ap - pall, For Je - sus is
grief and in sor - row I feel Him near; He lov - ing - ly,
holds me and keeps me by love di - vine, This beau - ti - ful,
liev - ing His pre - cious word, I've found it in Christ, my Lord.
with me, my All in All, I've found it in Him, my Lord.
ten - der - ly dries each tear, I've found it in Christ, my Lord.
beau - ti - ful way is mine, I've found it in Christ, my Lord.
CHORUS.
I've found the beau - ti - ful way, I've found the beau - ti - ful way,
Shin - ing as bright as the day, I've found it in Christ, my Lord.

No. 3. He Promised to Keep Me.

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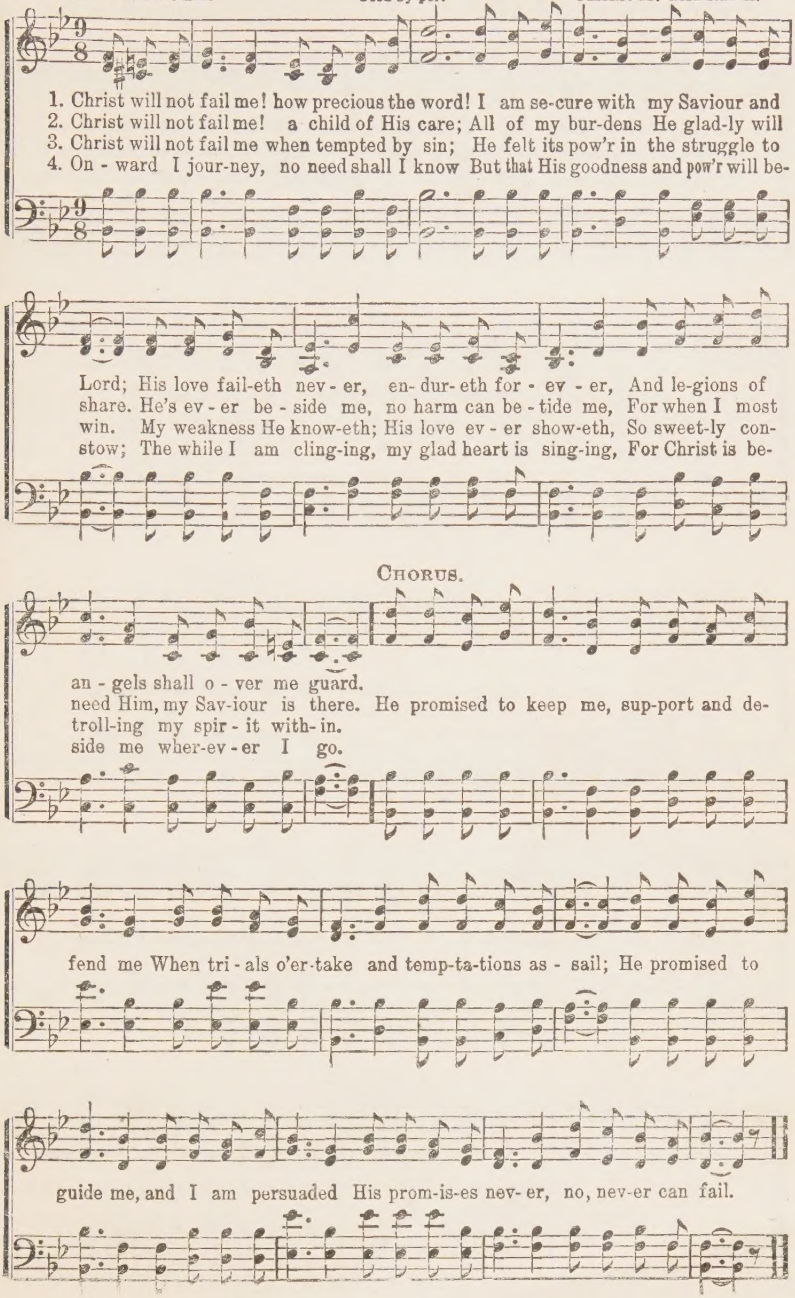
REV. W. C. POOLE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. Christ will not fail me! how precious the word! I am se-cure with my Saviour and
2. Christ will not fail me! a child of His care; All of my bur-dens He glad-ly will
3. Christ will not fail me when tempted by sin; He felt its pow'r in the struggle to
4. On - ward I jour-ney, no need shall I know But that His goodness and pow'r will be-
Lord; His love fail-eth nev - er, en- dur- eth for - ev - er, And le-gions of
share. He's ev - er be - side me, no harm can be - tide me, For when I most
win. My weakness He know-eth; His love ev - er show-eth, So sweet-ly con-
stow; The while I am cling-ing, my glad heart is sing-ing, For Christ is be-
CHORUS.
an - gels shall o - ver me guard.
need Him, my Sav-iour is there. He promised to keep me, sup-port and de-
troll-ing my spir - it with-in.
side me wher-ev - er I go.
fend me When tri - als o'er-take and temp-ta-tions as - sail; He promised to
guide me, and I am persuaded His prom-is-es nev- er, no, nev-er can fail.

No. 4. My Heart is Clinging.

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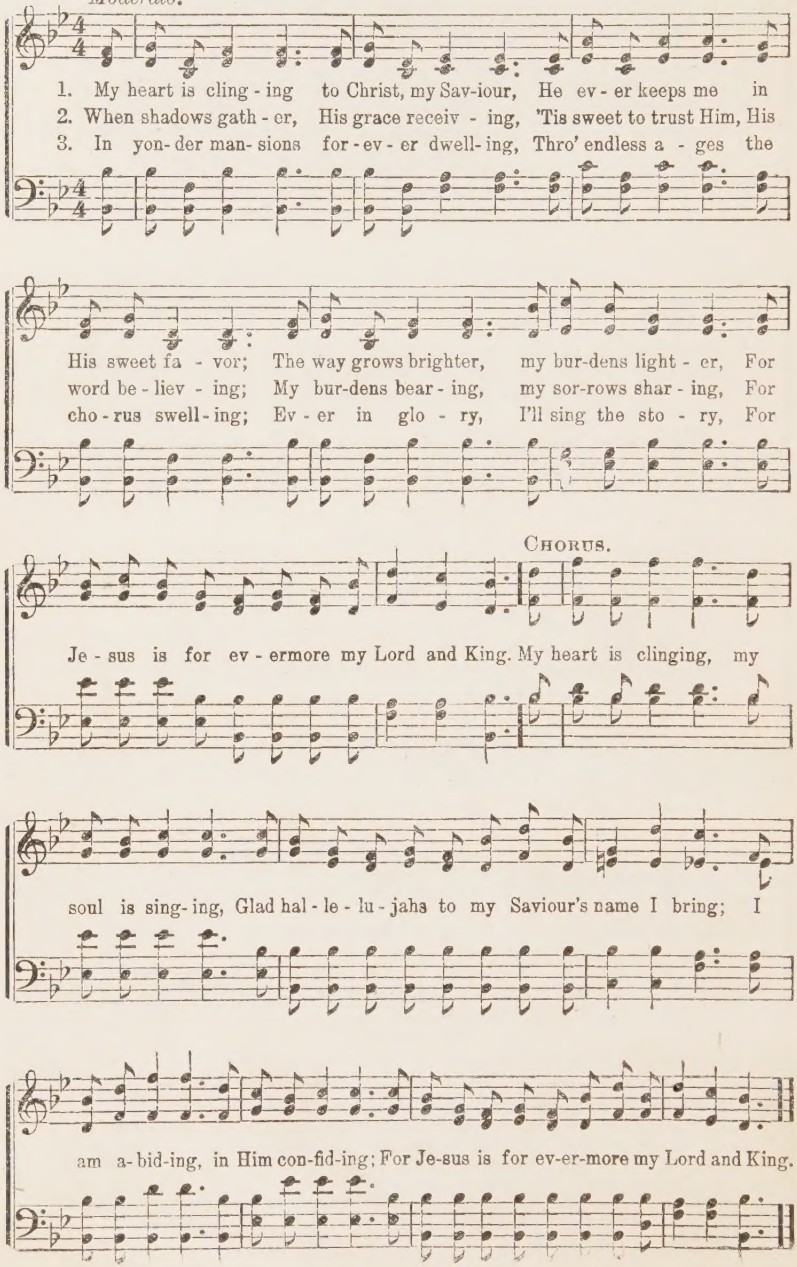
KATHARINE S. WADSWORTH. JAMES M. BLACK.

Moderato.

1. My heart is cling - ing to Christ, my Sav-iour, He ev - er keeps me in
2. When shadows gath - er, His grace receiv - ing, 'Tis sweet to trust Him, His
3. In yon-der man-sions for - ev - er dwell-ing, Thro' endless a - ges the
His sweet fa - vor; The way grows brighter, my bur-dens light - er, For
word be - liev - ing; My bur-dens bear - ing, my sor-rows shar - ing, For
cho - rus swell - ing; Ev - er in glo - ry, I'll sing the sto - ry, For
CHORUS.
Je - sus is for ev - ermore my Lord and King. My heart is clinging, my
soul is sing - ing, Glad hal - le - lu - jahs to my Saviour's name I bring; I
am a-bid-ing, in Him con-fid-ing; For Je-sus is for ev-er-more my Lord and King.

No. 5. True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

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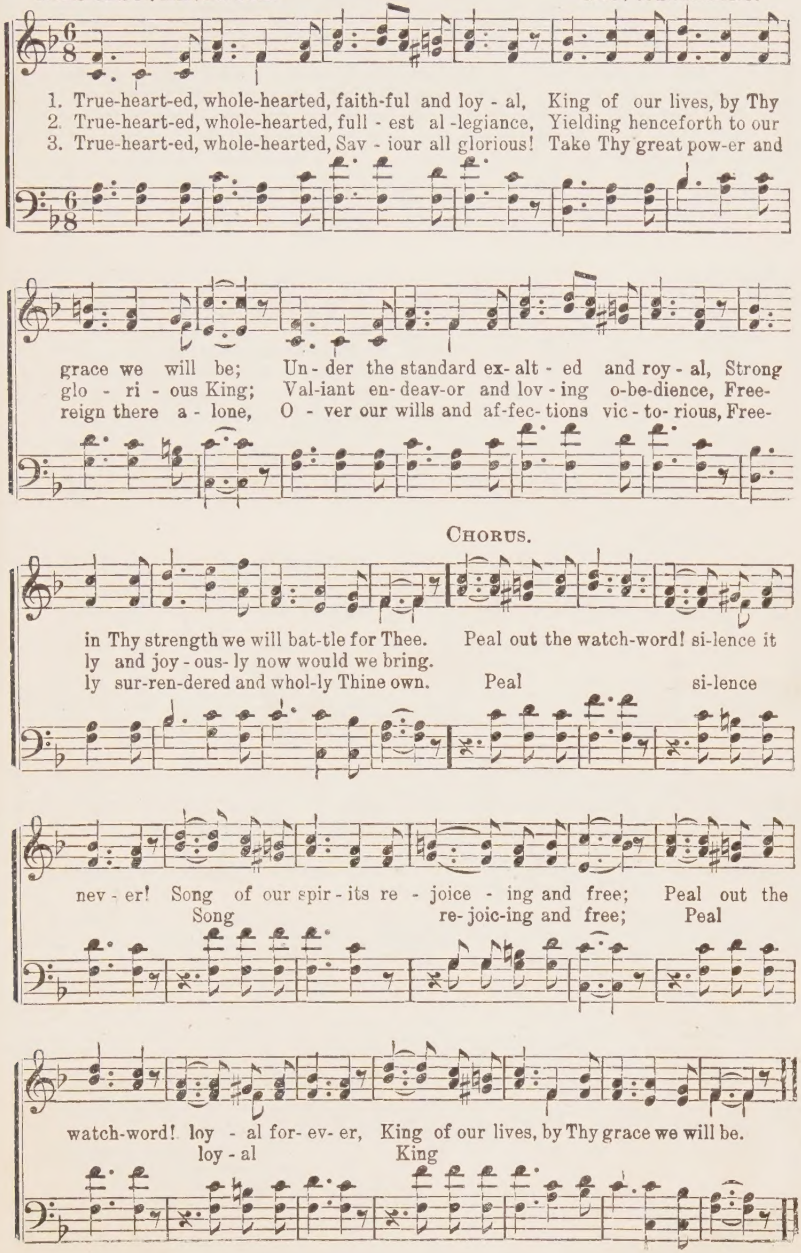
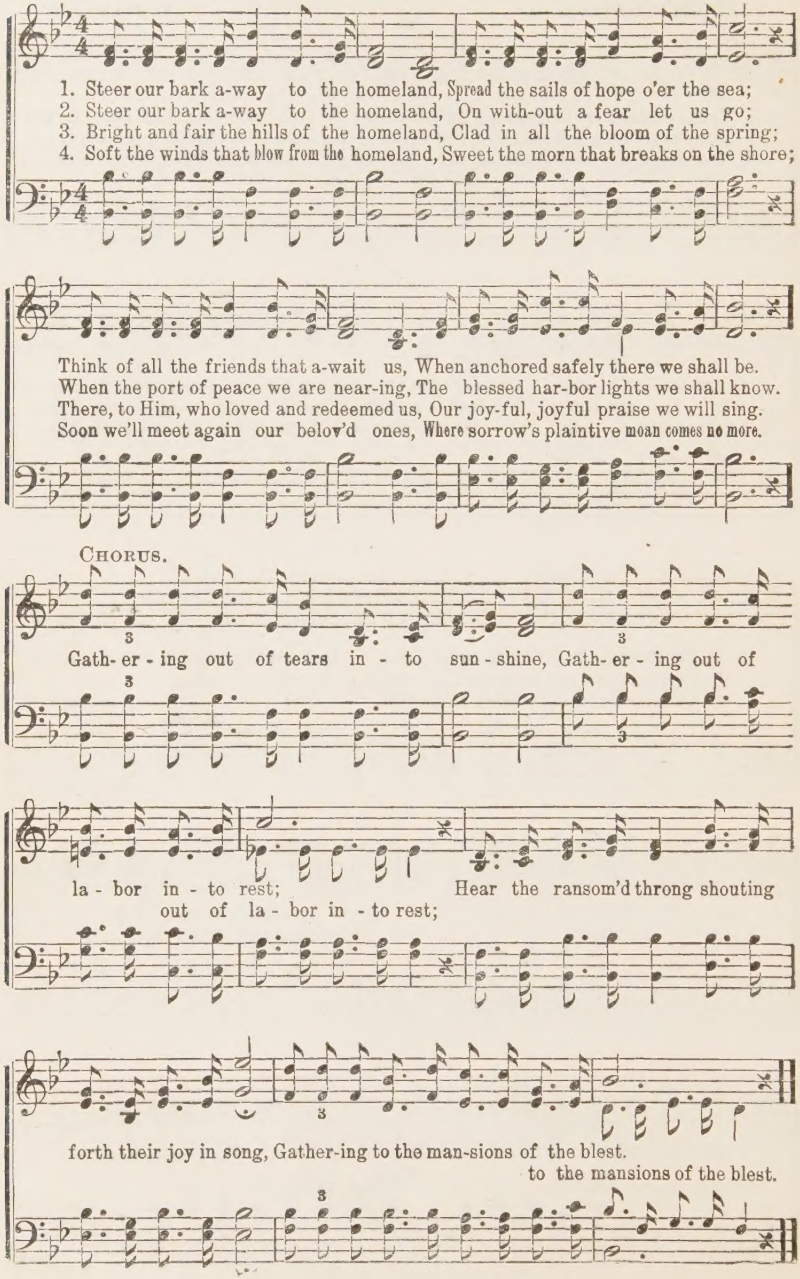
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. True-heart-ed, whole-hearted, faith-ful and loy - al, King of our lives, by Thy
2. True-heart-ed, whole-hearted, full - est al - legiance, Yielding henceforth to our
3. True-heart-ed, whole-hearted, Sav - iour all glorious! Take Thy great pow-er and
grace we will be; Un - der the standard ex- alt - ed and roy - al, Strong
glo - ri - ous King; Val-iant en- deav-or and lov - ing o-be-dience, Free-
reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af-fec- tions vic - to- rious, Free-
CHORUS.
in Thy strength we will bat-tle for Thee. Peal out the watch-word! si-lence it
ly and joy - ous- ly now would we bring.
ly sur-ren-dered and whol-ly Thine own. Peal si-lence
nev - er! Song of our spir - its re - joice - ing and free; Peal out the
Song re- joic-ing and free; Peal
watch-word! loy - al for- ev- er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.
loy - al King

No. 6. Gathering Out of Tears.

Copyright, 1894, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Steer our bark a-way to the homeland, Spread the sails of hope o'er the sea;
2. Steer our bark a-way to the homeland, On with-out a fear let us go;
3. Bright and fair the hills of the homeland, Clad in all the bloom of the spring;
4. Soft the winds that blow from the homeland, Sweet the morn that breaks on the shore;
Think of all the friends that a-wait us, When anchored safely there we shall be.
When the port of peace we are near-ing, The blessed har-bor lights we shall know.
There, to Him, who loved and redeemed us, Our joy-ful, joyful praise we will sing.
Soon we'll meet again our belov'd ones, Where sorrow's plaintive moan comes no more.
CHORUS.
Gath- er - ing out of tears in - to sun - shine, Gath- er - ing out of
la - bor in - to rest; Hear the ransom'd throng shouting
out of la - bor in - to rest;
forth their joy in song, Gather-ing to the man-sions of the blest.
to the mansions of the blest.

No. 7. I Shall Be Like Him.

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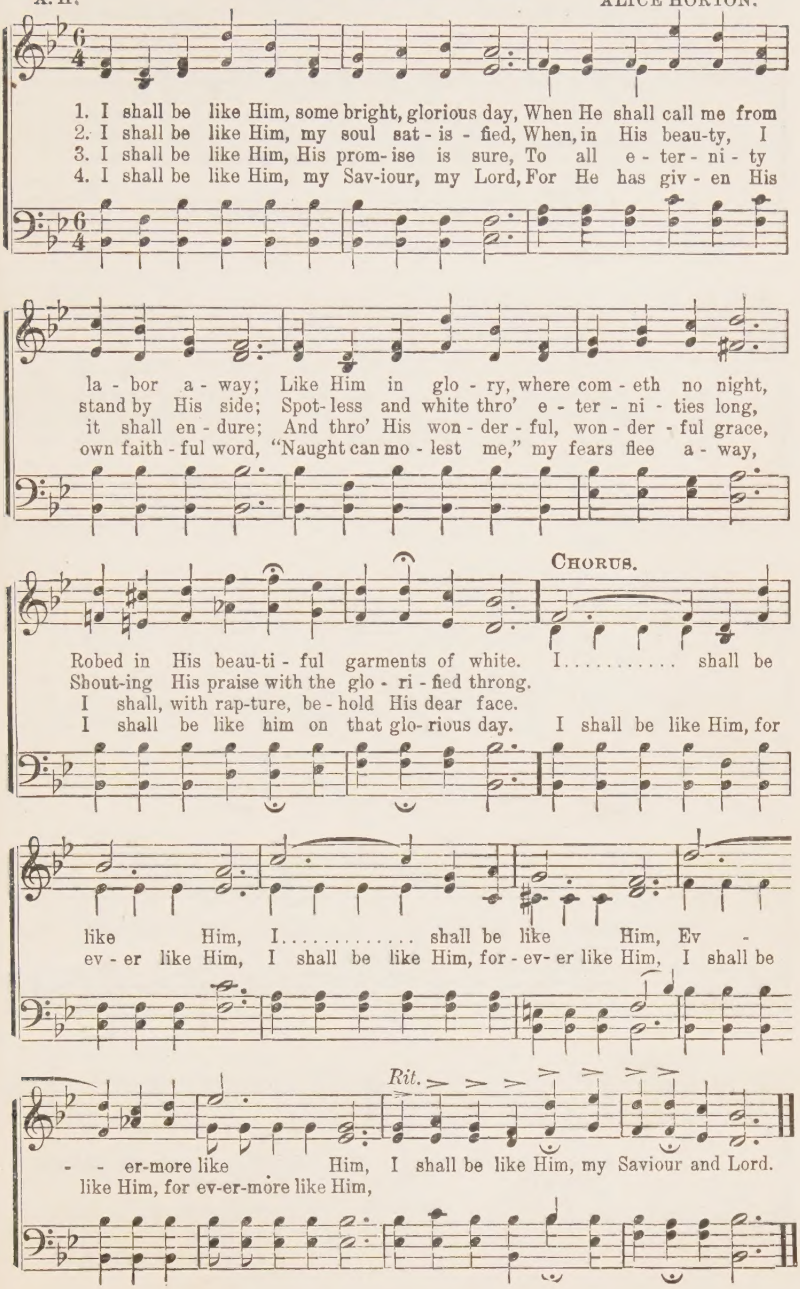
A. H. ALICE HORTON.

1. I shall be like Him, some bright, glorious day, When He shall call me from
2. I shall be like Him, my soul sat - is - fied, When, in His beau-ty, I
3. I shall be like Him, His prom-ise is sure, To all e - ter - ni - ty
4. I shall be like Him, my Sav-iour, my Lord, For He has giv - en His
la - bor a - way; Like Him in glo - ry, where com - eth no night,
stand by His side; Spot-less and white thro' e - ter - ni - ties long,
it shall en - dure; And thro' His won - der - ful, won - der - ful grace,
own faith - ful word, "Naught can mo - lest me," my fears flee a - way,
CHORUS.
Robed in His beau-ti - ful garments of white. I..... shall be
Shout-ing His praise with the glo - ri - fied throng.
I shall, with rap-ture, be - hold His dear face.
I shall be like him on that glo- rious day. I shall be like Him, for
like Him, I..... shall be like Him, Ev -
ev - er like Him, I shall be like Him, for - ev- er like Him, I shall be
Rit.
- - er-more like Him, I shall be like Him, my Saviour and Lord.
like Him, for ev-er-more like Him,

No. 8. All the Way.

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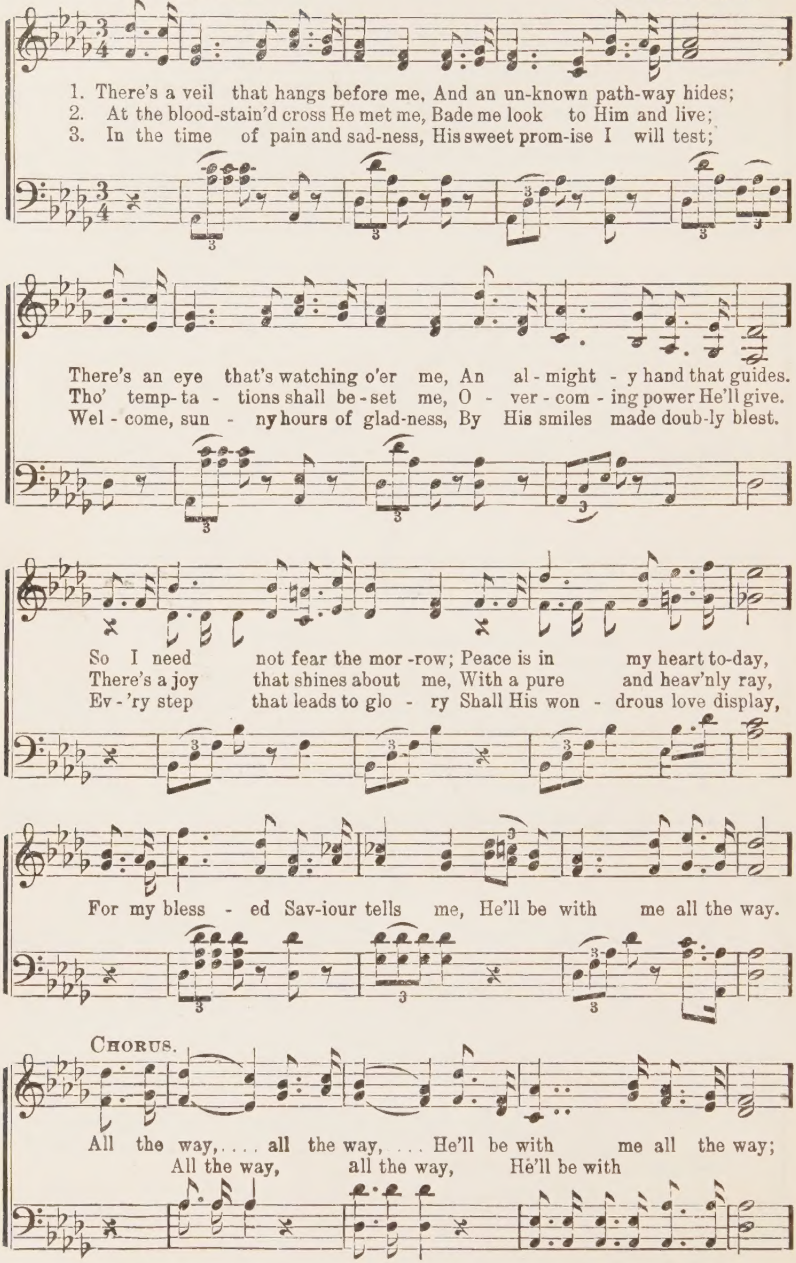
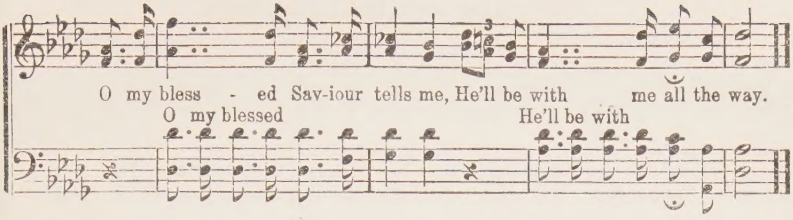
E. E. HEWITT.

SOLO OR DUET.

JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. There's a veil that hangs before me, And an un-known path-way hides;
2. At the blood-stain'd cross He met me, Bade me look to Him and live;
3. In the time of pain and sad-ness, His sweet prom-ise I will test;
There's an eye that's watching o'er me, An al - might - y hand that guides.
Tho' temp-ta - tions shall be-set me, O - ver - com - ing power He'll give.
Wel - come, sun - ny hours of glad-ness, By His smiles made doub-ly blest.
So I need not fear the mor - row; Peace is in my heart to-day,
There's a joy that shines about me, With a pure and heav'nly ray,
Ev - 'ry step that leads to glo - ry Shall His won - drous love display,
For my bless - ed Sav-iour tells me, He'll be with me all the way.
CHORUS.
All the way, ... all the way, . . . He'll be with me all the way;
All the way, all the way, He'll be with

All the Way.



No. 9. The Answering Time Will Come.

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MARY B. WINGATE. JAMES M. BLACK.

Moderato.

1. Ask what thou wilt, be - liev - ing heart, The an - swer-ing time will come;
2. Ask in the name of Christ thy Lord, The an - swer-ing time will come;
3. God's Word is sure, it can not fail, The an - swer-ing time will come;
4. God will not mock be - liev - ing prayer, The an - swer-ing time will come;

Pray and be - lieve, that is thy part, The an - swer-ing time will come.
Rest on the prom - ise of thy God, The an - swer-ing time will come.
The pray'r of faith shall yet pre - vail, The an - swer-ing time will come.
He knows the bur - den thou dost bear, The an - swer-ing time will come.

CHORUS.

The answering time will come, ... The answering time will come, ...
answering time will come, answering time will come,

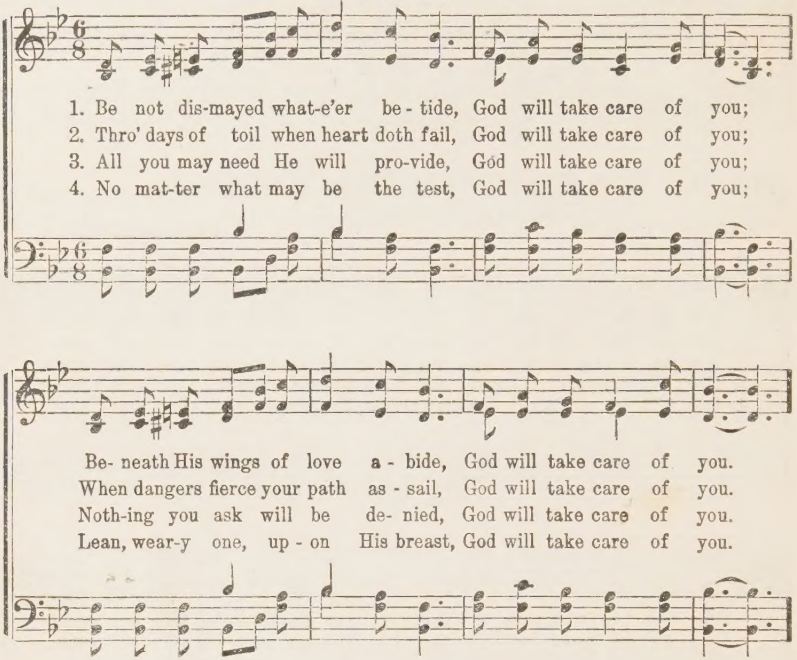
Rit.

Though dark the way, still trust and pray, The answering time will come.

No. 10. God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

C. D. MARTIN. Copyright, 1905, by John A. Davis. Used by permission. W. S. MARTIN.


1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;
Be- neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dangers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth-ing you ask will be de- nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear-y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.
CHORUS.
God will care take of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;
He will take care of you, God will take care of you.....
take care of you.

No. 11. O Love of Christ.

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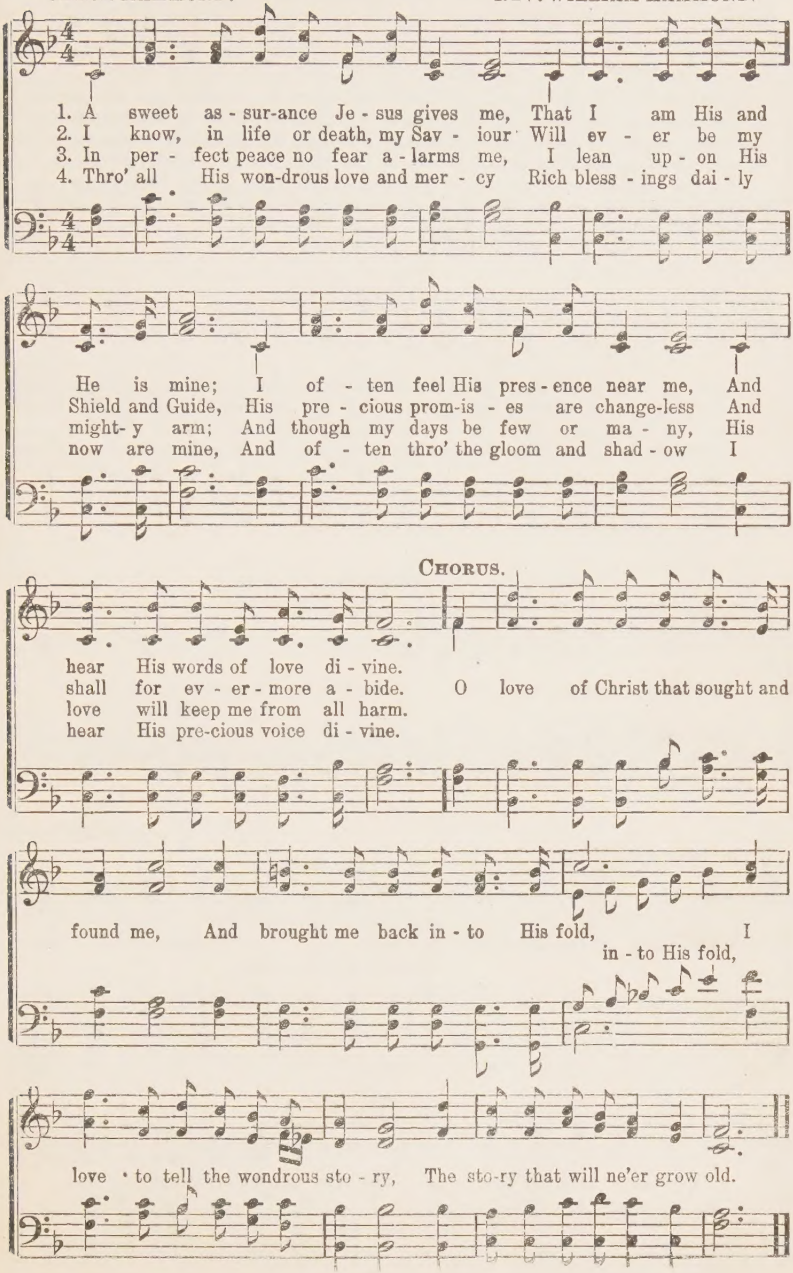
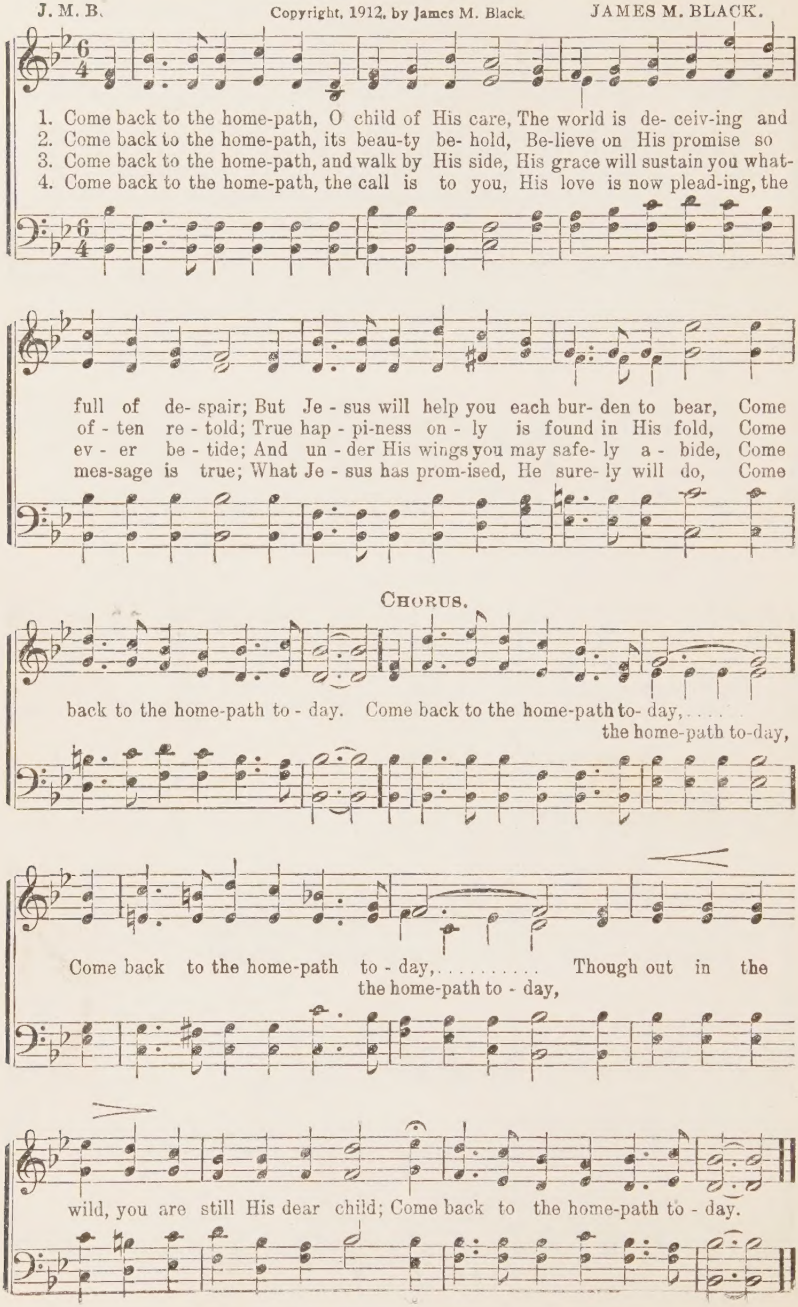
GRACE HAMMOND. REV. WILLIAM HAMMOND.

1. A sweet as - sur-ance Je - sus gives me, That I am His and
2. I know, in life or death, my Sav - iour Will ev - er be my
3. In per - fect peace no fear a - larms me, I lean up - on His
4. Thro' all His won-drous love and mer - cy Rich bless - ings dai - ly
He is mine; I of - ten feel His pres - ence near me, And
Shield and Guide, His pre - cious prom-is - es are change-less And
might- y arm; And though my days be few or ma - ny, His
now are mine, And of - ten thro' the gloom and shad - ow I
CHORUS.
hear His words of love di - vine.
shall for ev - er - more a - bide. O love of Christ that sought and
love will keep me from all harm.
hear His pre-cious voice di - vine.
found me, And brought me back in - to His fold, I
in - to His fold,
love to tell the wondrous sto - ry, The sto-ry that will ne'er grow old.

No. 12. Come Back to the Home-Path.

Effective as Solo and Chorus.

J. M. B. Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. Come back to the home-path, O child of His care, The world is de- ceiv-ing and
2. Come back to the home-path, its beau-ty be- hold, Be-lieve on His promise so
3. Come back to the home-path, and walk by His side, His grace will sustain you what-
4. Come back to the home-path, the call is to you, His love is now plead-ing, the
full of de- spair; But Je - sus will help you each bur- den to bear, Come
of - ten re - told; True hap - pi-ness on - ly is found in His fold, Come
ev - er be - tide; And un - der His wings you may safe- ly a - bide, Come
mes-sage is true; What Je - sus has prom-ised, He sure- ly will do, Come
CHORUS.
back to the home-path to - day. Come back to the home-path to- day,
the home-path to-day,
Come back to the home-path to - day, Though out in the
the home-path to - day,
wild, you are still His dear child; Come back to the home-path to - day.

No. 13. Saved by Grace.

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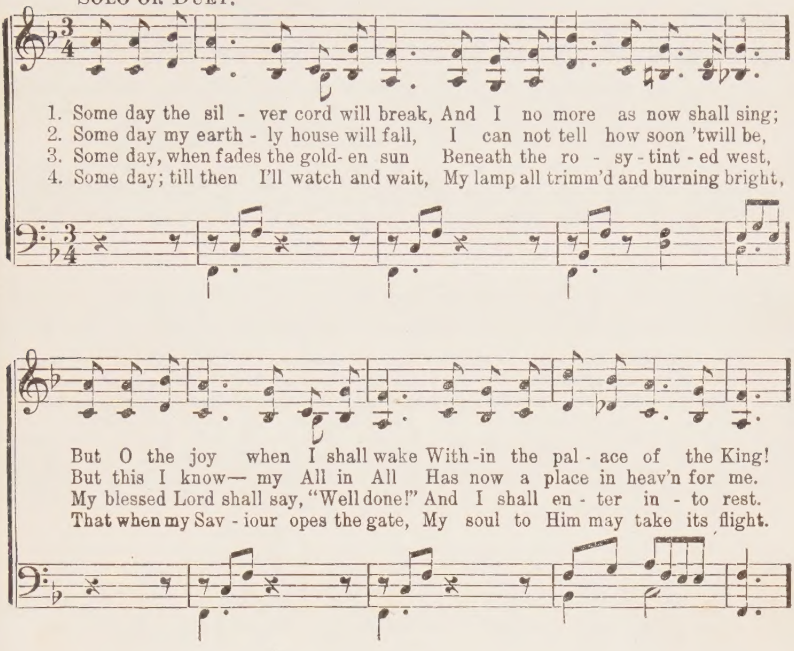
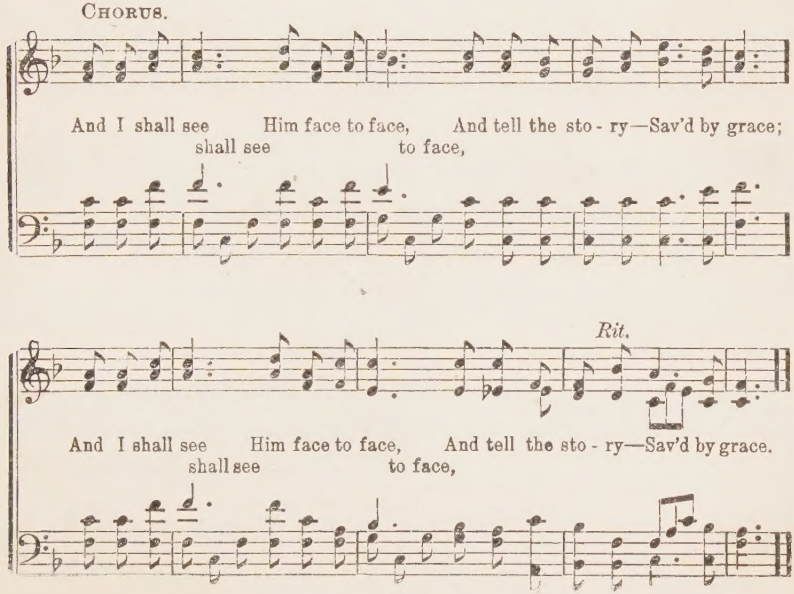
FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

SOLO OR DUET.


1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day, when fades the gold- en sun Beneath the ro - sy - tint - ed west,
4. Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimm'd and burning bright,
But O the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal - ace of the King!
But this I know— my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav - iour opes the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.

CHORUS.


And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto - ry—Sav'd by grace;
shall see to face,
Rit.
And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto - ry—Sav'd by grace.
shall see to face,

No. 14. Make Him Yours.

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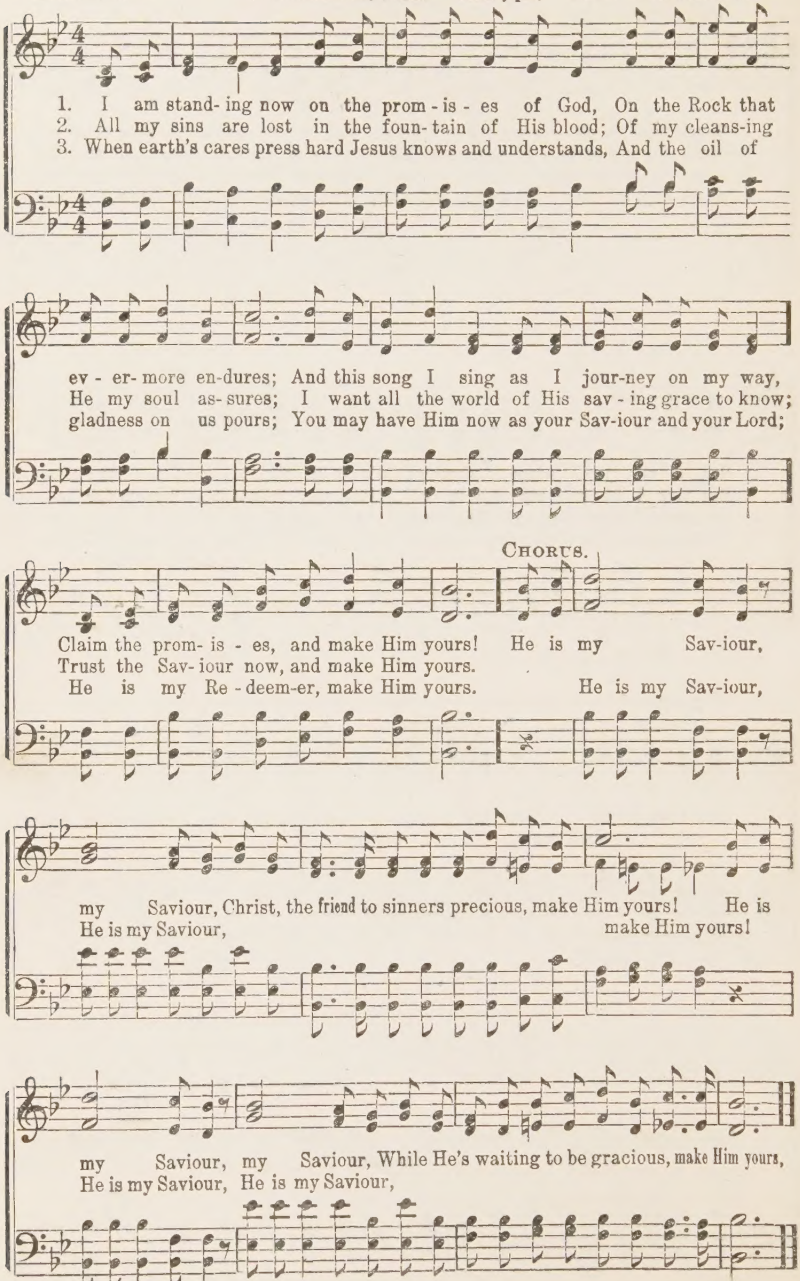
MRS. C. H. M MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. I am stand- ing now on the prom - is - es of God, On the Rock that
2. All my sins are lost in the foun- tain of His blood; Of my cleans-ing
3. When earth's cares press hard Jesus knows and understands, And the oil of
ev - er- more en-dures; And this song I sing as I jour-ney on my way,
He my soul as- sures; I want all the world of His sav - ing grace to know;
gladness on us pours; You may have Him now as your Sav-iour and your Lord;
Chorus.
Claim the prom- is - es, and make Him yours! He is my Sav-iour,
Trust the Sav- iour now, and make Him yours.
He is my Re - deem-er, make Him yours. He is my Sav-iour,
my Saviour, Christ, the friend to sinners precious, make Him yours! He is
He is my Saviour, make Him yours!
my Saviour, my Saviour, While He's waiting to be gracious, make Him yours,
He is my Saviour, He is my Saviour,

No. 15. Some Day He'll Make it Plain.

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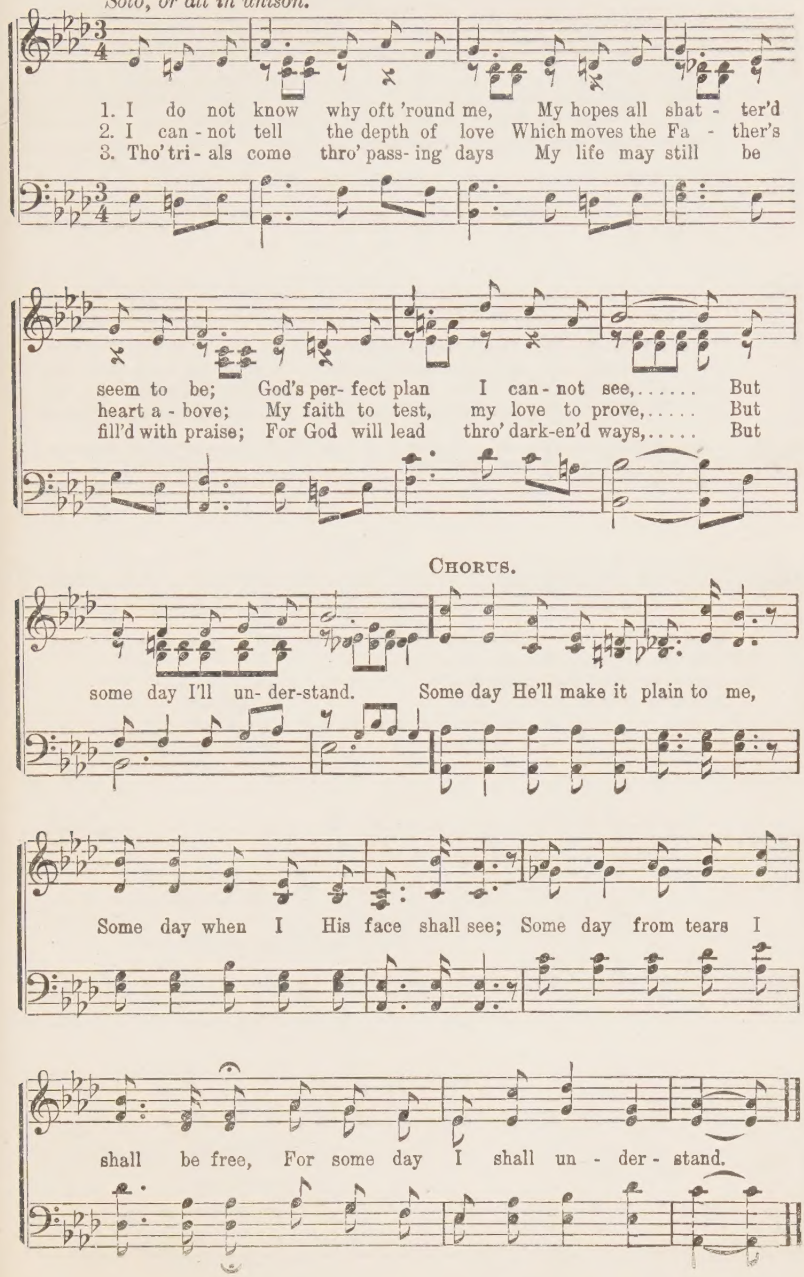
LIDA SHIVERS LEECH. ADAM GEIBEL.

Solo, or all in unison.

1. I do not know why oft 'round me, My hopes all shat - ter'd
2. I can - not tell the depth of love Which moves the Fa - ther's
3. Tho' tri - als come thro' pass - ing days My life may still be
seem to be; God's per- fect plan I can - not see,..... But
heart a - bove; My faith to test, my love to prove,..... But
fill'd with praise; For God will lead thro' dark-en'd ways,..... But
CHORUS.
some day I'll un- der-stand. Some day He'll make it plain to me,
Some day when I His face shall see; Some day from tears I
shall be free, For some day I shall un - der - stand.

No. 16. There Is None Like Jesus.

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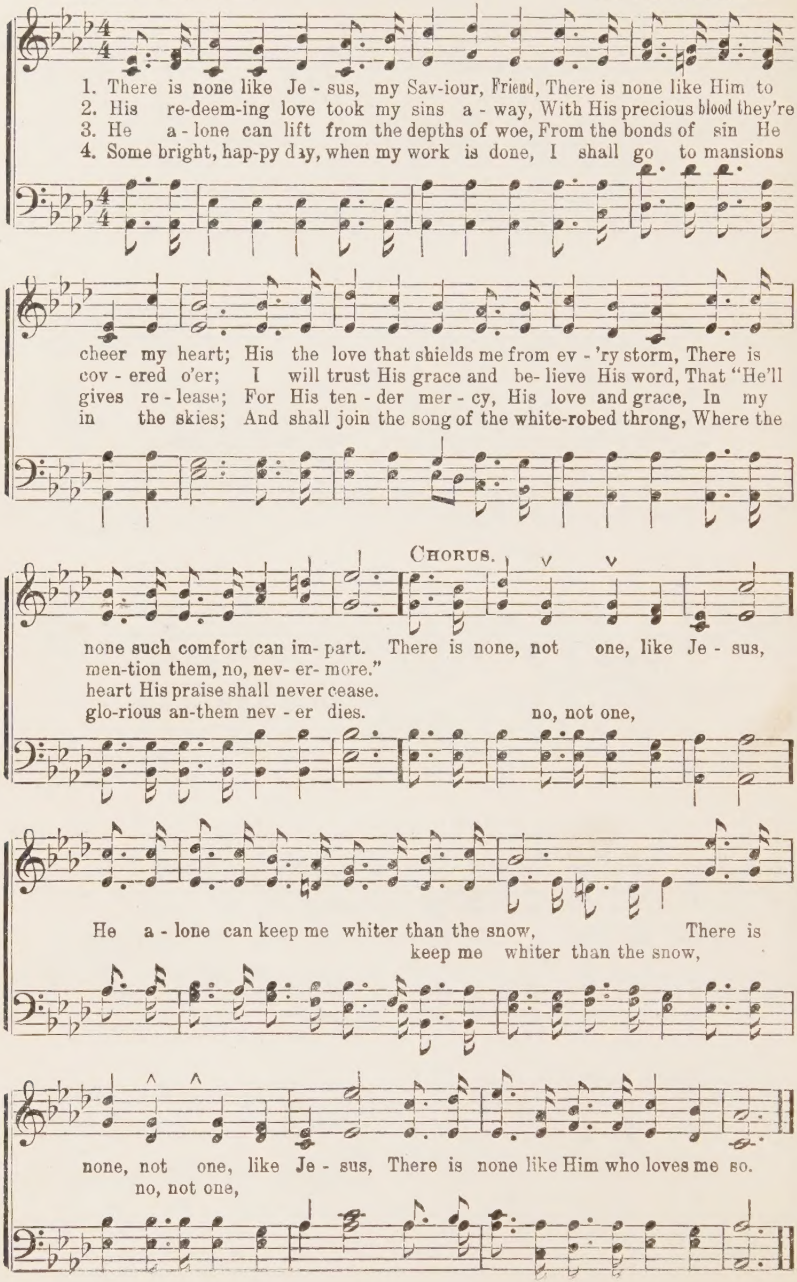
BLANCHE McDOWELL. JAMES M. BLACK.


1. There is none like Je - sus, my Sav-iour, Friend, There is none like Him to
2. His re-deem-ing love took my sins a - way, With His precious blood they're
3. He a - lone can lift from the depths of woe, From the bonds of sin He
4. Some bright, hap-py day, when my work is done, I shall go to mansions
cheer my heart; His the love that shields me from ev - 'ry storm, There is
cov - ered o'er; I will trust His grace and be- lieve His word, That "He'll
gives re - lease; For His ten - der mer - cy, His love and grace, In my
in the skies; And shall join the song of the white-robed throng, Where the
CHORUS.
none such comfort can im- part. There is none, not one, like Je - sus,
men-tion them, no, nev- er- more."
heart His praise shall never cease.
glo-rious an-them nev - er dies.
no, not one,
He a - lone can keep me whiter than the snow, There is
keep me whiter than the snow,
none, not one, like Je - sus, There is none like Him who loves me so.
no, not one,

No. 17. My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Copyright, 1891, by Jno. R. Sweney.
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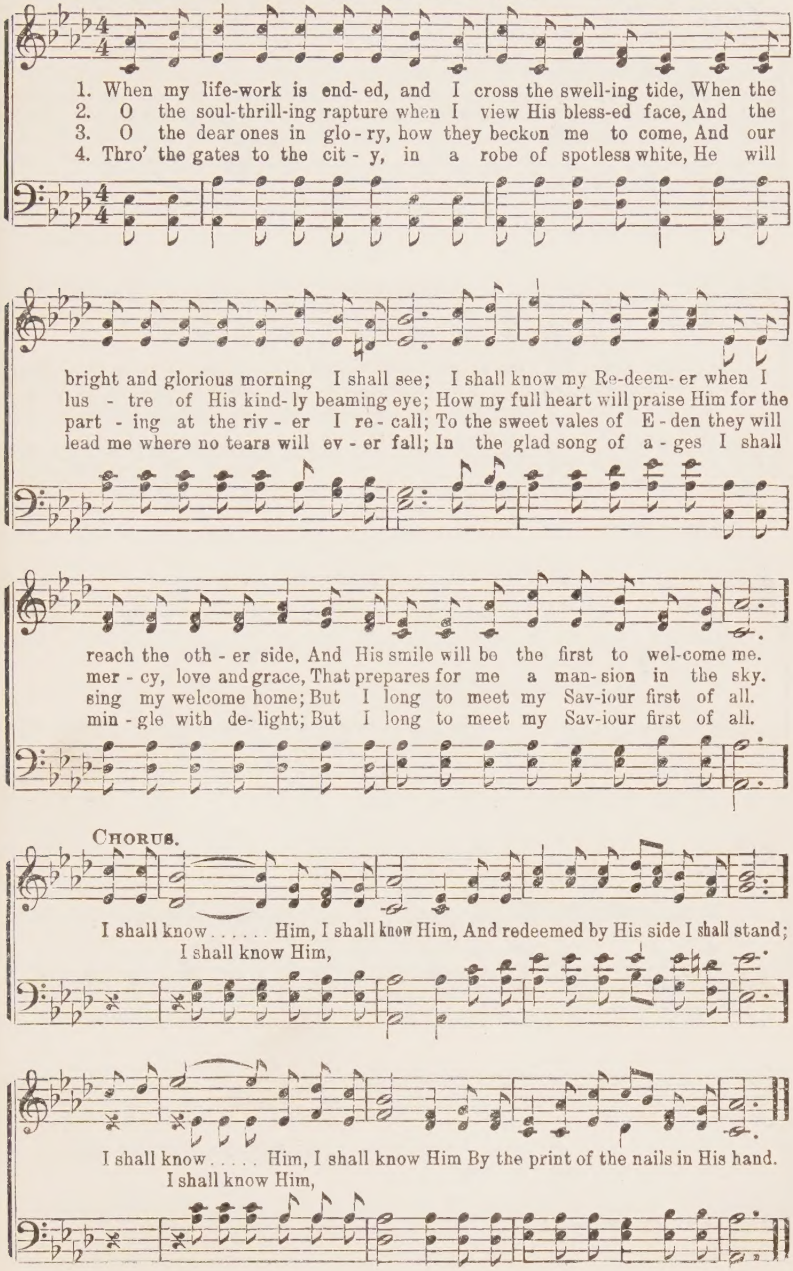
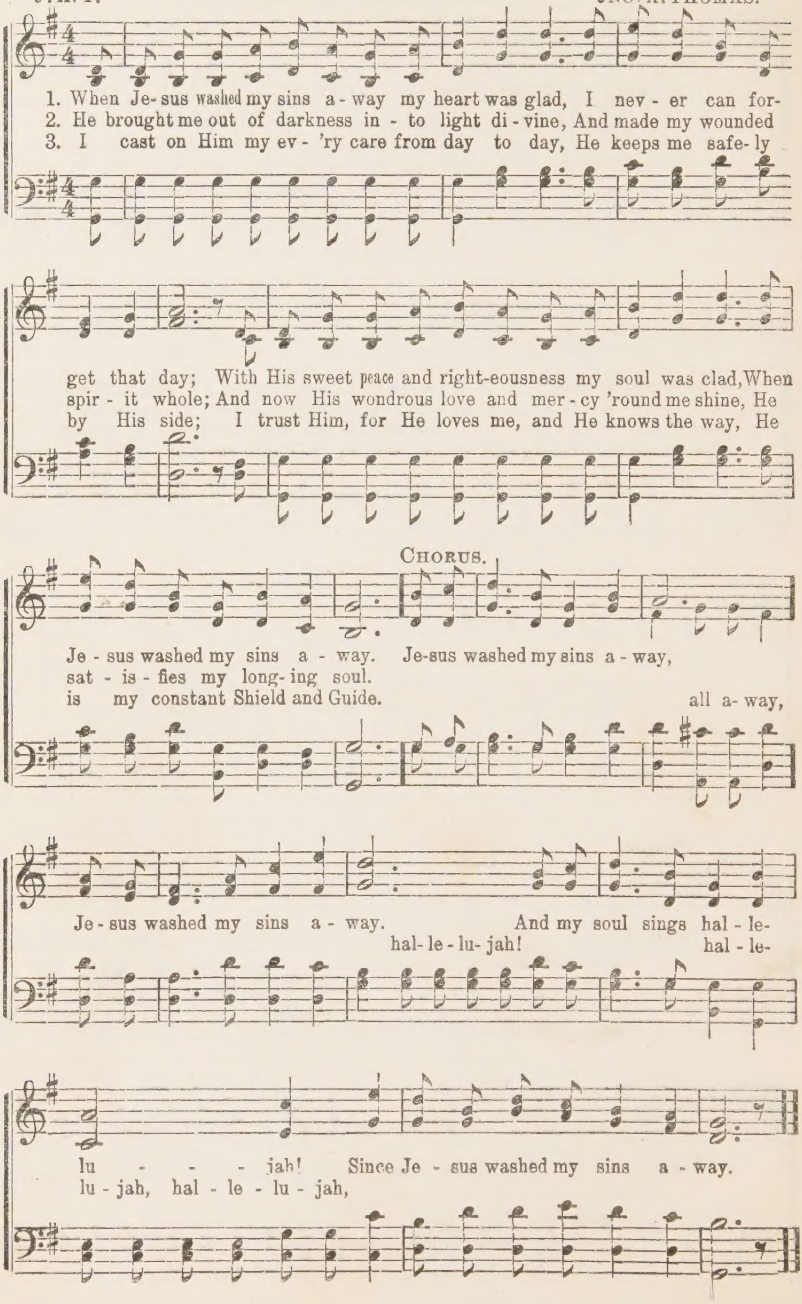
JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. When my life-work is end- ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. O the soul-thrill-ing rapture when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. O the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beckon me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spotless white, He will
bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Re-deem- er when I
lus - tre of His kind- ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E - den they will
lead me where no tears will ev - er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall
reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
mer - cy, love and grace, That prepares for me a man- sion in the sky.
sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.
min - gle with de- light; But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.
CHORUS.
I shall know..... Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand;
I shall know Him,
I shall know..... Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know Him,

No. 18. Jesus Washed My Sins Away.

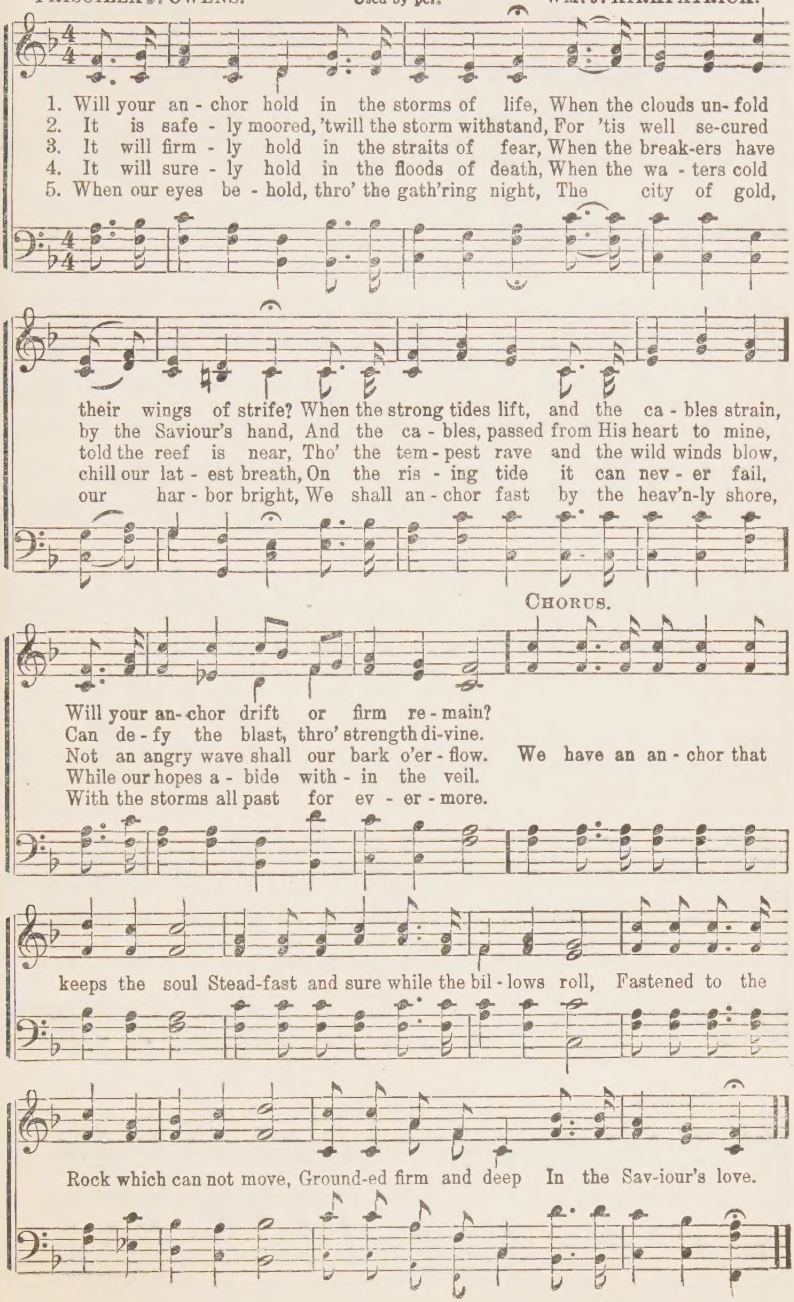
Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

J. A. T. JNO. A. THOMAS.

1. When Je-sus washed my sins a-way my heart was glad, I nev-er can for-
2. He brought me out of darkness in-to light di-vine, And made my wounded
3. I cast on Him my ev-'ry care from day to day, He keeps me safe-ly
get that day; With His sweet peace and right-eousness my soul was clad, When
spir-it whole; And now His wondrous love and mer-cy 'round me shine, He
by His side; I trust Him, for He loves me, and He knows the way, He
CHORUS.
Je-sus washed my sins a-way. Je-sus washed my sins a-way,
sat-is-fies my long-ing soul.
is my constant Shield and Guide.
all a-way,
Je-sus washed my sins a-way. And my soul sings hal-le-
hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-
lu-jah! Since Je-sus washed my sins a-way.
lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah,

No. 19. We Have An Anchor.

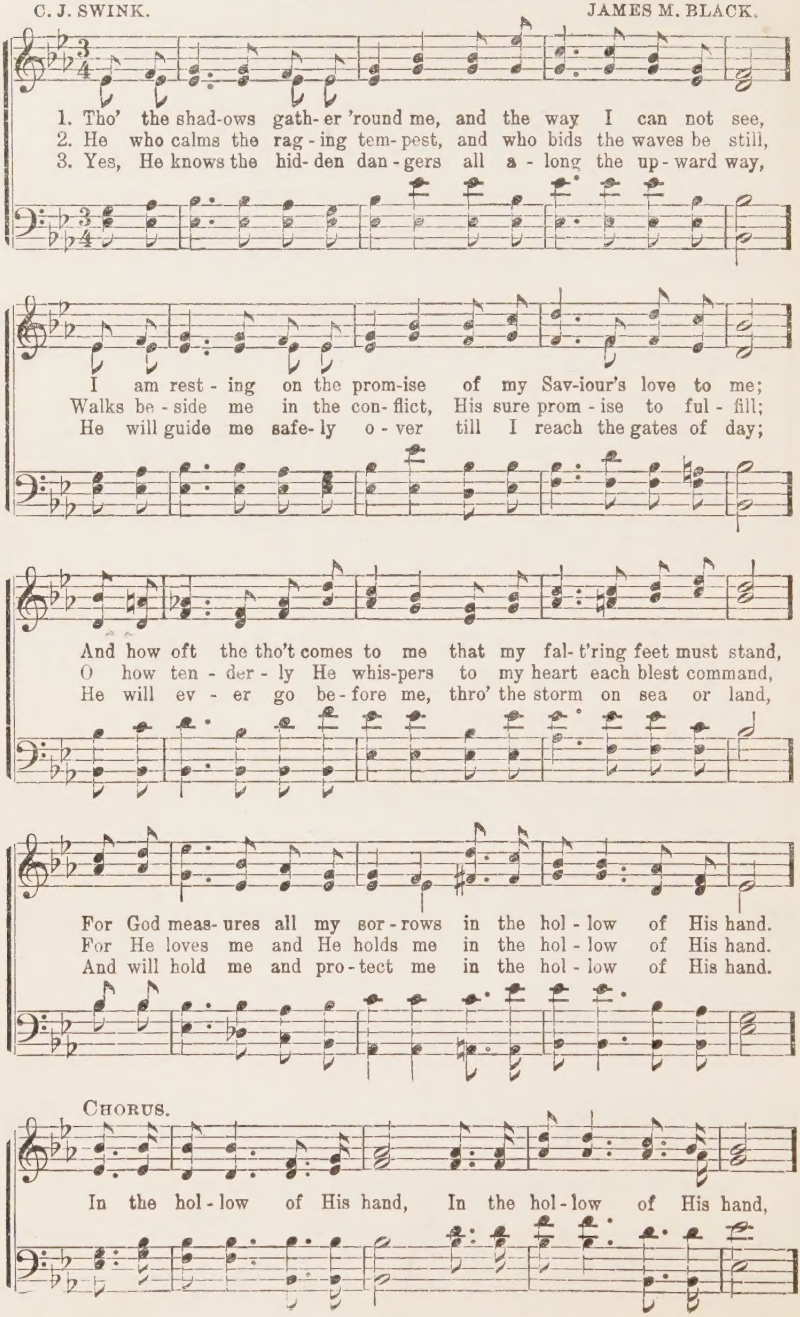
Copyright, 1882 and 1910, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. Used by per. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

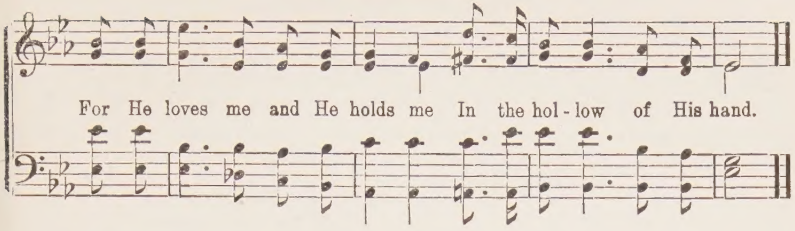

1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un- fold
2. It is safe - ly moored, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well se-cured
3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the break-ers have
4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa - ters cold
5. When our eyes be - hold, thro' the gath'ring night, The city of gold,
their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca - bles strain,
by the Saviour's hand, And the ca - bles, passed from His heart to mine,
told the reef is near, Tho' the tem - pest rave and the wild winds blow,
chill our lat - est breath, On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail,
our har - bor bright, We shall an - chor fast by the heav'n-ly shore,
CHORUS.
Will your an- chor drift or firm re - main?
Can de - fy the blast, thro' strength di-vine.
Not an angry wave shall our bark o'er - flow. We have an an - chor that
While our hopes a - bide with - in the veil.
With the storms all past for ev - er - more.
keeps the soul Stead-fast and sure while the bil - lows roll, Fastened to the
Rock which can not move, Ground-ed firm and deep In the Sav-iour's love.

No. 20. In the Hollow of His Hand.

Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

C. J. SWINK. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. Tho' the shad-ows gath- er 'round me, and the way I can not see,
2. He who calms the rag - ing tem- pest, and who bids the waves be still,
3. Yes, He knows the hid- den dan - gers all a - long the up - ward way,
I am rest - ing on the prom-ise of my Sav-iour's love to me;
Walks be - side me in the con- flict, His sure prom - ise to ful - fill;
He will guide me safe- ly o - ver till I reach the gates of day;
And how oft the tho't comes to me that my fal- t'ring feet must stand,
O how ten - der - ly He whis-pers to my heart each blest command,
He will ev - er go be - fore me, thro' the storm on sea or land,
For God meas- ures all my sor - rows in the hol - low of His hand.
For He loves me and He holds me in the hol - low of His hand.
And will hold me and pro - tect me in the hol - low of His hand.
CHORUS.
In the hol - low of His hand, In the hol - low of His hand,

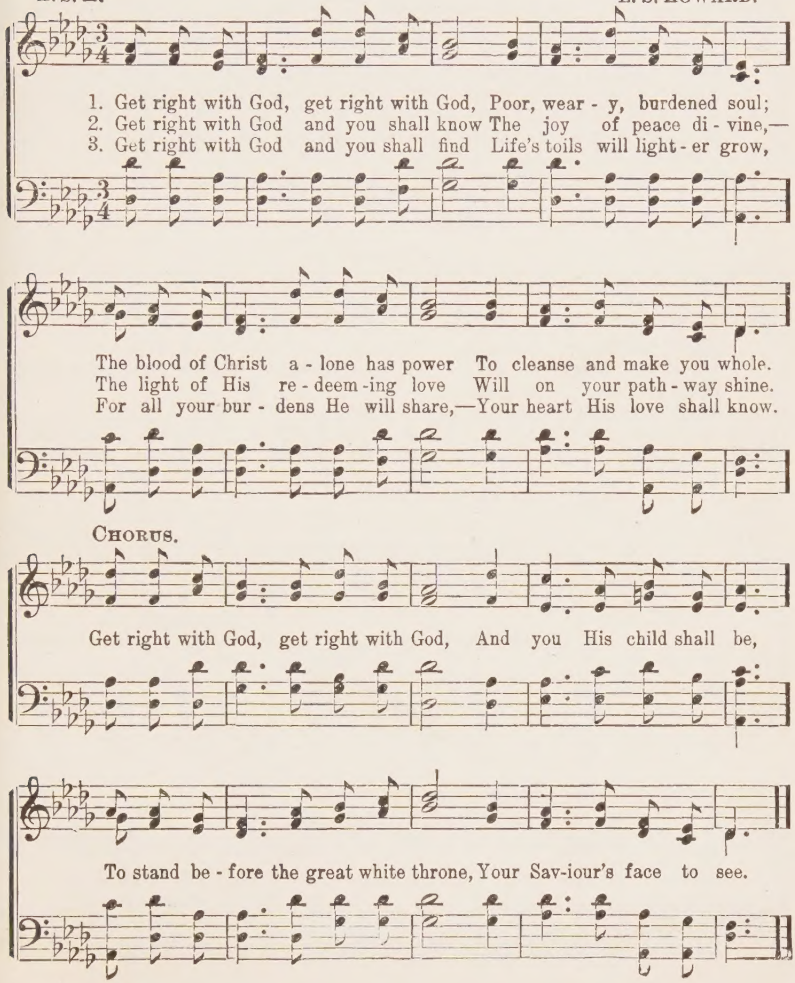
In the Hollow of His Hand.



No. 21. Get Right With God.

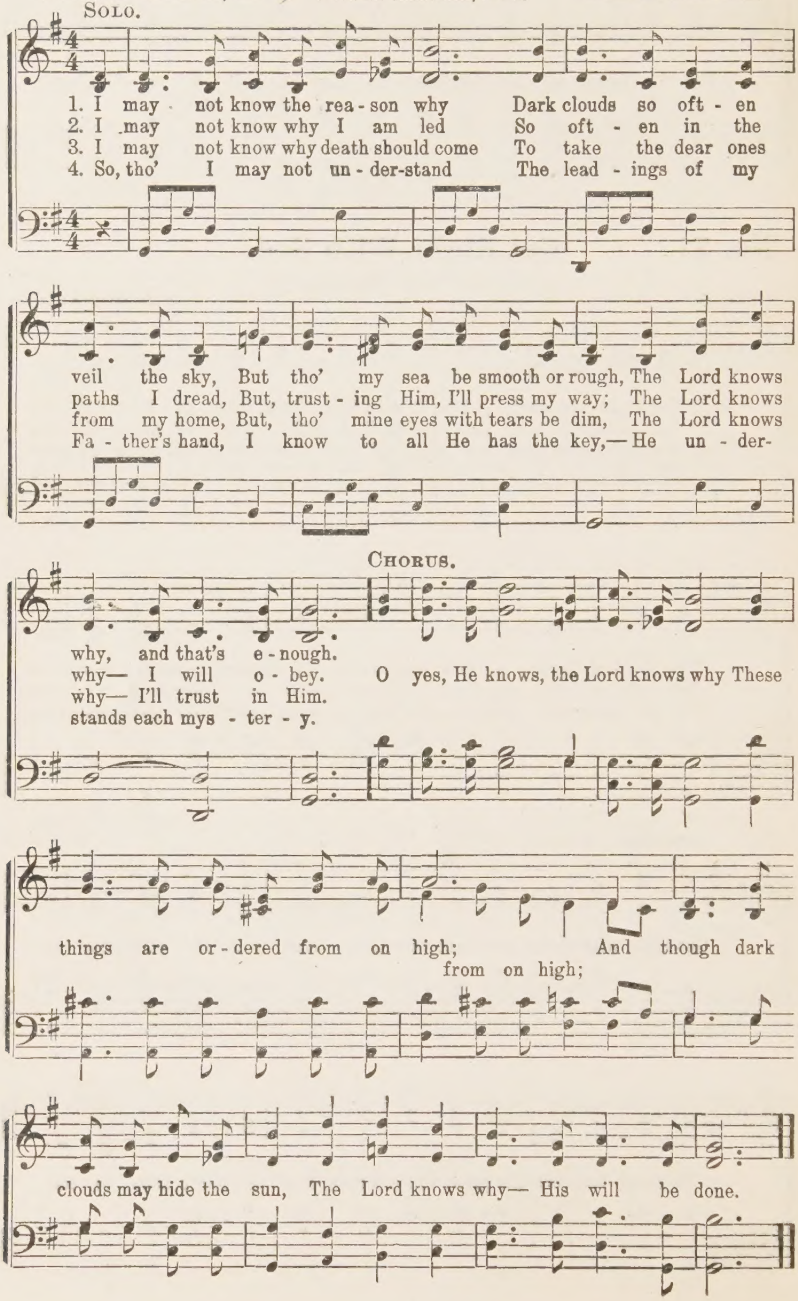
Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

E. S. H. E. S. HOWARD.

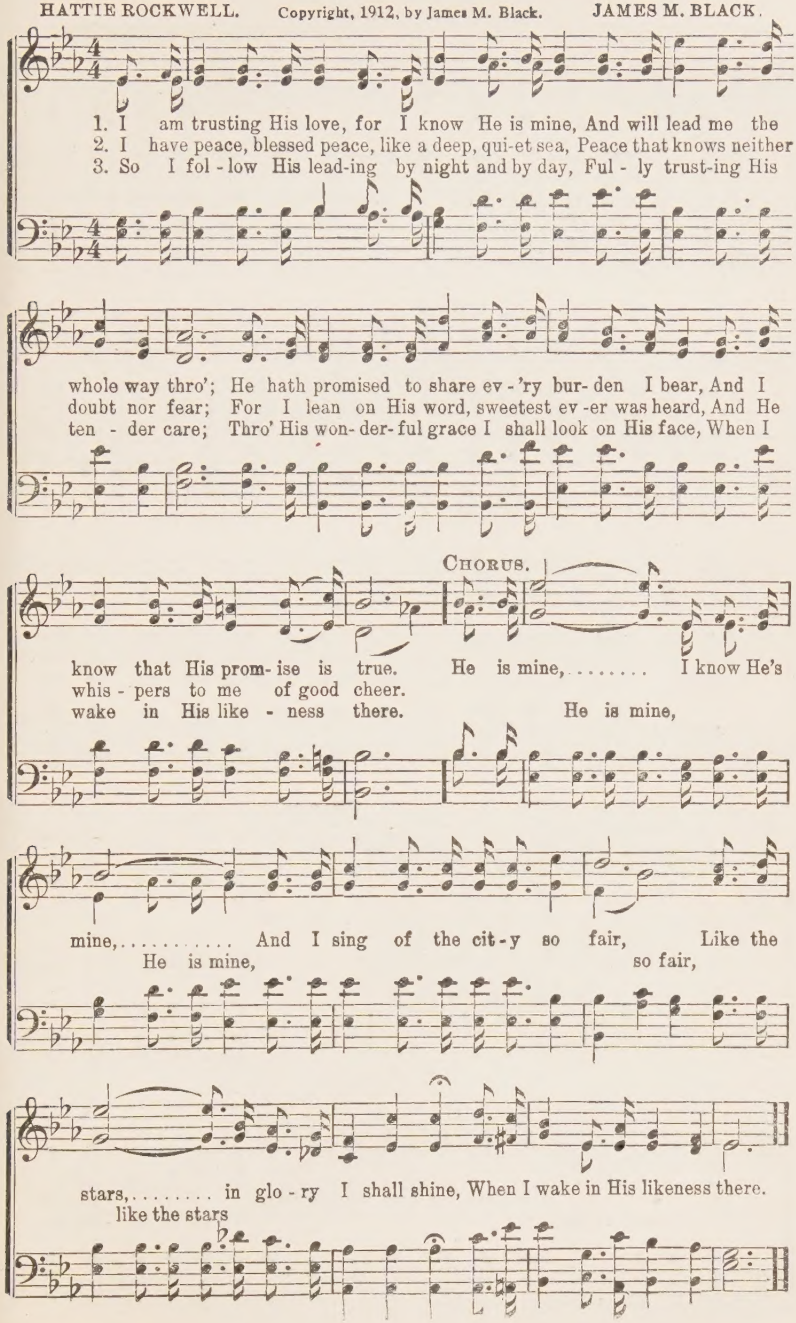

1. Get right with God, get right with God, Poor, wear - y, burdened soul;
2. Get right with God and you shall know The joy of peace di - vine,—
3. Get right with God and you shall find Life's toils will light - er grow,
The blood of Christ a - lone has power To cleanse and make you whole.
The light of His re - deem - ing love Will on your path - way shine.
For all your bur - dens He will share,—Your heart His love shall know.
CHORUS.
Get right with God, get right with God, And you His child shall be,
To stand be - fore the great white throne, Your Sav-iour's face to see.

No. 22. The Lord Knows Why.

Copyright, 1902, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
W. E. M. Hackleman, owner.

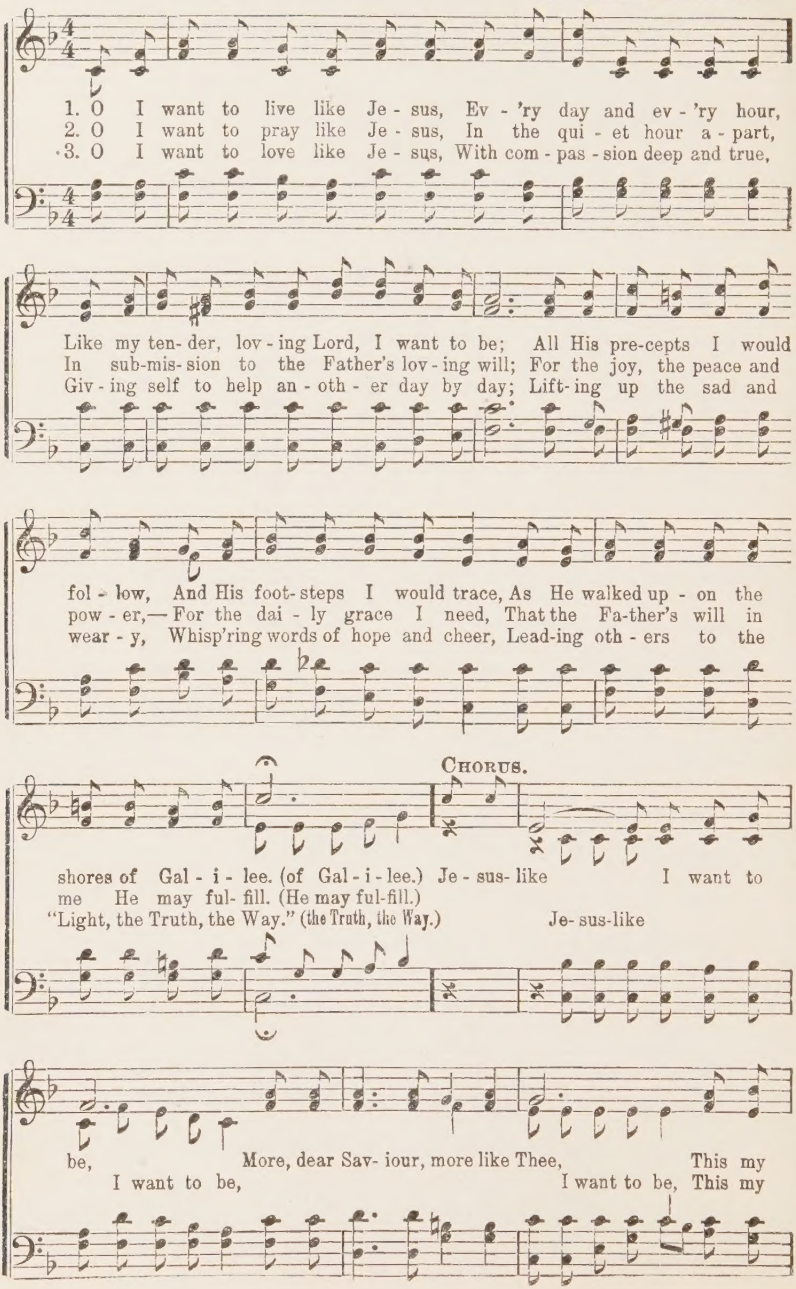
JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

SOLO.
1. I may not know the rea - son why Dark clouds so oft - en
2. I may not know why I am led So oft - en in the
3. I may not know why death should come To take the dear ones
4. So, tho' I may not un - der-stand The lead - ings of my
veil the sky, But tho' my sea be smooth or rough, The Lord knows
paths I dread, But, trust - ing Him, I'll press my way; The Lord knows
from my home, But, tho' mine eyes with tears be dim, The Lord knows
Fa - ther's hand, I know to all He has the key,— He un - der-
CHORUS.
why, and that's e - nough.
why— I will o - bey. O yes, He knows, the Lord knows why These
why— I'll trust in Him.
stands each mys - ter - y.
things are or - dered from on high; And though dark
from on high;
clouds may hide the sun, The Lord knows why— His will be done.

No. 23. He Is Mine.

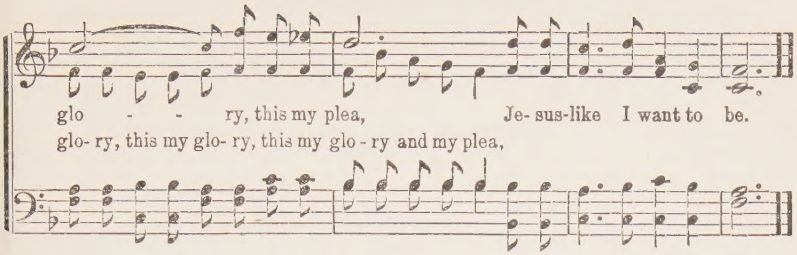
HATTIE ROCKWELL. Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. I am trusting His love, for I know He is mine, And will lead me the
2. I have peace, blessed peace, like a deep, qui-et sea, Peace that knows neither
3. So I fol-low His lead-ing by night and by day, Ful-ly trust-ing His
whole way thro'; He hath promised to share ev-'ry bur-den I bear, And I
doubt nor fear; For I lean on His word, sweetest ev-er was heard, And He
ten-der care; Thro' His won-der-ful grace I shall look on His face, When I
CHORUS.
know that His prom-ise is true. He is mine, ... I know He's
whis-pers to me of good cheer.
wake in His like-ness there. He is mine,
mine, ... And I sing of the cit-y so fair, Like the
He is mine, so fair,
stars, ... in glo-ry I shall shine, When I wake in His likeness there.
like the stars

No. 24. Jesus-Like.

Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

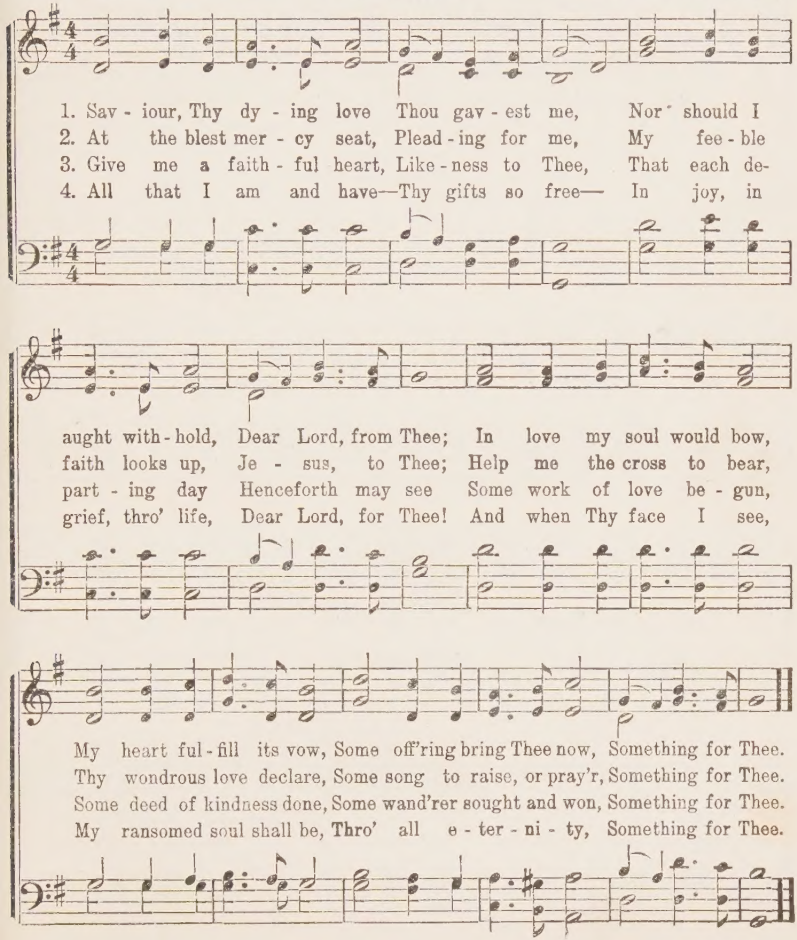
L. L. T LIDA LEE THOMASON.

1. O I want to live like Je - sus, Ev - 'ry day and ev - 'ry hour,
2. O I want to pray like Je - sus, In the qui - et hour a - part,
3. O I want to love like Je - sus, With com - pas - sion deep and true,
Like my ten- der, lov - ing Lord, I want to be; All His pre-cepts I would
In sub-mis- sion to the Father's lov - ing will; For the joy, the peace and
Giv - ing self to help an - oth - er day by day; Lift- ing up the sad and
fol - low, And His foot- steps I would trace, As He walked up - on the
pow - er,— For the dai - ly grace I need, That the Fa-ther's will in
wear - y, Whisp'ring words of hope and cheer, Lead-ing oth - ers to the
CHORUS.
shores of Gal - i - lee. (of Gal - i - lee.) Je - sus- like I want to
me He may ful- fill. (He may ful-fill.)
"Light, the Truth, the Way." (the Truth, the Way.) Je- sus-like
be, More, dear Sav- iour, more like Thee, This my
I want to be, I want to be, This my

Jesus-Like.



No. 25. Something for Jesus.

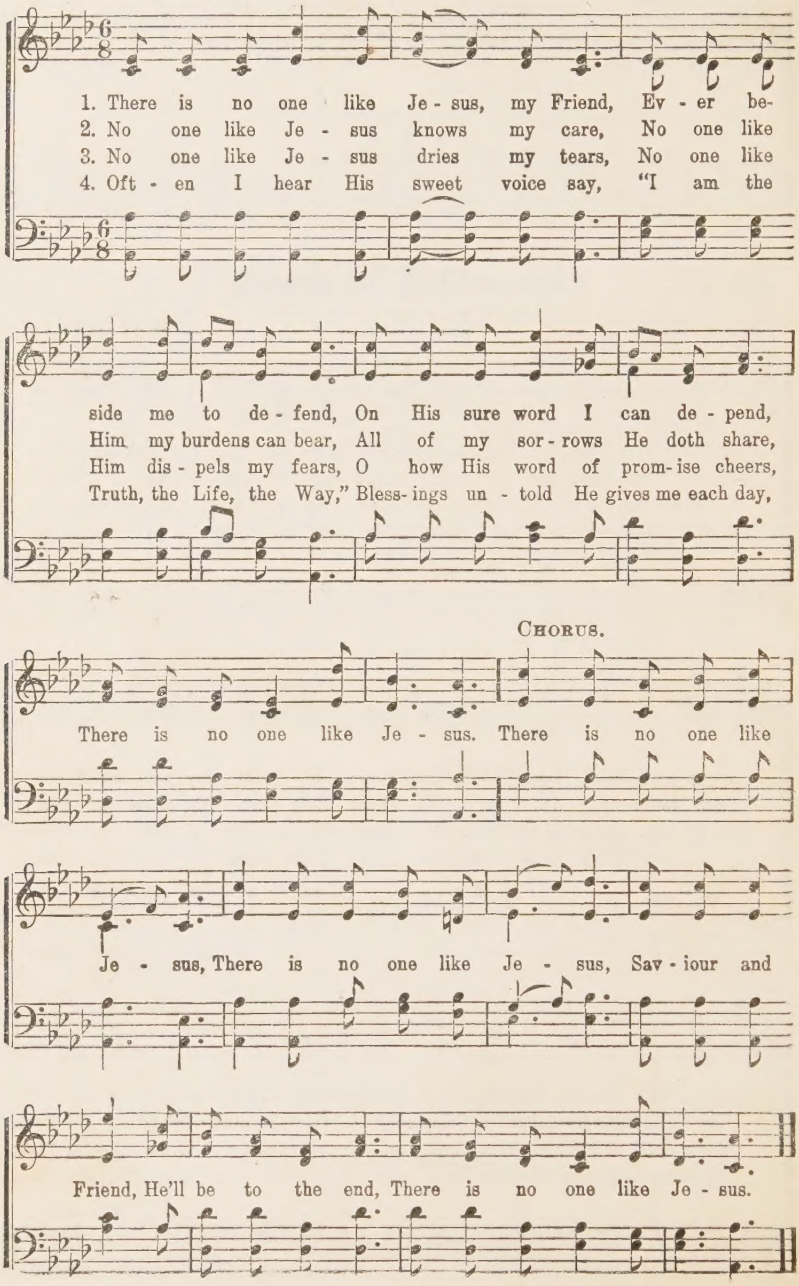
S. D. PHELPS. Used by per. of Mary Runyon Lowry, owner of copyright. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. Sav - iour, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. At the blest mer - cy seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith - ful heart, Like - ness to Thee, That each de-
4. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free— In joy, in
aught with - hold, Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow,
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee; Help me the cross to bear,
part - ing day Henceforth may see Some work of love be - gun,
grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see,
My heart ful - fill its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Something for Thee.
Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Something for Thee.
My ransomed soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee.

No. 26. No One Like Jesus.

Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

ELIZABETH HOMES. F. M. CRANSTON.


1. There is no one like Je - sus, my Friend, Ev - er be-
2. No one like Je - sus knows my care, No one like
3. No one like Je - sus dries my tears, No one like
4. Oft - en I hear His sweet voice say, "I am the
side me to de - fend, On His sure word I can de - pend,
Him my burdens can bear, All of my sor - rows He doth share,
Him dis - pels my fears, O how His word of prom - ise cheers,
Truth, the Life, the Way," Bless - ings un - told He gives me each day,
CHORUS.
There is no one like Je - sus. There is no one like
Je - sus, There is no one like Je - sus, Sav - iour and
Friend, He'll be to the end, There is no one like Je - sus.

No. 27. You May Have the Joybells.

Copyright, 1899, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
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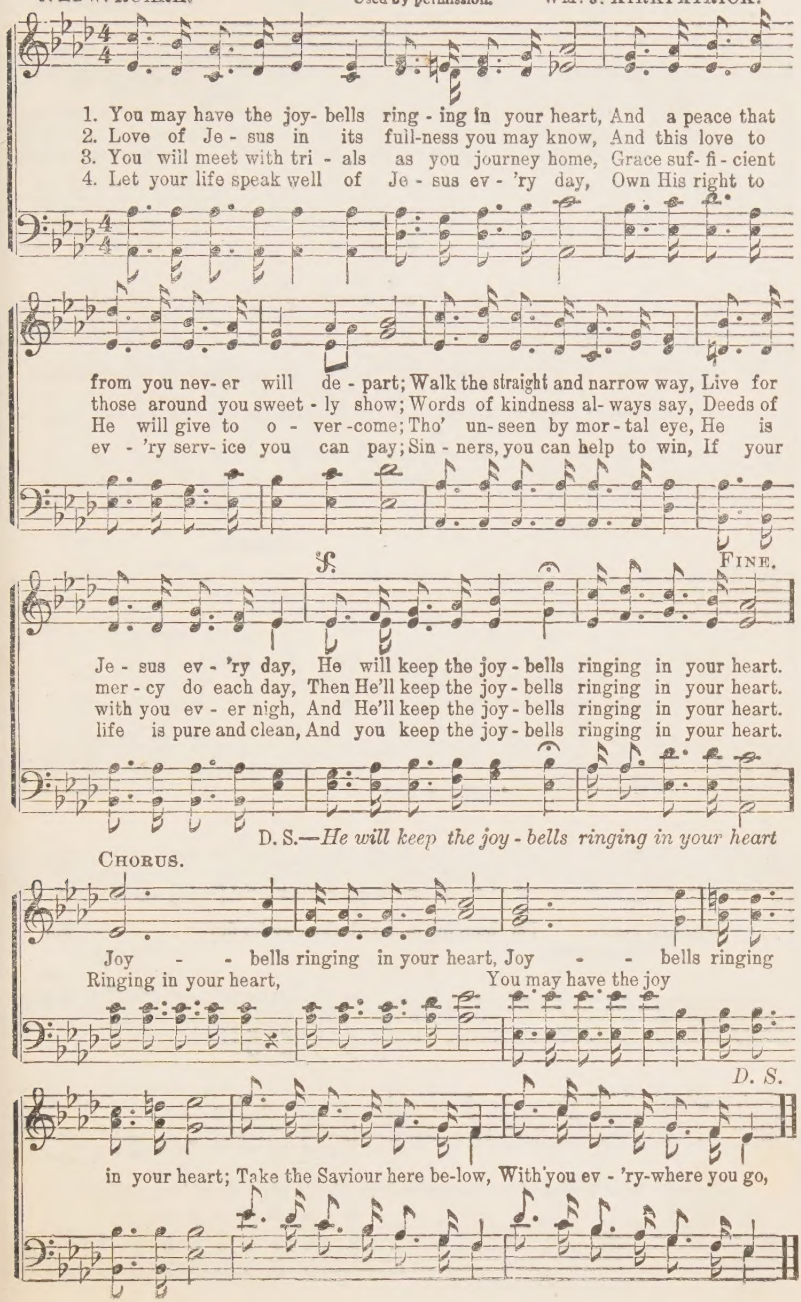
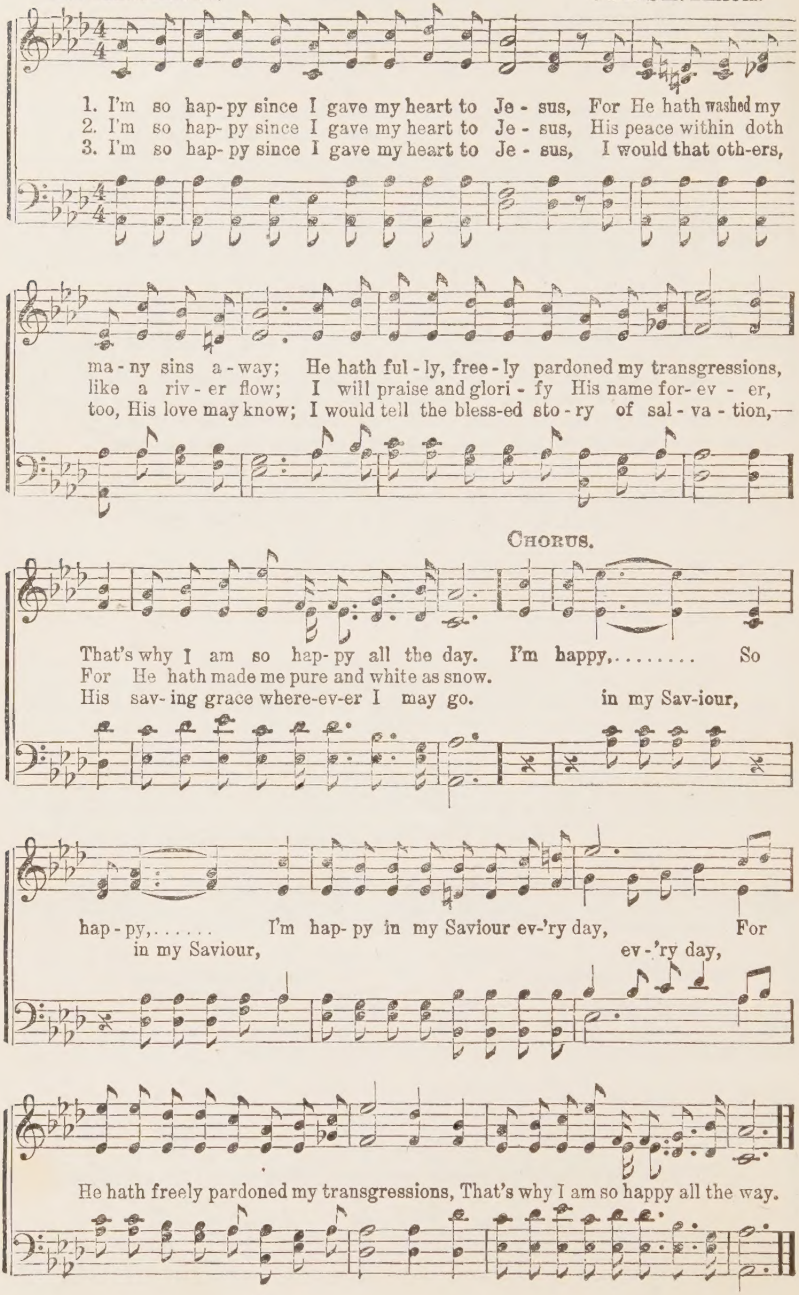
J. EDW. RUARK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. You may have the joy- bells ring - ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je - sus in its full-ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri - als as you journey home, Grace suf- fi - cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Own His right to
from you nev- er will de - part; Walk the straight and narrow way, Live for
those around you sweet - ly show; Words of kindness al- ways say, Deeds of
He will give to o - ver-come; Tho' un- seen by mor - tal eye, He is
ev - 'ry serv- ice you can pay; Sin - ners, you can help to win, If your
Je - sus ev - 'ry day, He will keep the joy - bells ringing in your heart.
mer - cy do each day, Then He'll keep the joy - bells ringing in your heart.
with you ev - er nigh, And He'll keep the joy - bells ringing in your heart.
life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy - bells ringing in your heart.
FINE.
D. S.—He will keep the joy - bells ringing in your heart
CHORUS.
Joy - - bells ringing in your heart, Joy - - bells ringing
Ringing in your heart, You may have the joy
D. S.
in your heart; Take the Saviour here be-low, With you ev - 'ry-where you go,

No. 28. Since I Gave My Heart to Jesus.

Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

ADA BLENKHORN. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. I'm so hap-py since I gave my heart to Je - sus, For He hath washed my
2. I'm so hap-py since I gave my heart to Je - sus, His peace within doth
3. I'm so hap-py since I gave my heart to Je - sus, I would that oth-ers,
ma-ny sins a-way; He hath ful-ly, free-ly pardoned my transgressions,
like a riv-er flow; I will praise and glori-fy His name for-ev-er,
too, His love may know; I would tell the bless-ed sto-ry of sal-va-tion,—
CHORUS.
That's why I am so hap-py all the day. I'm happy,..... So
For He hath made me pure and white as snow.
His sav-ing grace where-ev-er I may go. in my Sav-iour,
hap-py,..... I'm hap-py in my Saviour ev-'ry day, For
in my Saviour, ev-'ry day,
He hath freely pardoned my transgressions, That's why I am so happy all the way.

No. 29. Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. HEWITT.

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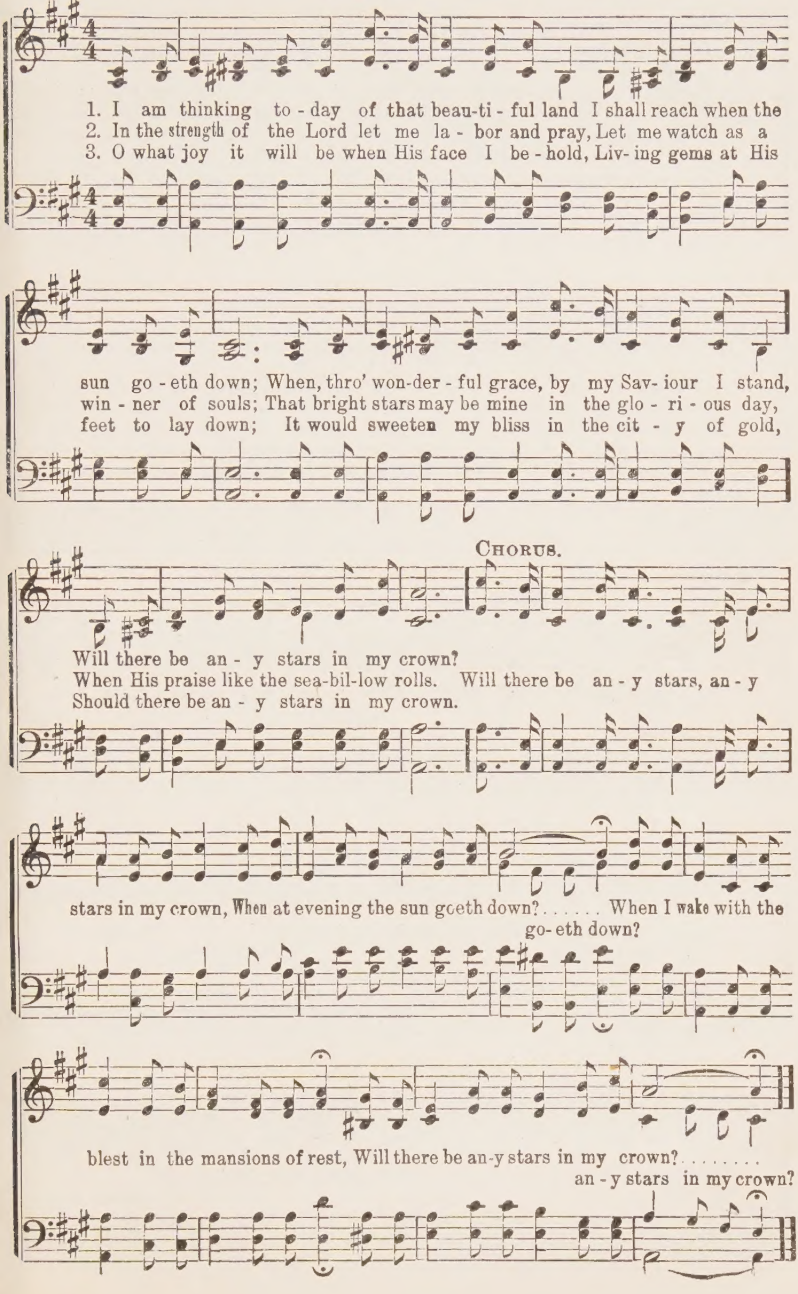
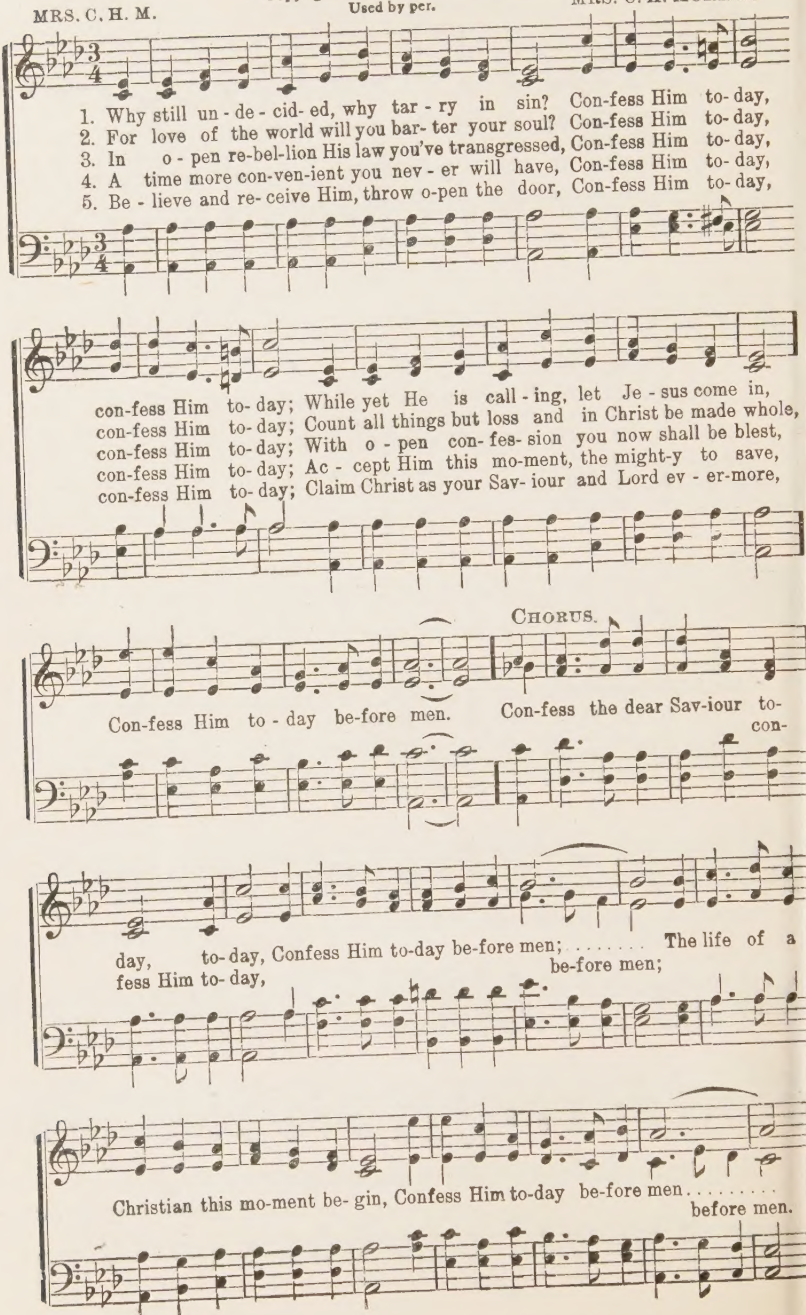
JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am thinking to - day of that beau-ti - ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. O what joy it will be when His face I be - hold, Liv- ing gems at His
sun go - eth down; When, thro' won-der - ful grace, by my Sav- iour I stand,
win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri - ous day,
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit - y of gold,
CHORUS.
Will there be an - y stars in my crown?
When His praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an - y stars, an - y
Should there be an - y stars in my crown.
stars in my crown, When at evening the sun goeth down? . . . . . When I wake with the
go- eth down?
blest in the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown? . . . . . .
an - y stars in my crown?

No. 30. Confess Him To-day.

Copyright, 1912, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
Used by per.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.


1. Why still un - de - cid- ed, why tar - ry in sin? Con-fess Him to- day,
2. For love of the world will you bar- ter your soul? Con-fess Him to- day,
3. In o - pen re-bel-lion His law you've transgressed, Con-fess Him to- day,
4. A time more con-ven-ient you nev - er will have, Con-fess Him to- day,
5. Be - lieve and re- ceive Him, throw o-pen the door, Con-fess Him to- day,
con-fess Him to- day; While yet He is call - ing, let Je - sus come in,
con-fess Him to- day; Count all things but loss and in Christ be made whole,
con-fess Him to- day; With o - pen con- fes- sion you now shall be blest,
con-fess Him to- day; Ac - cept Him this mo-ment, the might-y to save,
con-fess Him to- day; Claim Christ as your Sav- iour and Lord ev - er-more,
CHORUS.
Con-fess Him to - day be-fore men. Con-fess the dear Sav-iour to-
con-
day, to-day, Confess Him to-day be-fore men; ..... The life of a
fess Him to- day,
be-fore men;
Christian this mo-ment be- gin, Confess Him to-day be-fore men.....
before men.

No. 31. Keep On Loving Jesus.

Copyright, 1912, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
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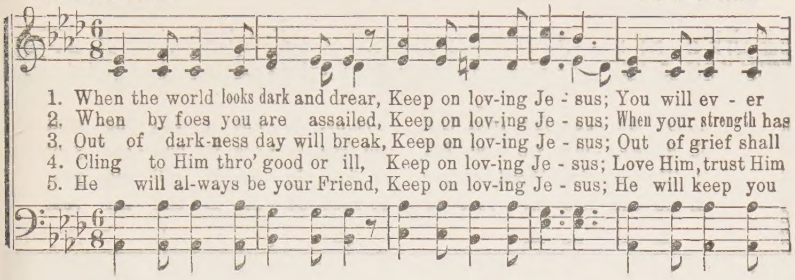
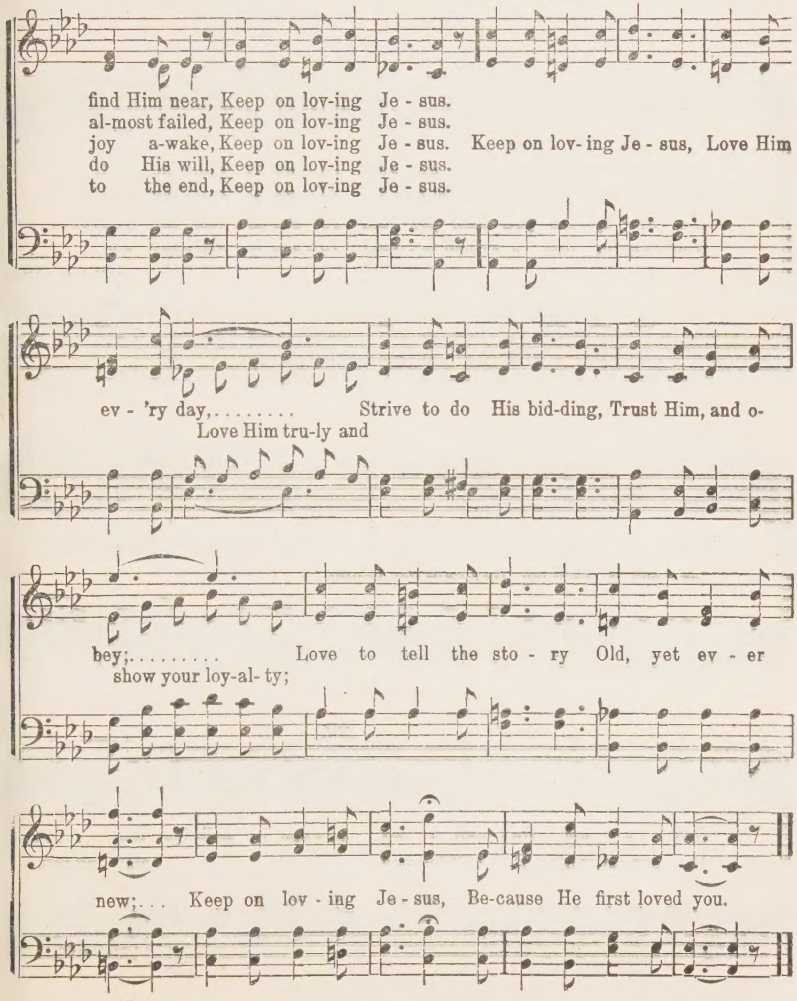
S. L. and HOMER. OTIS KLINE.

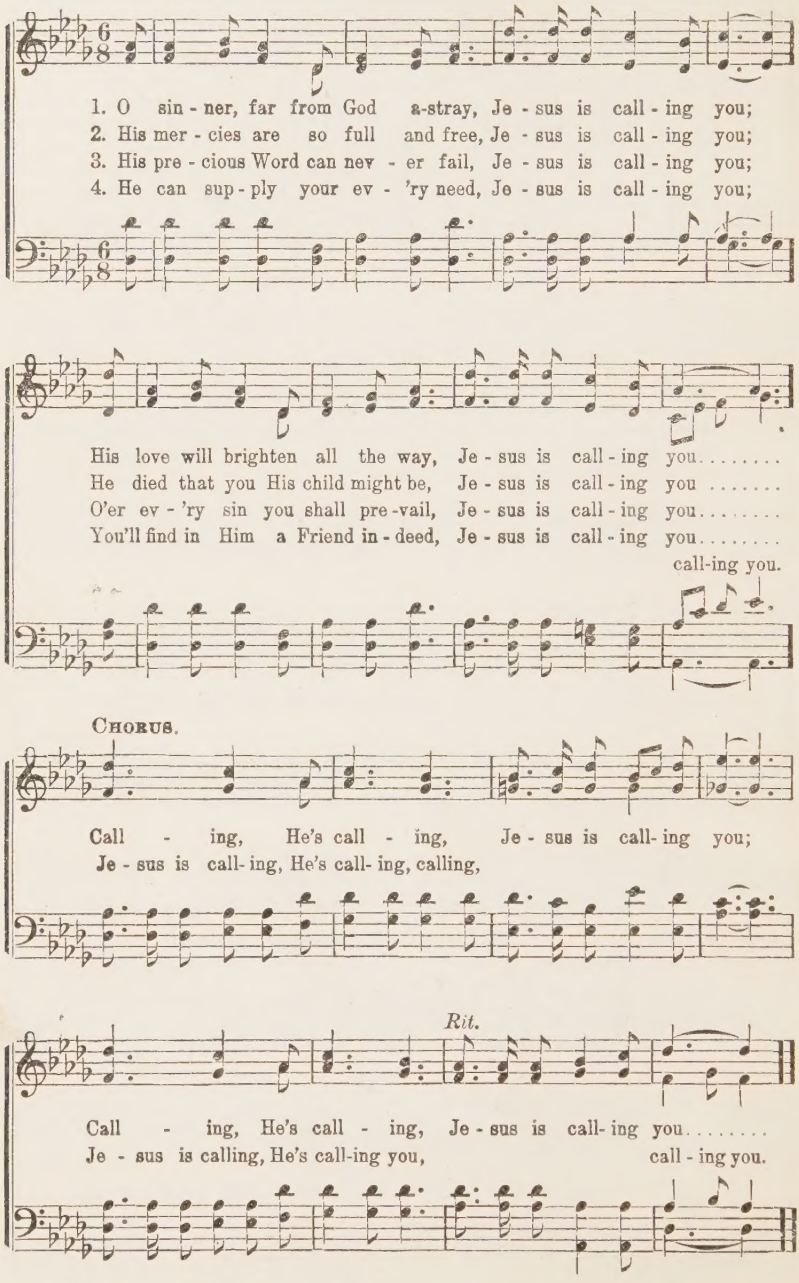

1. When the world looks dark and drear, Keep on lov-ing Je - sus; You will ev - er
2. When by foes you are assailed, Keep on lov-ing Je - sus; When your strength has
3. Out of dark-ness day will break, Keep on lov-ing Je - sus; Out of grief shall
4. Cling to Him thro' good or ill, Keep on lov-ing Je - sus; Love Him, trust Him
5. He will al-ways be your Friend, Keep on lov-ing Je - sus; He will keep you

CHORUS.

find Him near, Keep on lov-ing Je - sus.
al-most failed, Keep on lov-ing Je - sus.
joy a-wake, Keep on lov-ing Je - sus. Keep on lov- ing Je - sus, Love Him
do His will, Keep on lov-ing Je - sus.
to the end, Keep on lov-ing Je - sus.
ev - 'ry day,..... Strive to do His bid-ding, Trust Him, and o-
Love Him tru-ly and
bey;..... Love to tell the sto - ry Old, yet ev - er
show your loy-al- ty;
new;... Keep on lov - ing Je - sus, Be-cause He first loved you.

No. 32. Jesus Is Calling You.

Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

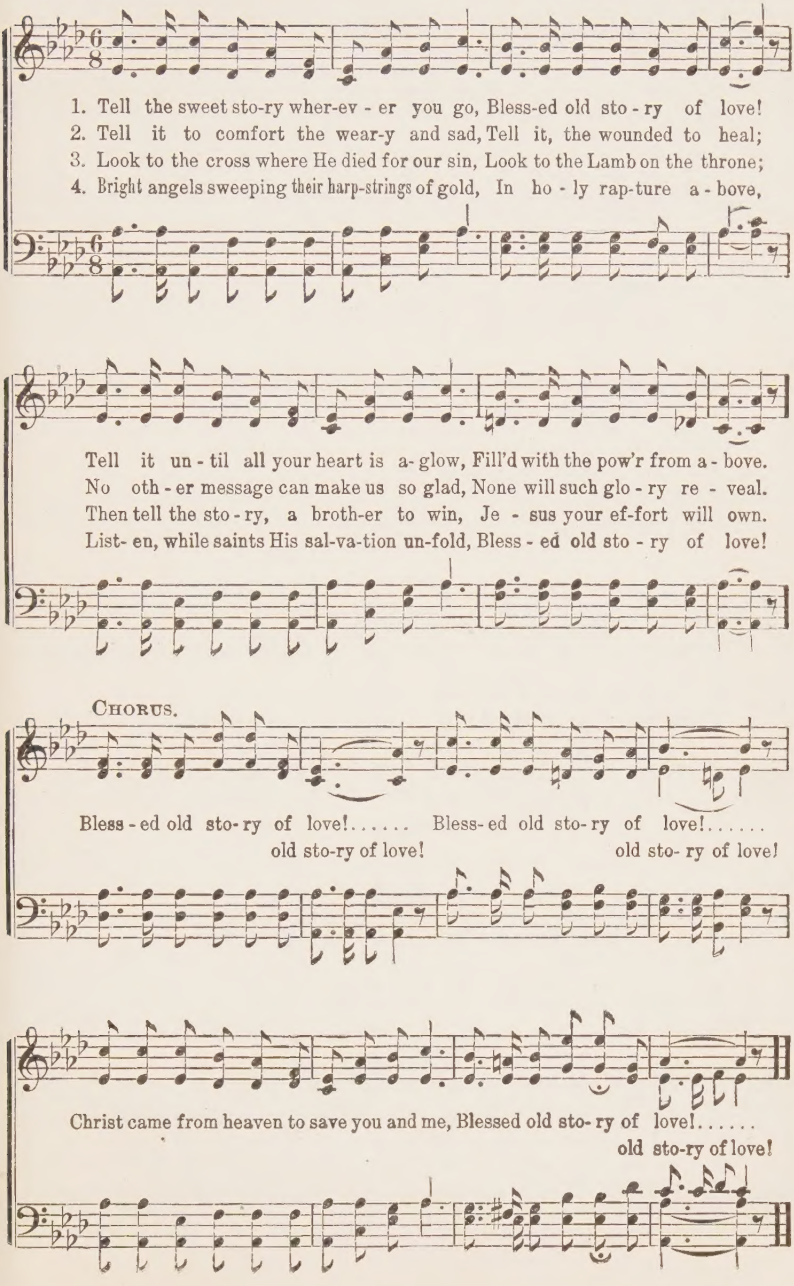
REV. J. A. LOVEJOY. H. W. HENRY.


1. O sin - ner, far from God a-stray, Je - sus is call - ing you;
2. His mer - cies are so full and free, Je - sus is call - ing you;
3. His pre - cious Word can nev - er fail, Je - sus is call - ing you;
4. He can sup - ply your ev - 'ry need, Je - sus is call - ing you;
His love will brighten all the way, Je - sus is call - ing you.....
He died that you His child might be, Je - sus is call - ing you .....
O'er ev - 'ry sin you shall pre - vail, Je - sus is call - ing you.....
You'll find in Him a Friend in - deed, Je - sus is call - ing you.....
call-ing you.
CHORUS.
Call - ing, He's call - ing, Je - sus is call- ing you;
Je - sus is call- ing, He's call- ing, calling,
Rit.
Call - ing, He's call - ing, Je - sus is call- ing you.....
Je - sus is calling, He's call-ing you, call - ing you.

No. 33. Blessed Old Story of Love.

Copyright, 1894, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

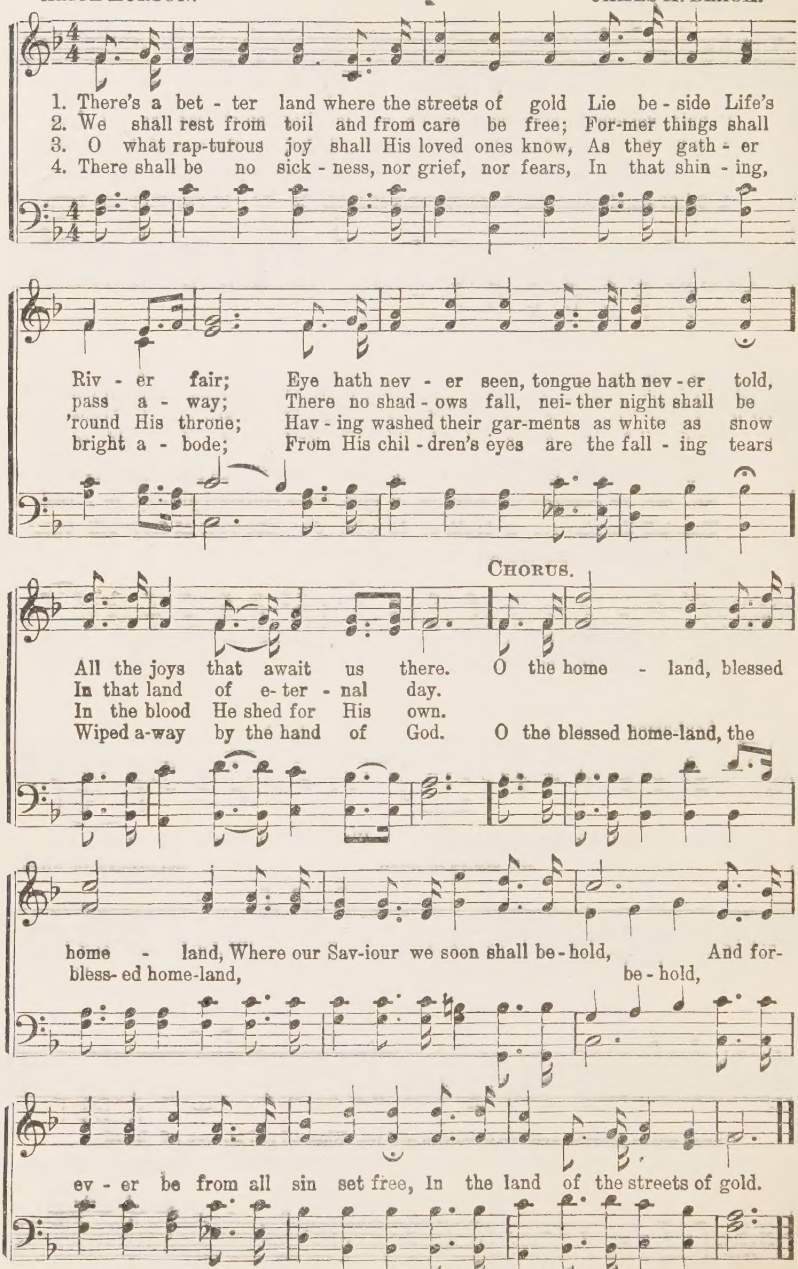
L. H. EDMUNDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Tell the sweet sto-ry wher-ev - er you go, Bless-ed old sto - ry of love!
2. Tell it to comfort the wear-y and sad, Tell it, the wounded to heal;
3. Look to the cross where He died for our sin, Look to the Lamb on the throne;
4. Bright angels sweeping their harp-strings of gold, In ho - ly rap-ture a - bove,
Tell it un - til all your heart is a-glow, Fill'd with the pow'r from a - bove.
No oth - er message can make us so glad, None will such glo - ry re - veal.
Then tell the sto - ry, a broth-er to win, Je - sus your ef-fort will own.
List- en, while saints His sal-va-tion un-fold, Bless - ed old sto - ry of love!
CHORUS.
Bless - ed old sto- ry of love!..... Bless- ed old sto- ry of love!.....
old sto-ry of love! old sto- ry of love!
Christ came from heaven to save you and me, Blessed old sto- ry of love!.....
old sto-ry of love!

No. 34. The Land of the Streets of Gold.

Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

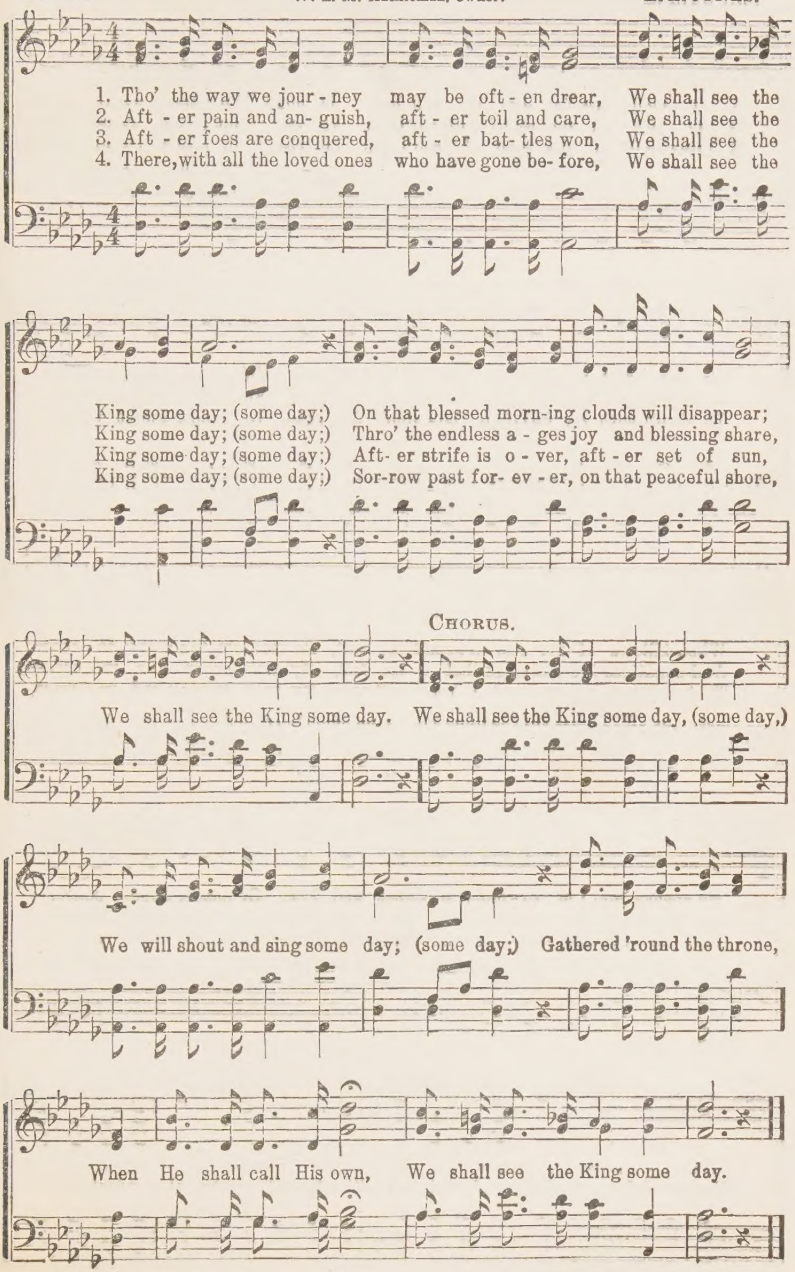
ALICE HORTON. JAMES M. BLACK.


1. There's a bet - ter land where the streets of gold Lie be - side Life's Riv - er fair; Eye hath nev - er seen, tongue hath nev - er told,
2. We shall rest from toil and from care be free; For-mer things shall pass a - way; There no shad - ows fall, nei - ther night shall be
3. O what rap-turous joy shall His loved ones know, As they gath - er 'round His throne; Hav - ing washed their gar-ments as white as snow
4. There shall be no sick - ness, nor grief, nor fears, In that shin - ing, bright a - bode; From His chil - dren's eyes are the fall - ing tears
CHORUS.
All the joys that await us there. O the home - land, blessed
In that land of e - ter - nal day.
In the blood He shed for His own.
Wiped a-way by the hand of God. O the blessed home-land, the
home - land, Where our Sav-iour we soon shall be - hold, And for-
bless - ed home-land, be - hold,
ev - er be from all sin set free, In the land of the streets of gold.

No. 35. We Shall See the King Some Day.

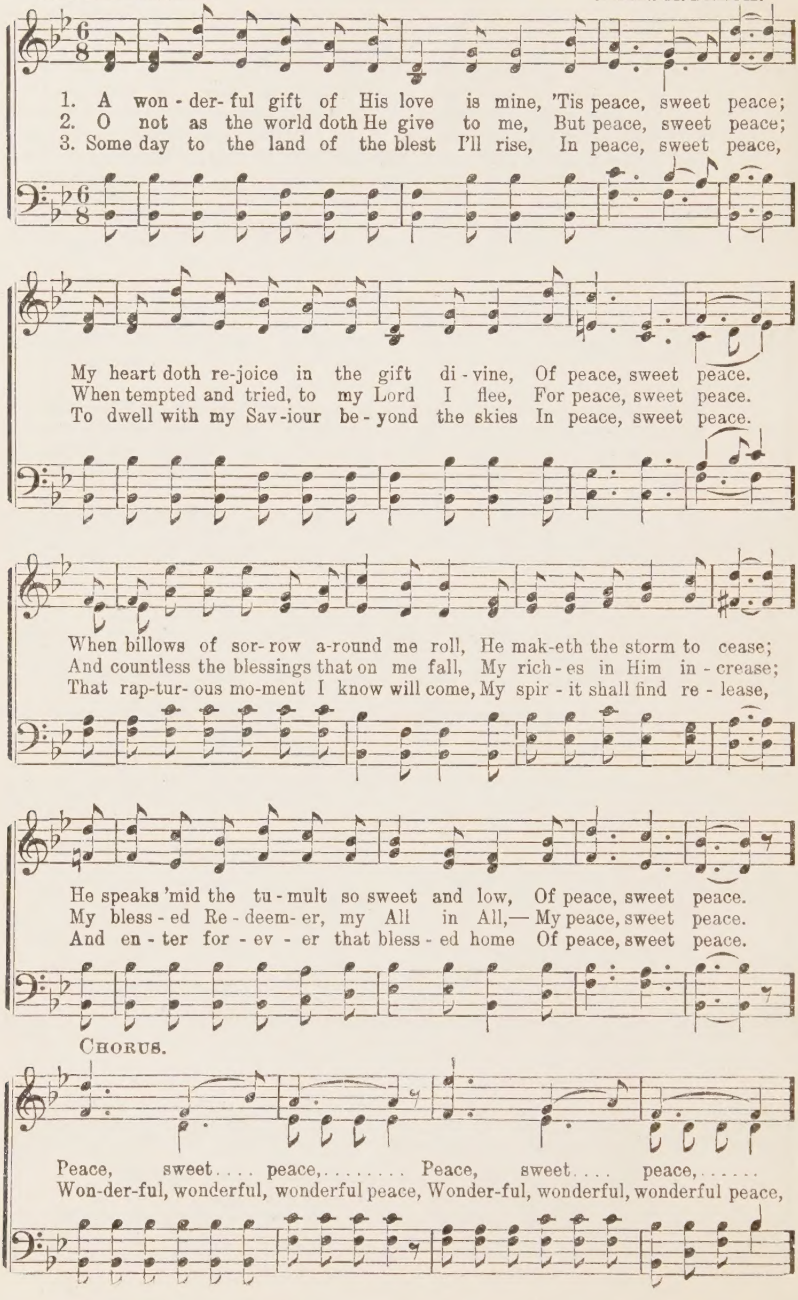
Copyright, 1906, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
W. E. M. Hackleman, owner.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

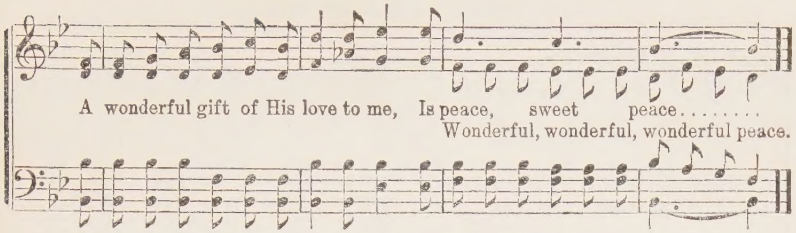

1. Tho' the way we jour - ney may be oft - en drear, We shall see the
2. Aft - er pain and an- guish, aft - er toil and care, We shall see the
3. Aft - er foes are conquered, aft - er bat- tles won, We shall see the
4. There, with all the loved ones who have gone be- fore, We shall see the
King some day; (some day;) On that blessed morn-ing clouds will disappear;
King some day; (some day;) Thro' the endless a - ges joy and blessing share,
King some day; (some day;) Aft- er strife is o - ver, aft - er set of sun,
King some day; (some day;) Sor-row past for- ev - er, on that peaceful shore,
CHORUS.
We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day, (some day,)
We will shout and sing some day; (some day;) Gathered 'round the throne,
When He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.

No. 36. Peace, Sweet Peace.

Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

ADA BLENKHORN. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. A won - der- ful gift of His love is mine, 'Tis peace, sweet peace;
2. O not as the world doth He give to me, But peace, sweet peace;
3. Some day to the land of the blest I'll rise, In peace, sweet peace,
My heart doth re-joice in the gift di - vine, Of peace, sweet peace.
When tempted and tried, to my Lord I flee, For peace, sweet peace.
To dwell with my Sav-iour be - yond the skies In peace, sweet peace.
When billows of sor- row a-round me roll, He mak-eth the storm to cease;
And countless the blessings that on me fall, My rich - es in Him in - crease;
That rap-tur- ous mo-ment I know will come, My spir - it shall find re - lease,
He speaks 'mid the tu - mult so sweet and low, Of peace, sweet peace.
My bless - ed Re - deem- er, my All in All,— My peace, sweet peace.
And en - ter for - ev - er that bless - ed home Of peace, sweet peace.
CHORUS.
Peace, sweet.... peace,..... Peace, sweet.... peace,.....
Won-der-ful, wonderful, wonderful peace, Wonder-ful, wonderful, wonderful peace,

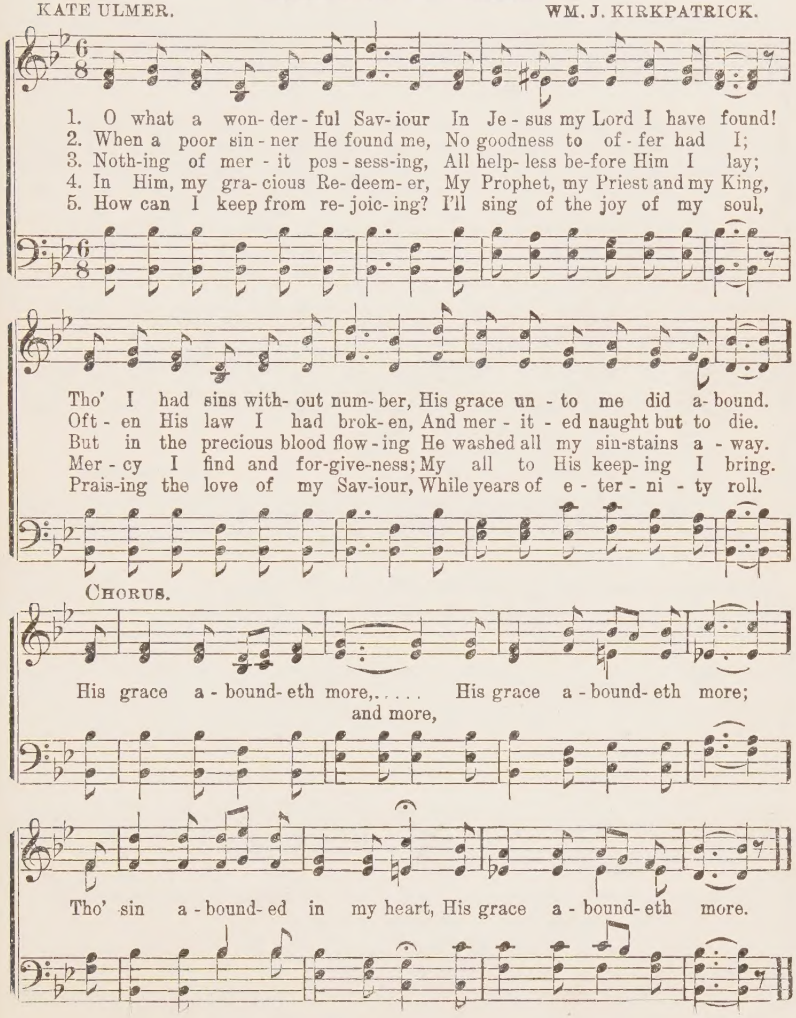
Peace, Sweet Peace.



No. 37. His Grace Aboundeth More.

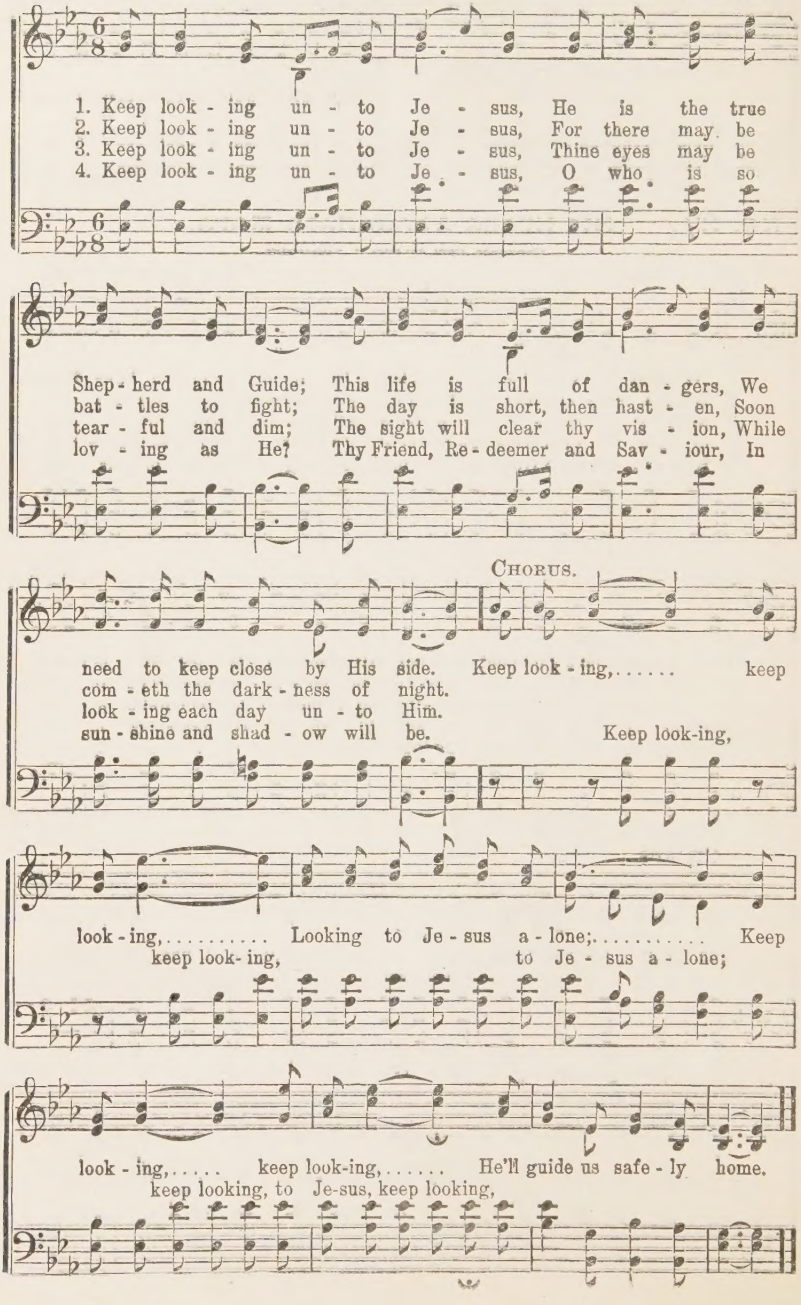
Copyright, 1899, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

KATE ULMER. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. O what a won-der-ful Sav-iour In Je-sus my Lord I have found!
2. When a poor sin-ner He found me, No goodness to of-fer had I;
3. Noth-ing of mer-it pos-sess-ing, All help-less be-fore Him I lay;
4. In Him, my gra-cious Re-deem-er, My Prophet, my Priest and my King,
5. How can I keep from re-joic-ing? I'll sing of the joy of my soul,
Tho' I had sins with-out num-ber, His grace un-to me did a-bound.
Oft-en His law I had brok-en, And mer-it-ed naught but to die.
But in the precious blood flow-ing He washed all my sin-stains a-way.
Mer-cy I find and for-give-ness; My all to His keep-ing I bring.
Prais-ing the love of my Sav-iour, While years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.
CHORUS.
His grace a-bound-eth more,..... His grace a-bound-eth more;
and more,
Tho' sin a-bound-ed in my heart, His grace a-bound-eth more.

No. 38. Keep Looking Unto Jesus.

Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

HATTIE E. BUELL. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. Keep look - ing un - to Je - sus, He is the true
2. Keep look - ing un - to Je - sus, For there may be
3. Keep look - ing un - to Je - sus, Thine eyes may be
4. Keep look - ing un - to Je - sus, O who is so
Shep - herd and Guide; This life is full of dan - gers, We
bat - tles to fight; The day is short, then hast - en, Soon
tear - ful and dim; The sight will clear thy vis - ion, While
lov - ing as He? Thy Friend, Re - deemer and Sav - iour, In
CHORUS.
need to keep close by His side. Keep look - ing,..... keep
com - eth the dark - ness of night.
look - ing each day un - to Him.
sun - shine and shad - ow will be. Keep look-ing,
look - ing,..... Looking to Je - sus a - lone;..... Keep
keep look- ing, to Je - sus a - lone;
look - ing,..... keep look-ing,..... He'll guide us safe - ly home.
keep looking, to Je-sus, keep looking,

No. 39. There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

Copyright, 1910, by Mrs. Addie McGranahan. Renewal.
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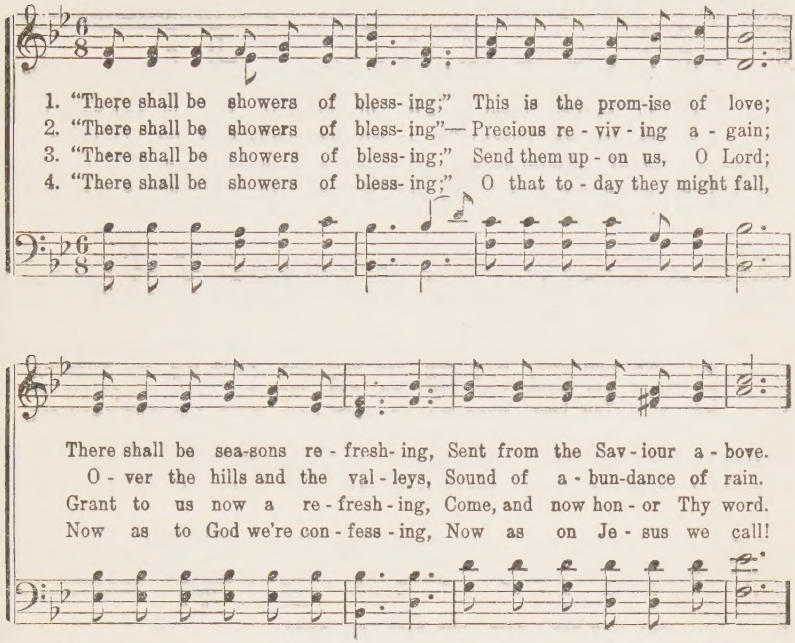
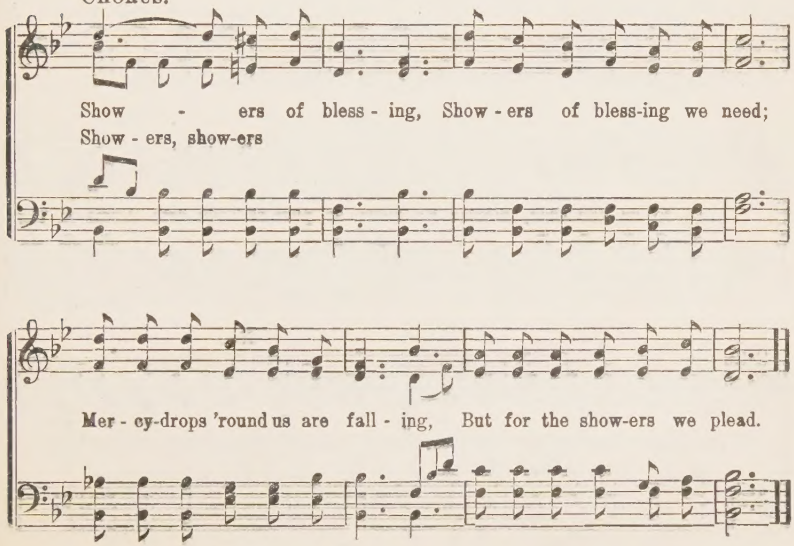
EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

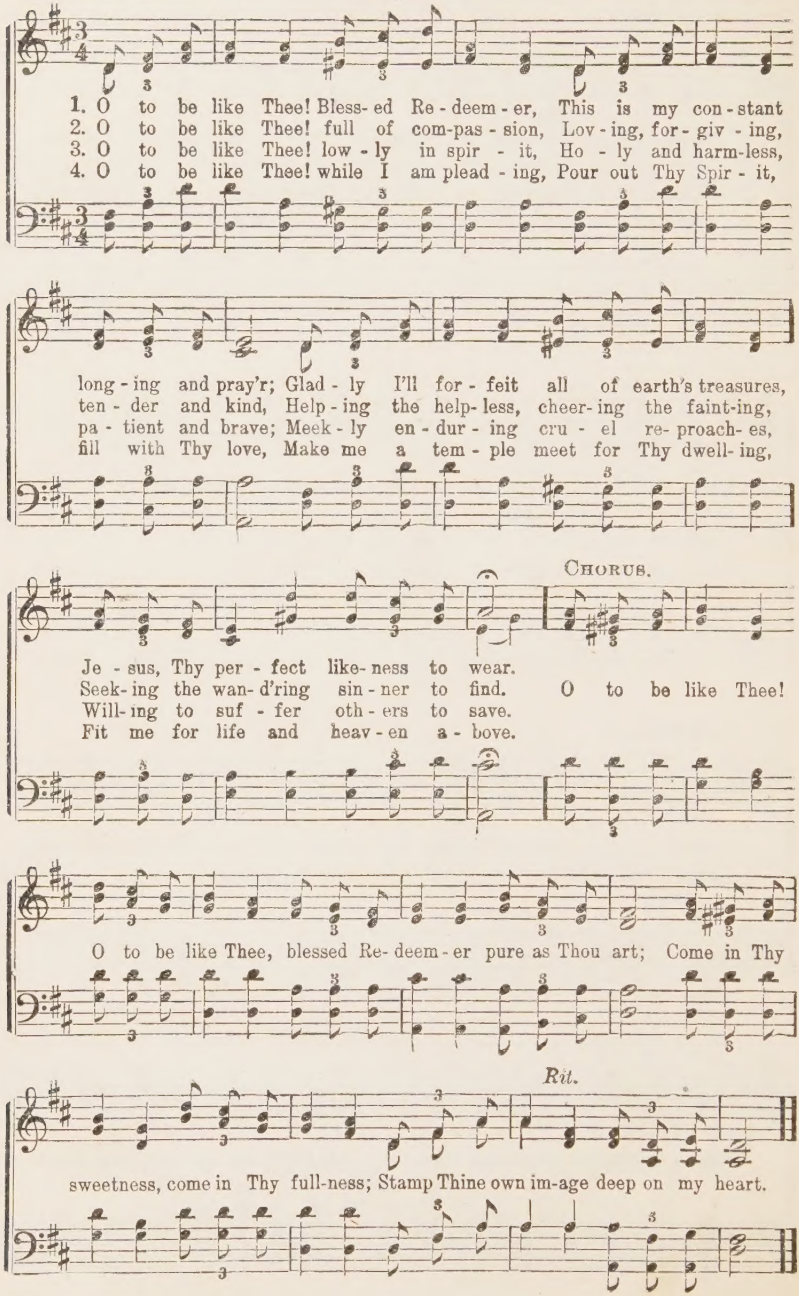

1. "There shall be showers of bless-ing;" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be showers of bless-ing"— Precious re-viv-ing a-gain;
3. "There shall be showers of bless-ing;" Send them up-on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be showers of bless-ing;" O that to-day they might fall,
There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-iour a-bove.
O-ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a-bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hon-or Thy word.
Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call!

CHORUS.


Show - ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;
Show-ers, show-ers
Mer-cy-drops 'round us are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

No. 40. O to be Like Thee.

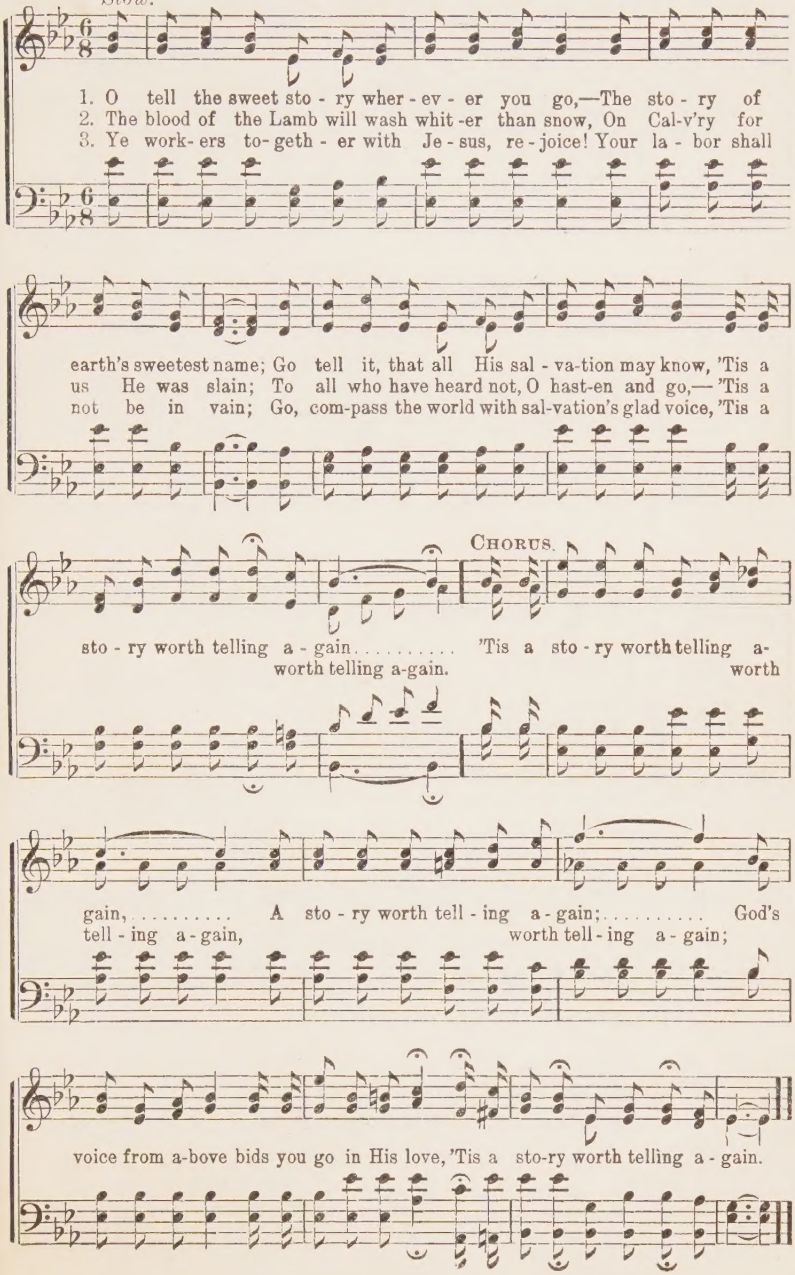
Copyright, 1897, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

T. O. CHISHOLM. Used by permission. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. O to be like Thee! Bless-ed Re-deem-er, This is my con-stant
2. O to be like Thee! full of com-pas-sion, Lov-ing, for-giv-ing,
3. O to be like Thee! low-ly in spir-it, Ho-ly and harm-less,
4. O to be like Thee! while I am plead-ing, Pour out Thy Spir-it,
long-ing and pray'r; Glad-ly I'll for-feit all of earth's treasures,
ten-der and kind, Help-ing the help-less, cheer-ing the faint-ing,
pa-tient and brave; Meek-ly en-dur-ing cru-el re-proach-es,
fill with Thy love, Make me a tem-ple meet for Thy dwell-ing,
CHORUS.
Je-sus, Thy per-fect like-ness to wear.
Seek-ing the wan-d'ring sin-ner to find. O to be like Thee!
Will-ing to suf-fer oth-ers to save.
Fit me for life and heav-en a-bove.
O to be like Thee, blessed Re-deem-er pure as Thou art; Come in Thy
Rit.
sweetness, come in Thy full-ness; Stamp Thine own im-age deep on my heart.

No. 41. A Story Worth Telling Again.

Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

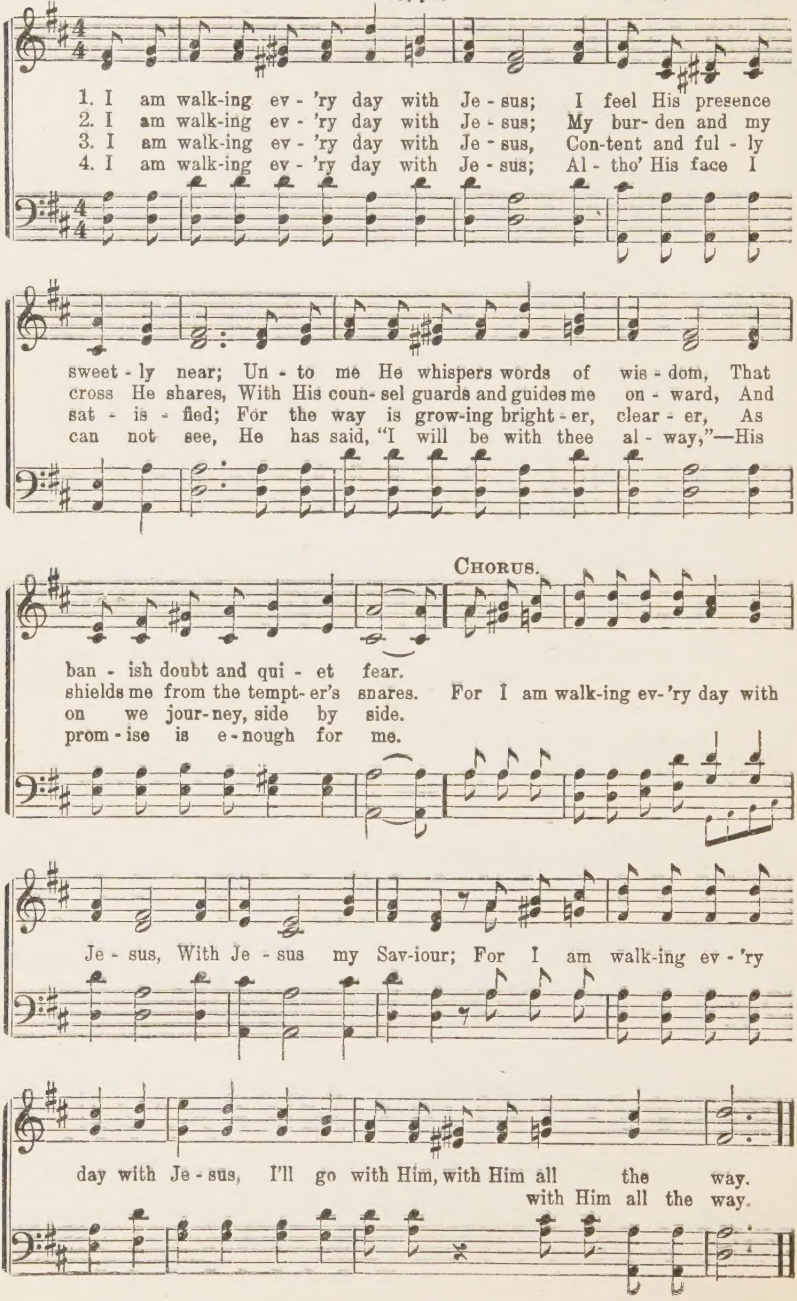
ADA BLENKHORN. J. J. JENNINGS.

Slow.

1. O tell the sweet sto - ry wher - ev - er you go,—The sto - ry of
2. The blood of the Lamb will wash whit - er than snow, On Cal-v'ry for
3. Ye work - ers to-geth - er with Je - sus, re - joice! Your la - bor shall
earth's sweetest name; Go tell it, that all His sal - va-tion may know, 'Tis a
us He was slain; To all who have heard not, O hast-en and go,— 'Tis a
not be in vain; Go, com-pass the world with sal-vation's glad voice, 'Tis a
CHORUS.
sto - ry worth telling a - gain..... 'Tis a sto - ry worth telling a-
worth telling a-gain. worth
gain,..... A sto - ry worth tell - ing a - gain;..... God's
tell - ing a - gain, worth tell - ing a - gain;
voice from a-bove bids you go in His love, 'Tis a sto-ry worth telling a - gain.

No. 42. Walking With Jesus.

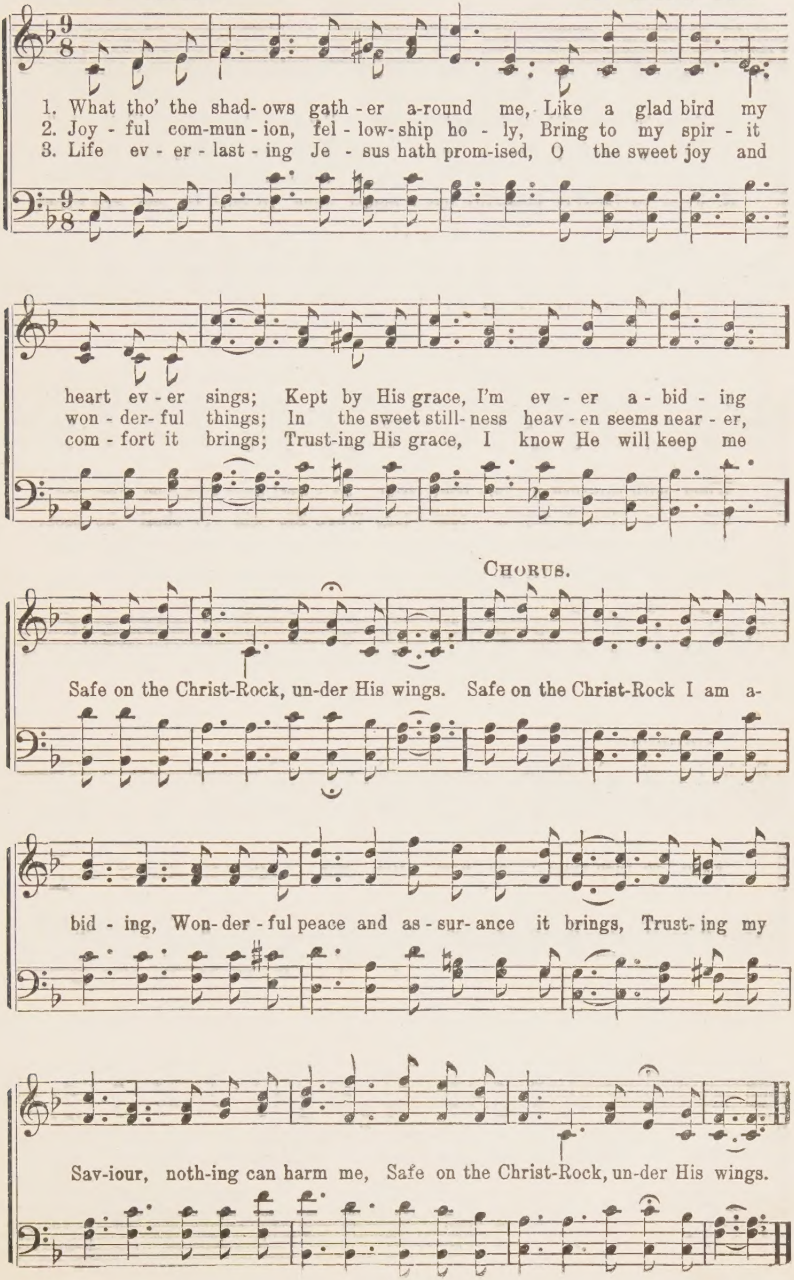
Copyright, 1910, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. Used by per. B. D. ACKLEY


1. I am walk-ing ev - 'ry day with Je - sus; I feel His presence
2. I am walk-ing ev - 'ry day with Je - sus; My bur- den and my
3. I am walk-ing ev - 'ry day with Je - sus, Con-tent and ful - ly
4. I am walk-ing ev - 'ry day with Je - sus; Al - tho' His face I
sweet - ly near; Un - to me He whispers words of wis - dom, That
cross He shares, With His coun- sel guards and guides me on - ward, And
sat - is - fied; For the way is grow-ing bright - er, clear - er, As
can not see, He has said, "I will be with thee al - way,"—His
CHORUS.
ban - ish doubt and qui - et fear.
shields me from the tempt- er's snares. For I am walk-ing ev-'ry day with
on we jour-ney, side by side.
prom - ise is e - nough for me.
Je - sus, With Je - sus my Sav-iour; For I am walk-ing ev - 'ry
day with Je - sus, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
with Him all the way.

No. 43. Safe On the Christ-Rock.

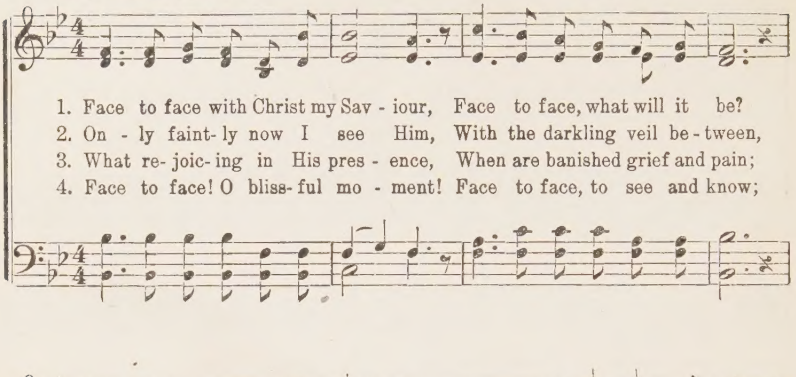
Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

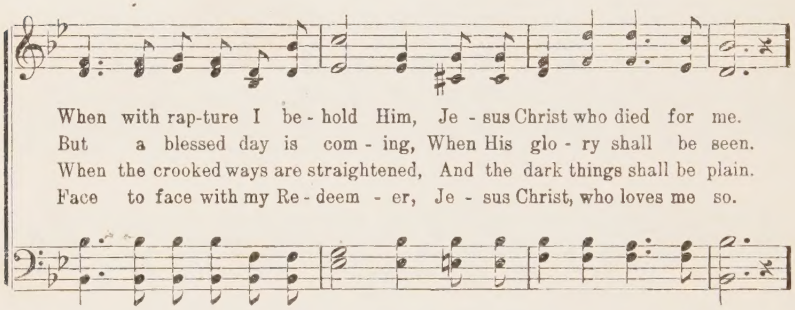
LIZZIE DEARMOND. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. What tho' the shad- ows gath - er a-round me, Like a glad bird my
2. Joy - ful com-mun - ion, fel - low-ship ho - ly, Bring to my spir - it
3. Life ev - er - last - ing Je - sus hath prom-ised, O the sweet joy and
heart ev - er sings; Kept by His grace, I'm ev - er a - bid - ing
won - der- ful things; In the sweet still- ness heav - en seems near - er,
com - fort it brings; Trust-ing His grace, I know He will keep me
CHORUS.
Safe on the Christ-Rock, un-der His wings. Safe on the Christ-Rock I am a-
bid - ing, Won- der - ful peace and as - sur- ance it brings, Trust- ing my
Sav-iour, noth-ing can harm me, Safe on the Christ-Rock, un-der His wings.

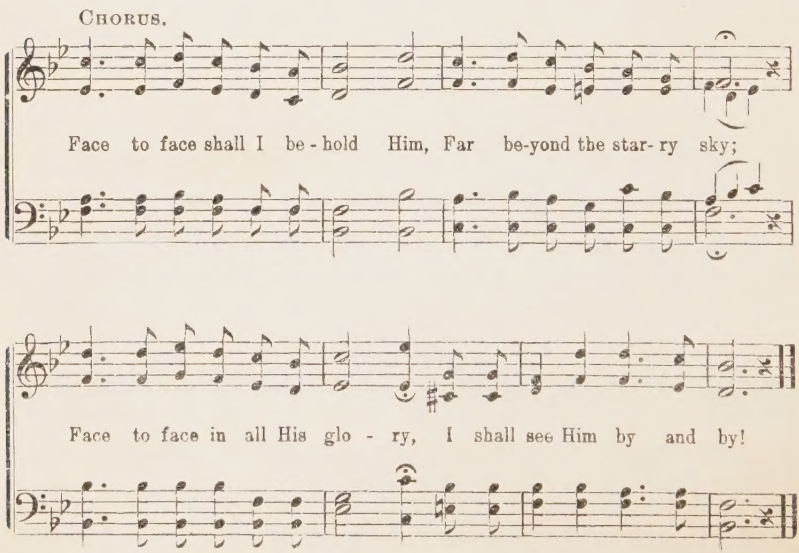
No. 44. Face to Face.

Copyright, 1899, by Tullar-Meredith Co.
Used by per.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

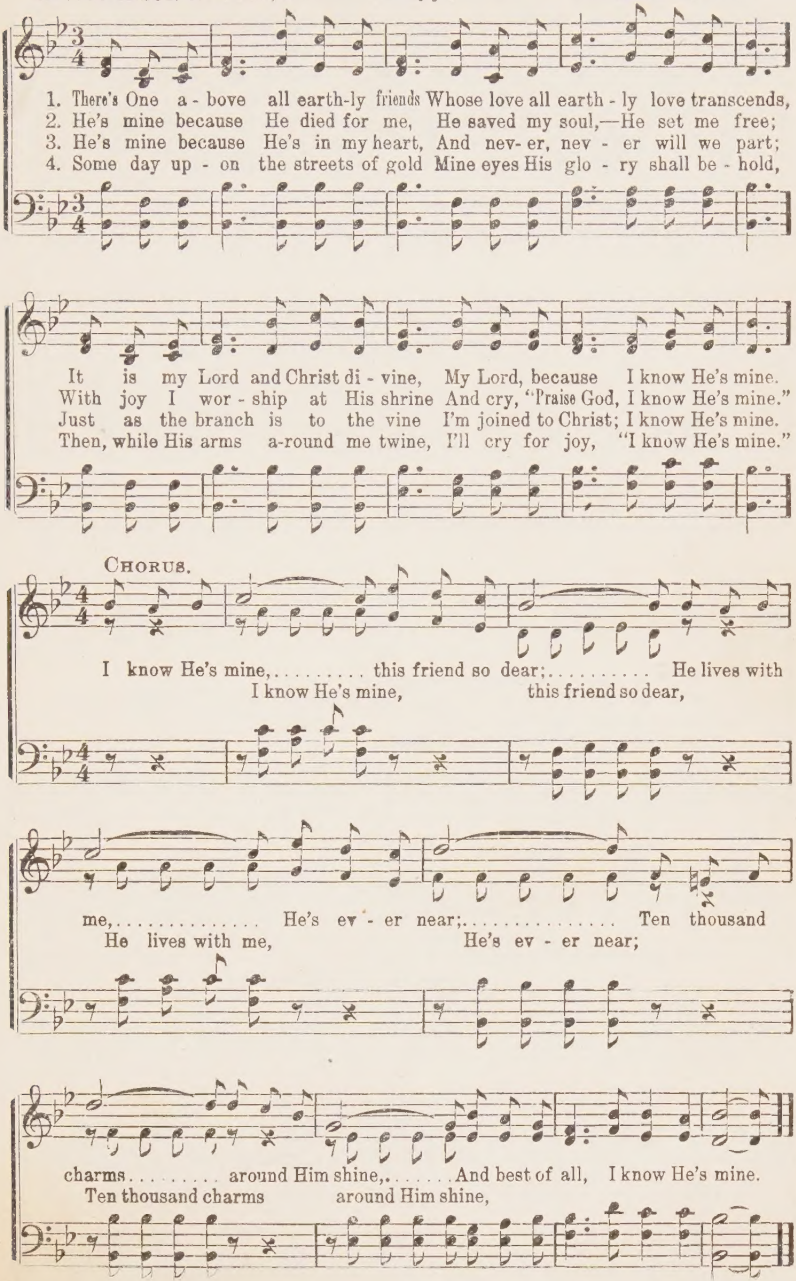

1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - iour, Face to face, what will it be?
2. On - ly faint- ly now I see Him, With the darkling veil be - tween,
3. What re- joic- ing in His pres - ence, When are banished grief and pain;
4. Face to face! O bliss- ful mo - ment! Face to face, to see and know;


When with rap-ture I be - hold Him, Je - sus Christ who died for me.
But a blessed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
When the crooked ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.
Face to face with my Re - deem - er, Je - sus Christ, who loves me so.



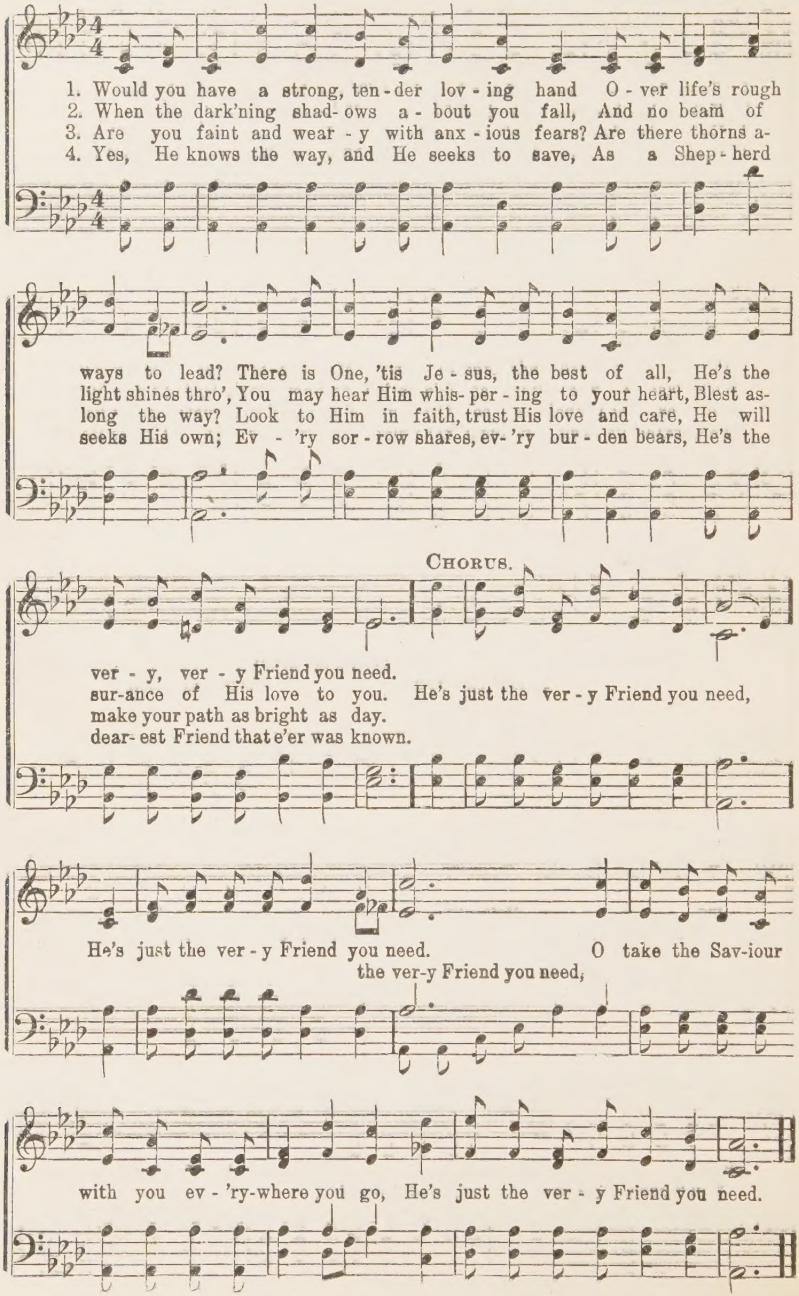
No. 45. I Know He's Mine.

Copyright by Hall-Mack Co.
Used by per

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. There's One a - bove all earth-ly friends Whose love all earth - ly love transcends,
2. He's mine because He died for me, He saved my soul,—He set me free;
3. He's mine because He's in my heart, And nev- er, nev - er will we part;
4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes His glo - ry shall be - hold,
It is my Lord and Christ di - vine, My Lord, because I know He's mine.
With joy I wor - ship at His shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know He's mine."
Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know He's mine.
Then, while His arms a-round me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know He's mine."
CHORUS.
I know He's mine,..... this friend so dear;..... He lives with
I know He's mine, this friend so dear,
me,..... He's ev - er near;..... Ten thousand
He lives with me, He's ev - er near;
charms..... around Him shine,..... And best of all, I know He's mine.
Ten thousand charms around Him shine,

No. 46. The Very Friend You Need.

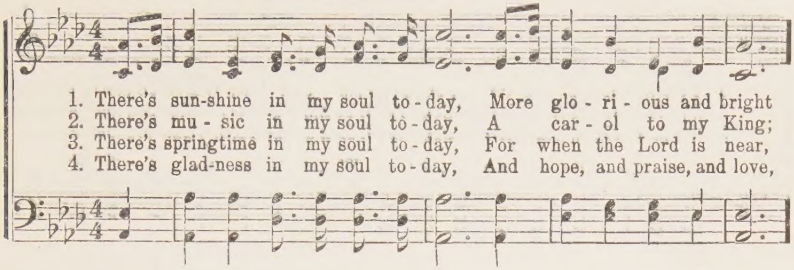
Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

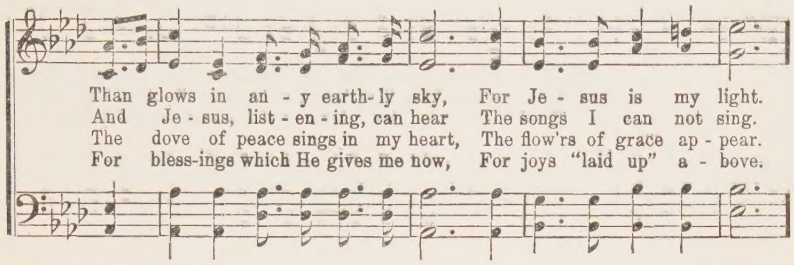
ELMER E. PERSON. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. Would you have a strong, ten - der lov - ing hand O - ver life's rough
2. When the dark'ning shad- ows a - bout you fall, And no beam of
3. Are you faint and wear - y with anx - ious fears? Are there thorns a-
4. Yes, He knows the way, and He seeks to save, As a Shep - herd
ways to lead? There is One, 'tis Je - sus, the best of all, He's the
light shines thro', You may hear Him whis- per - ing to your heart, Blest as-
long the way? Look to Him in faith, trust His love and care, He will
seeks His own; Ev - 'ry sor - row shares, ev- 'ry bur - den bears, He's the
CHORUS.
ver - y, ver - y Friend you need.
sur-ance of His love to you. He's just the ver - y Friend you need,
make your path as bright as day.
dear- est Friend that e'er was known.
He's just the ver - y Friend you need. O take the Sav-iour
the ver-y Friend you need,
with you ev - 'ry-where you go, He's just the ver - y Friend you need.

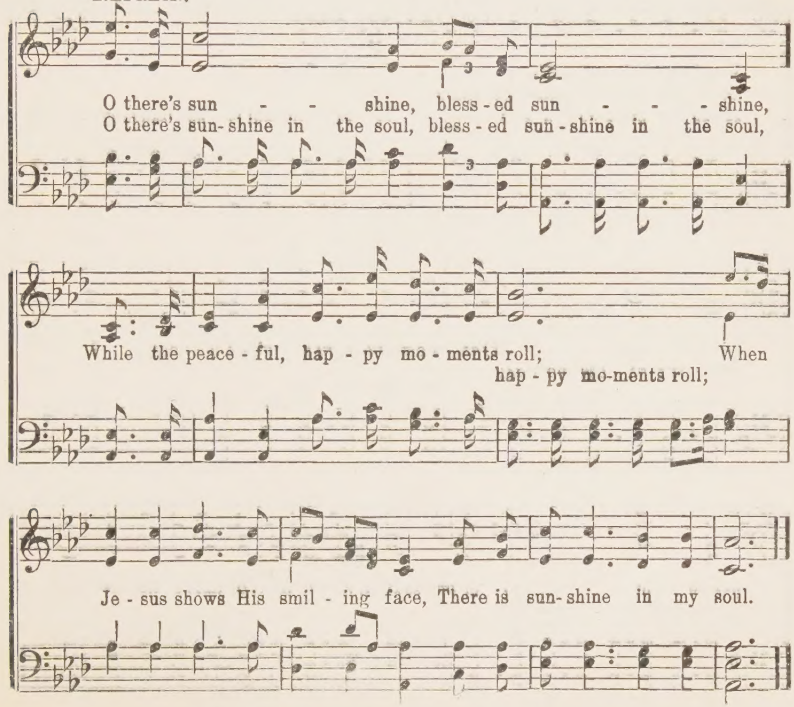
No. 47. Sunshine in the Soul.

Copyright, 1887, by Jno. R. Sweney.
Used by per. of Mrs. L. E. Sweney.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO R. SWENEY.

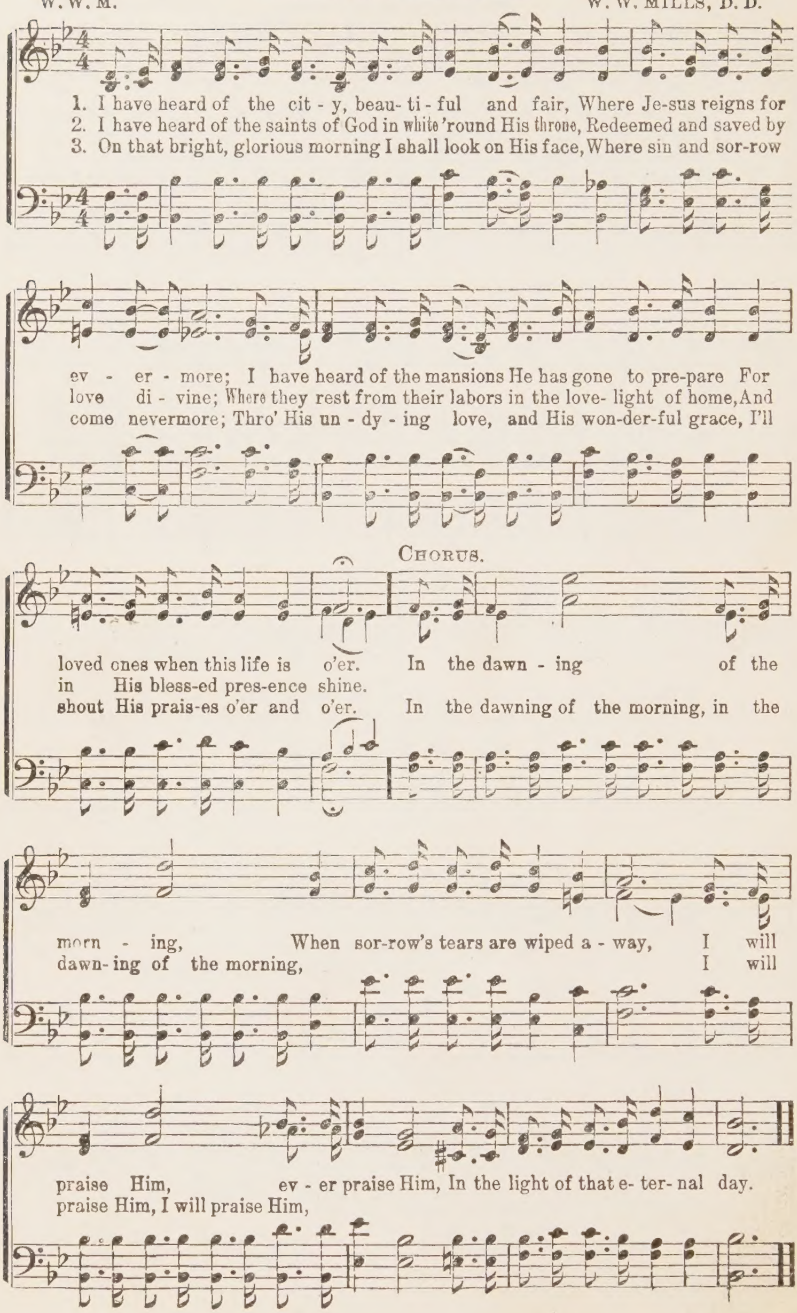

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to my King;
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,


Than glows in an-y earth-ly sky, For Je-sus is my light.
And Je-sus, list-en-ing, can hear The songs I can not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap-pear.
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a-bove.

REFRAIN.

O there's sun - - shine, bless-ed sun - - - shine,
O there's sun-shine in the soul, bless-ed sun-shine in the soul,
While the peace-ful, hap-py mo-ments roll; When
hap-py mo-ments roll;
Je-sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sun-shine in my soul.

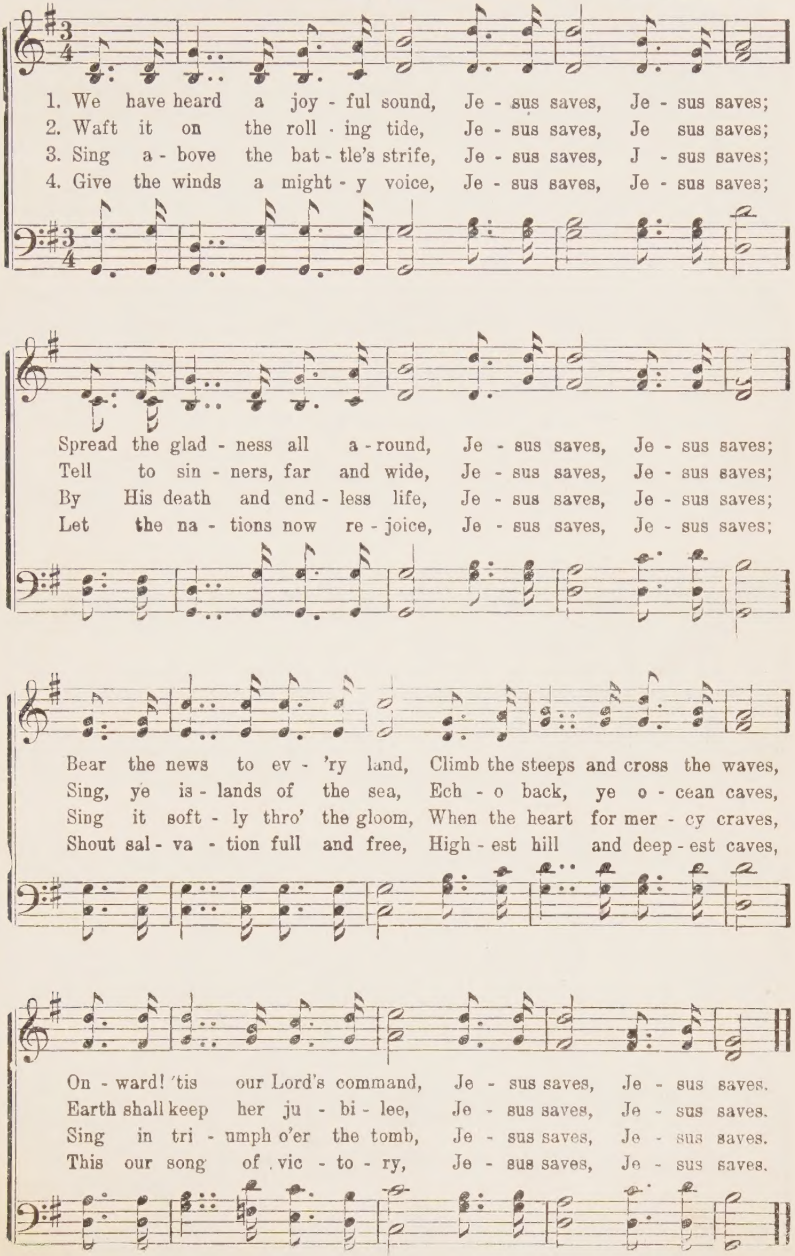
No. 48. In the Dawning of the Morning.

Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

W. W. M. W. W. MILLS, D. D.

1. I have heard of the cit - y, beau- ti - ful and fair, Where Je-sus reigns for
2. I have heard of the saints of God in white 'round His throne, Redeemed and saved by
3. On that bright, glorious morning I shall look on His face, Where sin and sor-row
ev - er - more; I have heard of the mansions He has gone to pre-pare For
love di - vine; Where they rest from their labors in the love- light of home, And
come nevermore; Thro' His un - dy - ing love, and His won-der-ful grace, I'll
CHORUS.
loved ones when this life is o'er. In the dawn - ing of the
in His bless-ed pres-ence shine.
shout His prais-es o'er and o'er. In the dawning of the morning, in the
morn - ing, When sor-row's tears are wiped a - way, I will
dawn- ing of the morning, I will
praise Him, ev - er praise Him, In the light of that e- ter- nal day.
praise Him, I will praise Him,

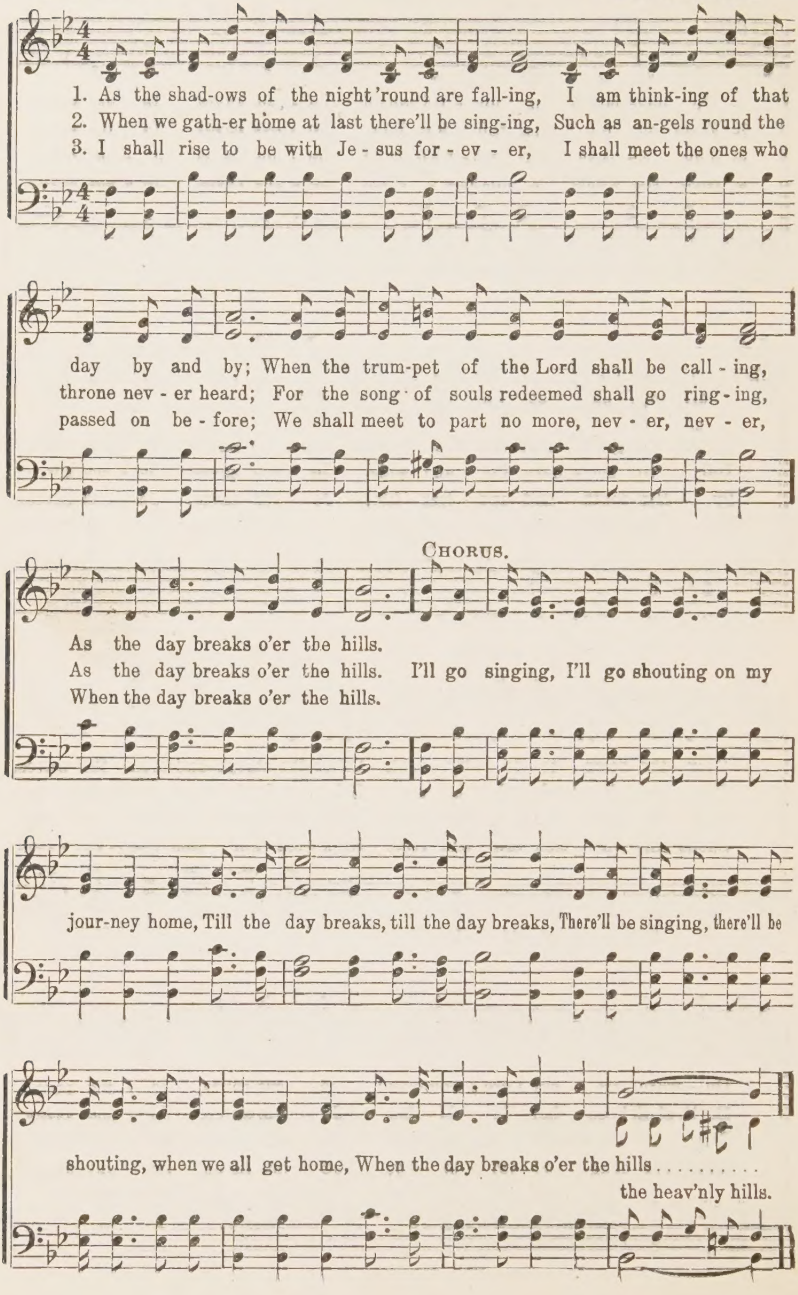
No. 49. Jesus Saves.

Copyright, 1910, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, in renewal.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. Used by per. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je sus saves;
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, J - sus saves;
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hill and deep - est caves,
On - ward! 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

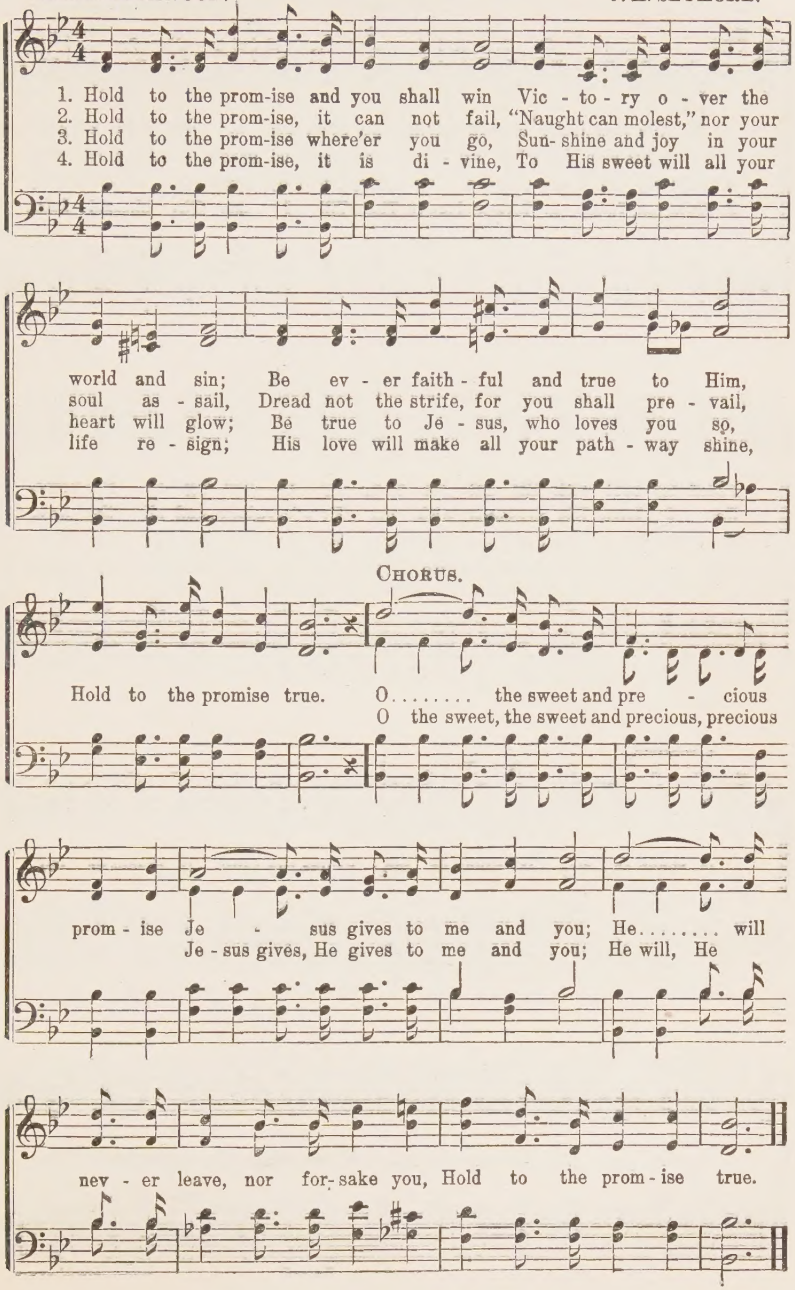
No. 50. As the Day Breaks.

Copyright, 1905, by Hall-Mack Co

A. A. PAYN. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. As the shad-ows of the night 'round are fall-ing, I am think-ing of that
2. When we gath-er home at last there'll be sing-ing, Such as an-gels round the
3. I shall rise to be with Je - sus for - ev - er, I shall meet the ones who
day by and by; When the trum-pet of the Lord shall be call - ing,
throne nev - er heard; For the song of souls redeemed shall go ring - ing,
passed on be - fore; We shall meet to part no more, nev - er, nev - er,
CHORUS.
As the day breaks o'er the hills.
As the day breaks o'er the hills. I'll go singing, I'll go shouting on my
When the day breaks o'er the hills.
jour-ney home, Till the day breaks, till the day breaks, There'll be singing, there'll be
shouting, when we all get home, When the day breaks o'er the hills . . . . . .
the heav'nly hills.

No. 51. Hold to the Promise.

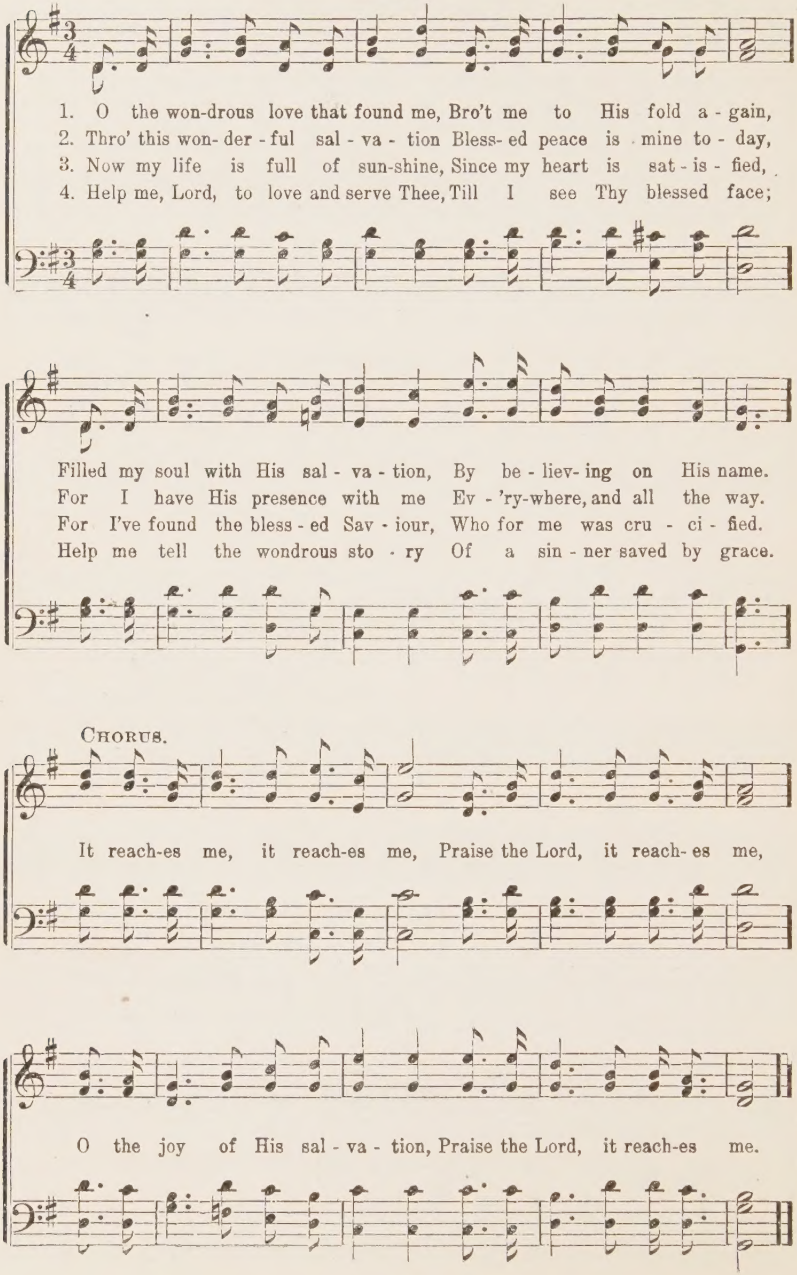
Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

JESSIE LOCKWOOD. J. H. SEYMORE.

1. Hold to the prom-ise and you shall win Vic - to - ry o - ver the
2. Hold to the prom-ise, it can not fail, "Naught can molest," nor your
3. Hold to the prom-ise where'er you go, Sun- shine and joy in your
4. Hold to the prom-ise, it is di - vine, To His sweet will all your
world and sin; Be ev - er faith - ful and true to Him,
soul as - sail, Dread not the strife, for you shall pre - vail,
heart will glow; Be true to Je - sus, who loves you so,
life re - sign; His love will make all your path - way shine,
CHORUS.
Hold to the promise true. O..... the sweet and pre - cious
O the sweet, the sweet and precious, precious
prom - ise Je - sus gives to me and you; He..... will
Je - sus gives, He gives to me and you; He will, He
nev - er leave, nor for-sake you, Hold to the prom - ise true.

No. 52. Praise the Lord, It Reaches Me.

Copyright, 1912, by The Vandersloot Music Co.

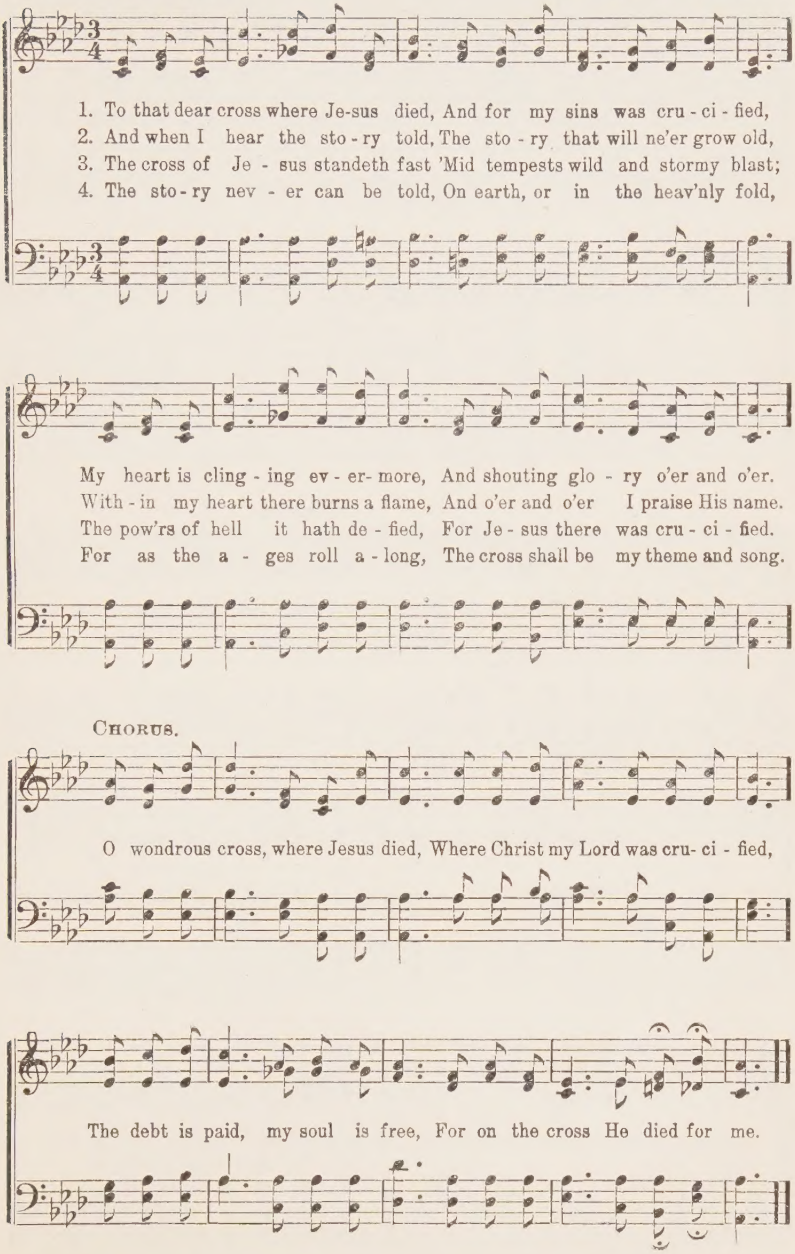
F. W. V. Used by per F. W. VANDERSLOOT.


1. O the won-drous love that found me, Bro't me to His fold a - gain,
2. Thro' this won- der - ful sal - va - tion Bless- ed peace is mine to - day,
3. Now my life is full of sun-shine, Since my heart is sat - is - fied,
4. Help me, Lord, to love and serve Thee, Till I see Thy blessed face;
Filled my soul with His sal - va - tion, By be - liev- ing on His name.
For I have His presence with me Ev - 'ry-where, and all the way.
For I've found the bless - ed Sav - iour, Who for me was cru - ci - fied.
Help me tell the wondrous sto - ry Of a sin - ner saved by grace.
Chorus.
It reach-es me, it reach-es me, Praise the Lord, it reach- es me,
O the joy of His sal - va - tion, Praise the Lord, it reach-es me.

No. 53. The Wondrous Cross.

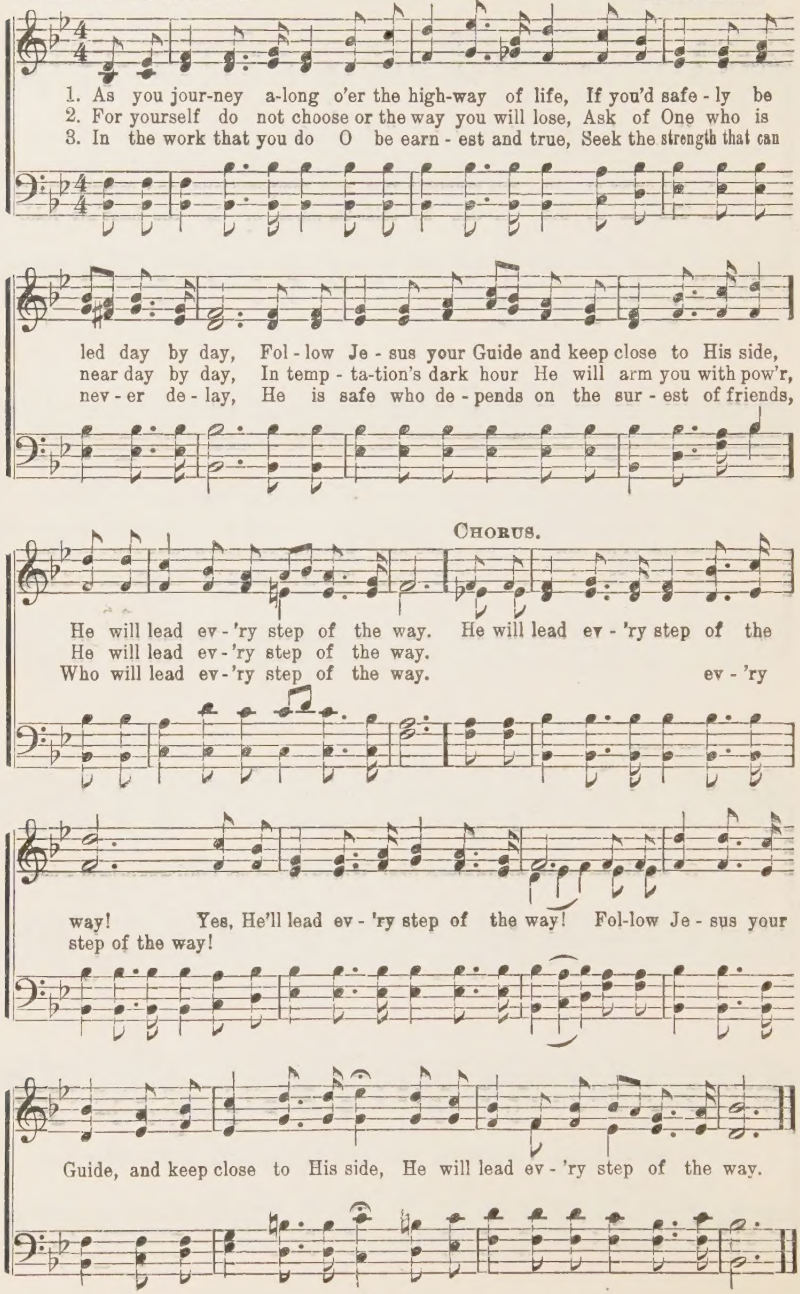
Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

GERTRUDE EVERETT. JAMES M. BLACK


1. To that dear cross where Je-sus died, And for my sins was cru - ci - fied,
2. And when I hear the sto - ry told, The sto - ry that will ne'er grow old,
3. The cross of Je - sus standeth fast 'Mid tempests wild and stormy blast;
4. The sto - ry nev - er can be told, On earth, or in the heav'nly fold,
My heart is cling - ing ev - er- more, And shouting glo - ry o'er and o'er.
With - in my heart there burns a flame, And o'er and o'er I praise His name.
The pow'rs of hell it hath de - fied, For Je - sus there was cru - ci - fied.
For as the a - ges roll a - long, The cross shall be my theme and song.
CHORUS.
O wondrous cross, where Jesus died, Where Christ my Lord was cru- ci - fied,
The debt is paid, my soul is free, For on the cross He died for me.

No. 54. Every Step of the Way.

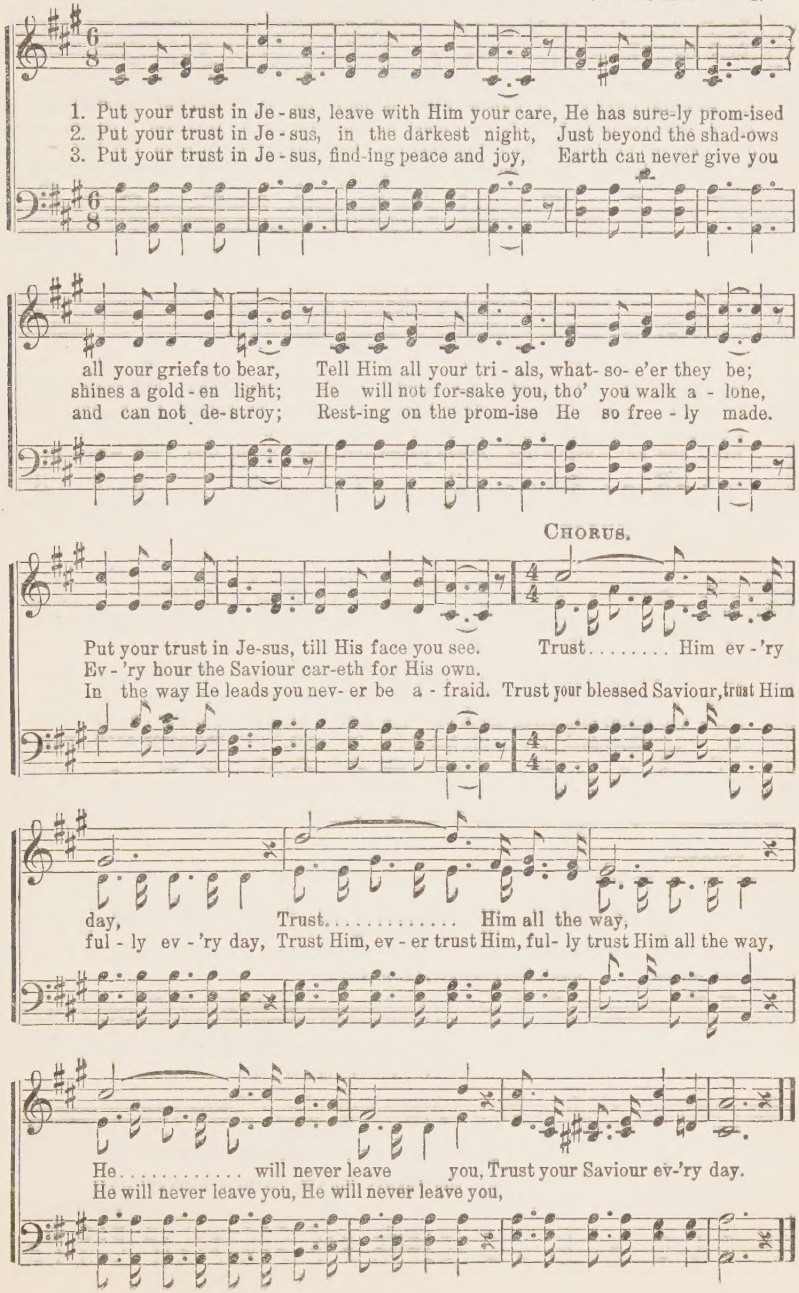
Copyright, 1908, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. H. P. DANKS.

1. As you jour-ney a-long o'er the high-way of life, If you'd safe-ly be led day by day, Fol-low Je-sus your Guide and keep close to His side,
2. For yourself do not choose or the way you will lose, Ask of One who is near day by day, In temp-ta-tion's dark hour He will arm you with pow'r,
3. In the work that you do O be earn-est and true, Seek the strength that can nev-er de-lay, He is safe who de-pends on the sur-est of friends,
CHORUS.
He will lead ev-'ry step of the way. He will lead ev-'ry step of the
He will lead ev-'ry step of the way.
Who will lead ev-'ry step of the way. ev-'ry
way! Yes, He'll lead ev-'ry step of the way! Fol-low Je-sus your
step of the way!
Guide, and keep close to His side, He will lead ev-'ry step of the way.

No. 55. Put Your Trust in Jesus.

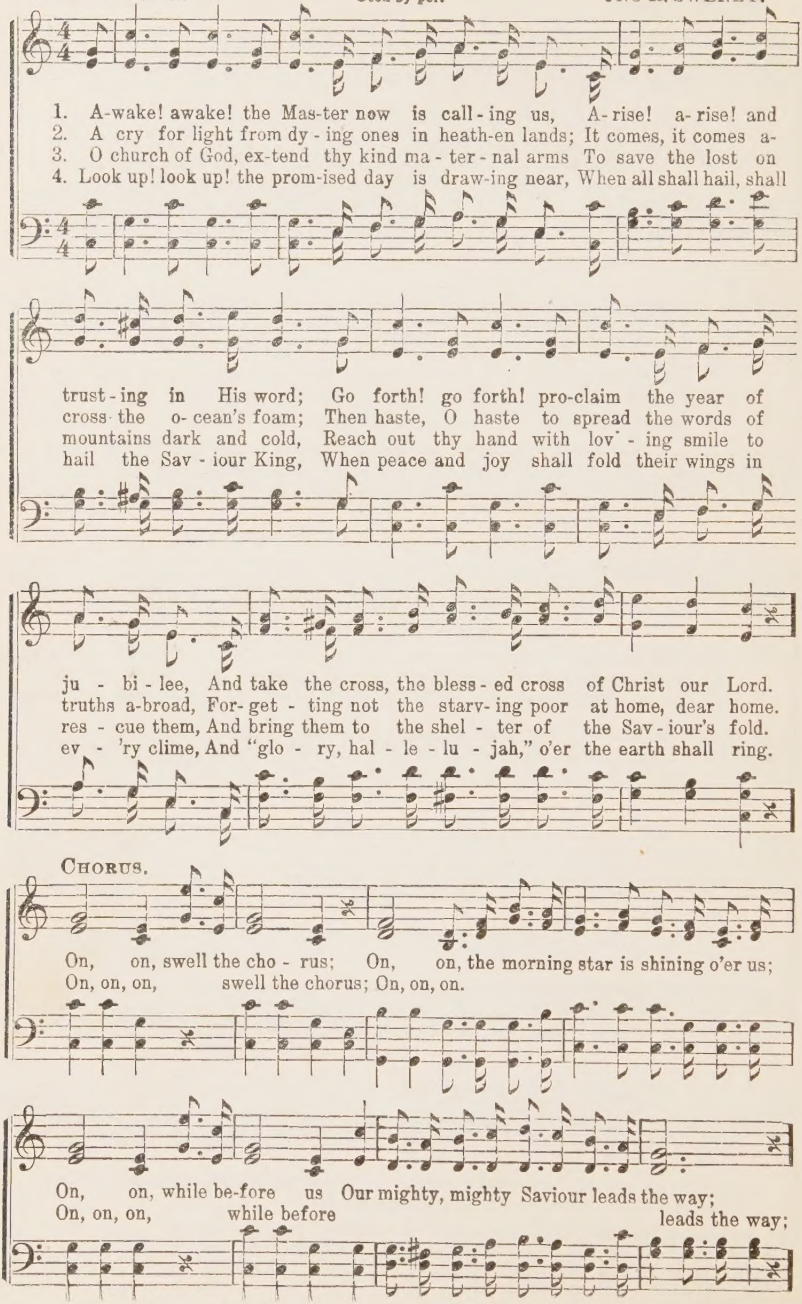
Copyright, 1909 and 1912, by James M. Black.

JENNIE WILSON. JAMES M. BLACK.

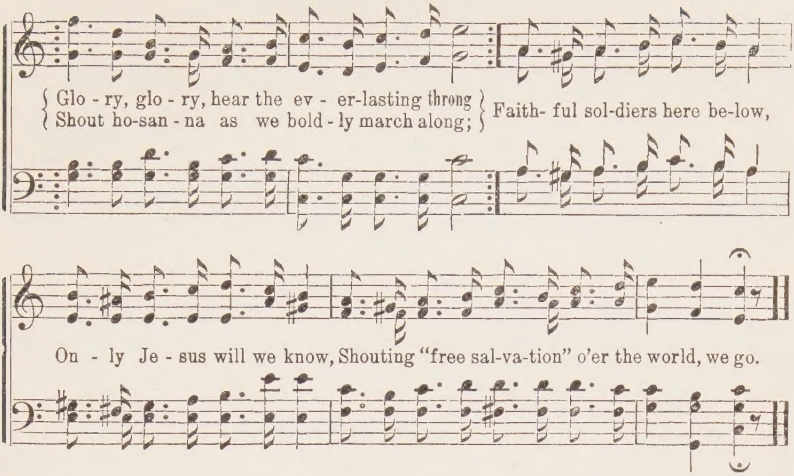

1. Put your trust in Je - sus, leave with Him your care, He has sure-ly prom-ised
2. Put your trust in Je - sus, in the darkest night, Just beyond the shad-ows
3. Put your trust in Je - sus, find-ing peace and joy, Earth can never give you
all your griefs to bear, Tell Him all your tri - als, what- so- e'er they be;
shines a gold - en light; He will not for-sake you, tho' you walk a - lone,
and can not de-stroy; Rest-ing on the prom-ise He so free - ly made.
CHORUS.
Put your trust in Je-sus, till His face you see. Trust..... Him ev - 'ry
Ev - 'ry hour the Saviour car-eth for His own.
In the way He leads you nev- er be a - fraid. Trust your blessed Saviour, trust Him
day, Trust..... Him all the way,
ful - ly ev - 'ry day, Trust Him, ev - er trust Him, ful- ly trust Him all the way,
He..... will never leave you, Trust your Saviour ev-'ry day.
He will never leave you, He will never leave you,

No. 56. Church Rallying Song.

Copyright, 1883, by John J. Hood.
Used by per.

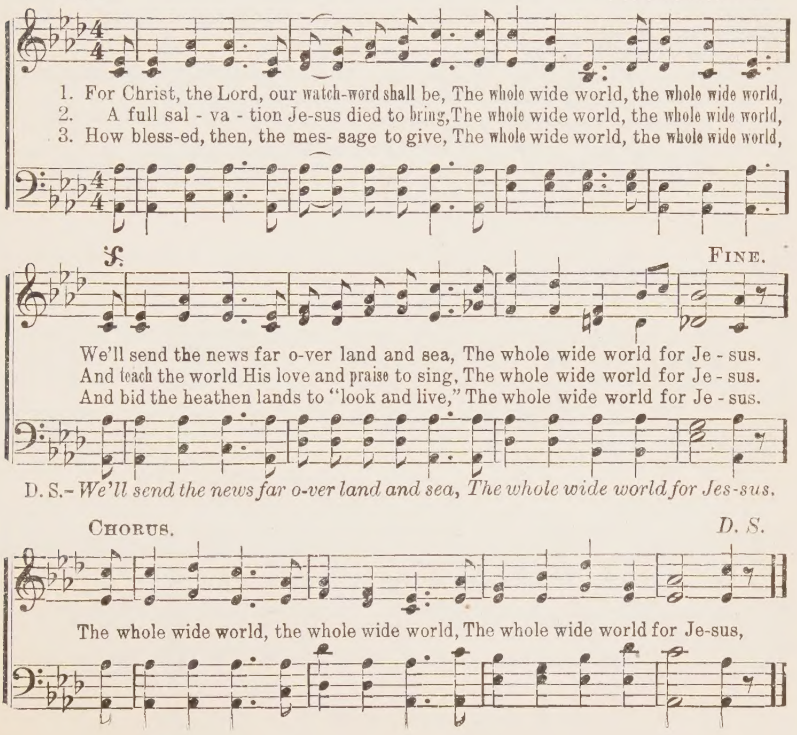
FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO R. SWENEY.

1. A-wake! awake! the Mas-ter now is call-ing us, A-rise! a-rise! and
2. A cry for light from dy-ing ones in heath-en lands; It comes, it comes a-
3. O church of God, ex-tend thy kind ma-ter-nal arms To save the lost on
4. Look up! look up! the prom-ised day is draw-ing near, When all shall hail, shall
trust-ing in His word; Go forth! go forth! pro-claim the year of
cross the o-cean's foam; Then haste, O haste to spread the words of
mountains dark and cold, Reach out thy hand with lov'-ing smile to
hail the Sav-iour King, When peace and joy shall fold their wings in
ju-bi-lee, And take the cross, the bless-ed cross of Christ our Lord.
truths a-broad, For-get-ting not the starv-ing poor at home, dear home.
res-cue them, And bring them to the shel-ter of the Sav-iour's fold.
ev-'ry clime, And "glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah," o'er the earth shall ring.
CHORUS.
On, on, swell the cho-rus; On, on, the morning star is shining o'er us;
On, on, on, swell the chorus; On, on, on.
On, on, while be-fore us Our mighty, mighty Saviour leads the way;
On, on, on, while before leads the way;

Church Rallying Song.


{ Glo - ry, glo - ry, hear the ev - er-lasting throng
{ Shout ho-san - na as we bold - ly march along;
Faith- ful sol-diers here be-low,
On - ly Je - sus will we know, Shouting "free sal-va-tion" o'er the world, we go.

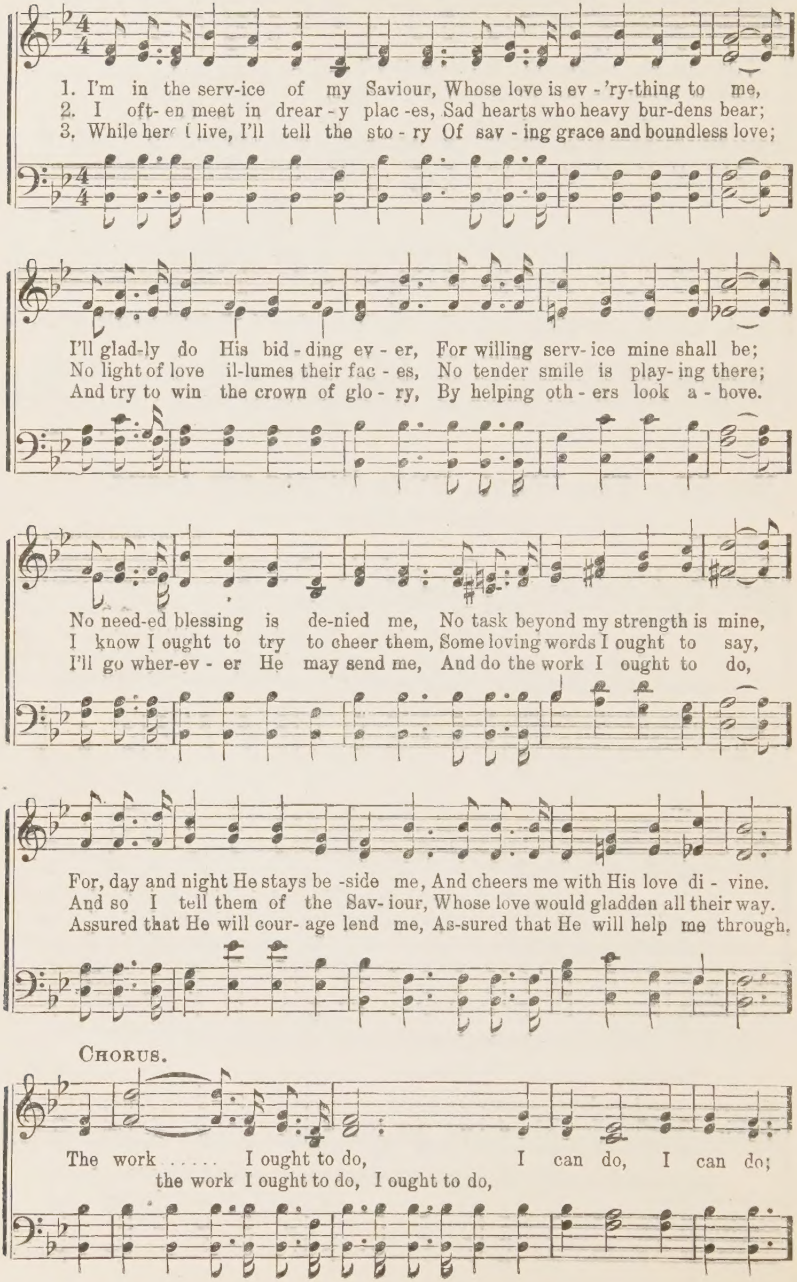
No. 57. The Whole Wide World for Jesus.

Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

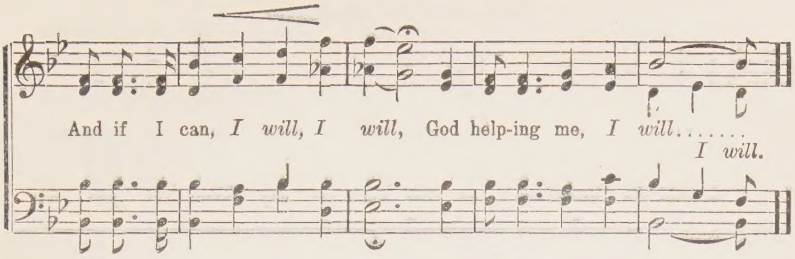
W. M. M. W. M. McKNIGHT.

1. For Christ, the Lord, our watch-word shall be, The whole wide world, the whole wide world,
2. A full sal - va - tion Je-sus died to bring, The whole wide world, the whole wide world,
3. How bless-ed, then, the mes- sage to give, The whole wide world, the whole wide world,
FINE.
We'll send the news far o-ver land and sea, The whole wide world for Je - sus.
And teach the world His love and praise to sing, The whole wide world for Je - sus.
And bid the heathen lands to "look and live," The whole wide world for Je - sus.
D. S.- We'll send the news far o-ver land and sea, The whole wide world for Jes-sus.
CHORUS. D. S.
The whole wide world, the whole wide world, The whole wide world for Je-sus,

No. 58. The Work I Ought to Do.

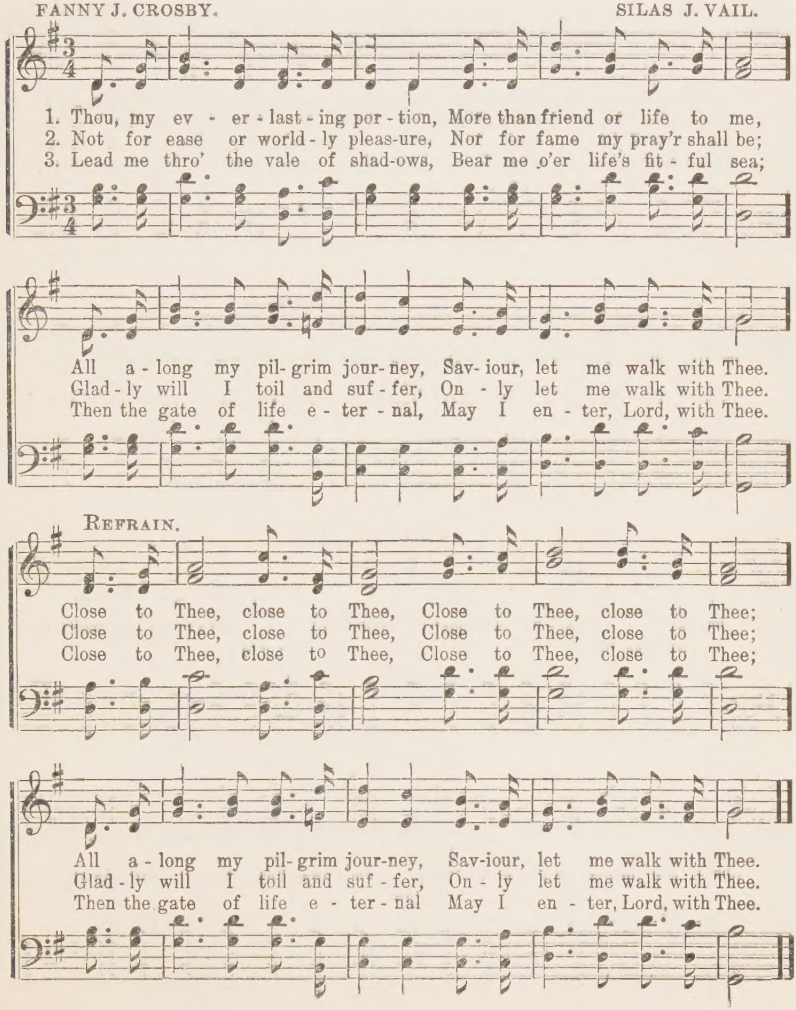
Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

JAMES ROWE. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. I'm in the serv-ice of my Saviour, Whose love is ev - 'ry-thing to me,
2. I oft- en meet in drear - y plac -es, Sad hearts who heavy bur-dens bear;
3. While here I live, I'll tell the sto - ry Of sav - ing grace and boundless love;
I'll glad-ly do His bid - ding ev - er, For willing serv-ice mine shall be;
No light of love il-lumes their fac - es, No tender smile is play- ing there;
And try to win the crown of glo - ry, By helping oth - ers look a - bove.
No need-ed blessing is de-nied me, No task beyond my strength is mine,
I know I ought to try to cheer them, Some loving words I ought to say,
I'll go wher-ev - er He may send me, And do the work I ought to do,
For, day and night He stays be -side me, And cheers me with His love di - vine.
And so I tell them of the Sav- iour, Whose love would gladden all their way.
Assured that He will cour- age lend me, As-sured that He will help me through.
CHORUS.
The work ..... I ought to do, I can do, I can do;
the work I ought to do, I ought to do,

The Work I Ought to Do.

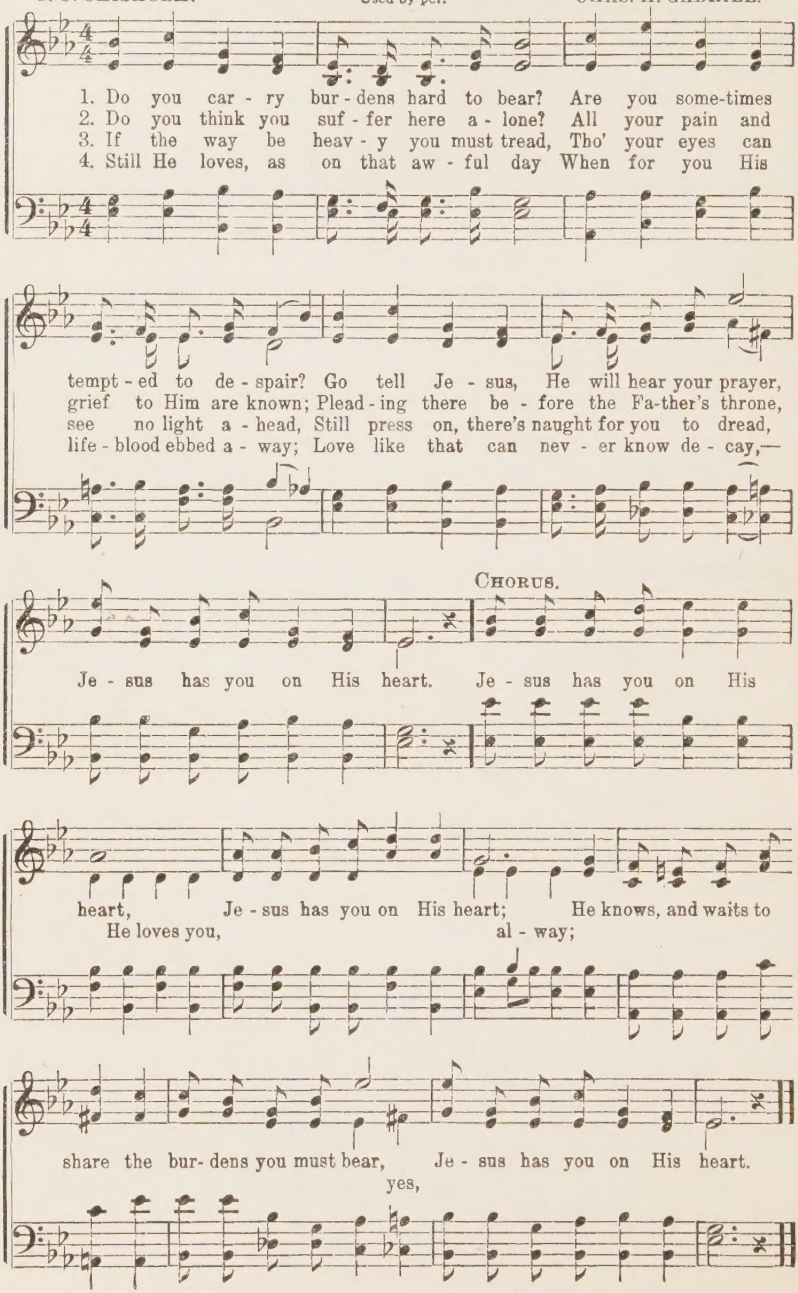


No. 59. Close to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. SILAS J. VAIL.

1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas-ure, Nor for fame my pray'r shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad-ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;
All a - long my pil- grim jour- ney, Sav- iour, let me walk with Thee.
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.
REFRAIN.
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;
All a - long my pil- grim jour-ney, Sav-iour, let me walk with Thee.
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

No. 60. Jesus Has You On His Heart.

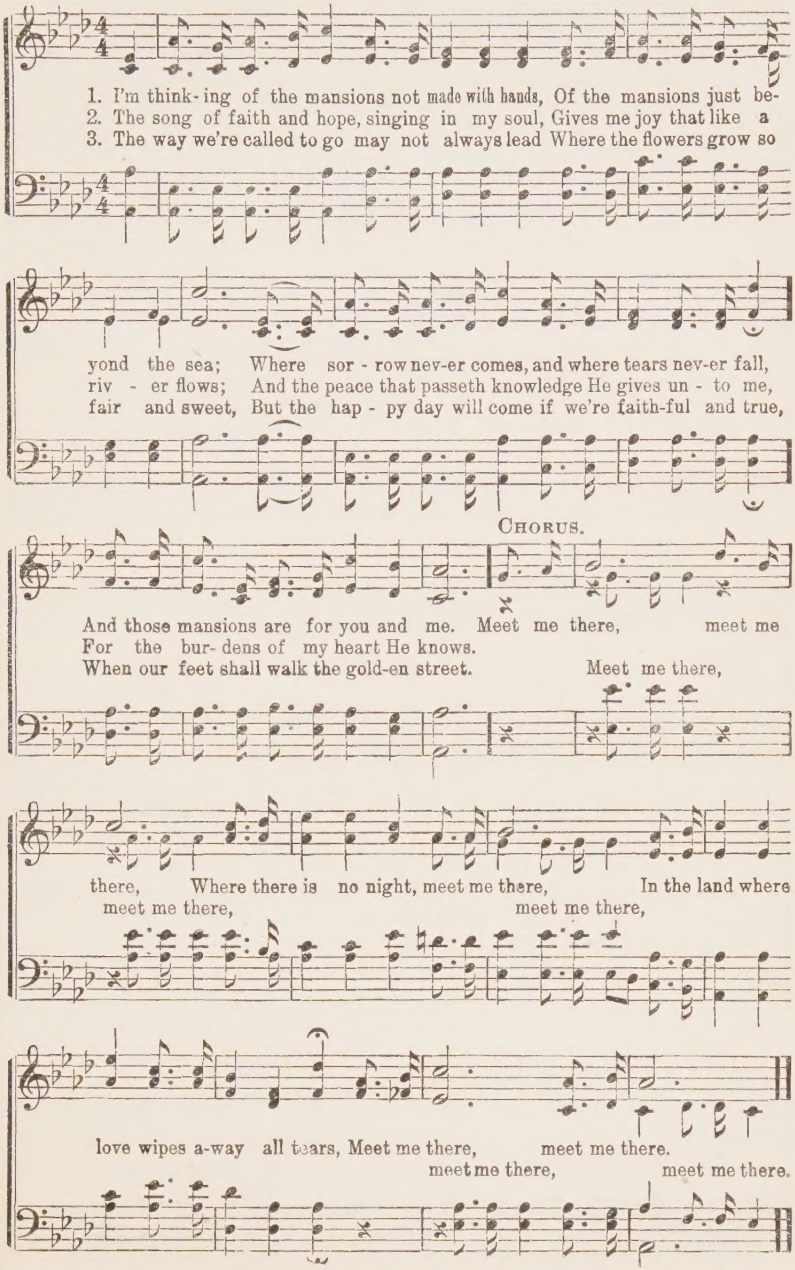
Copyright, 1911, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
Used by per.

T. O. CHISHOLM. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Do you car - ry bur - dens hard to bear? Are you some-times
2. Do you think you suf - fer here a - lone? All your pain and
3. If the way be heav - y you must tread, Tho' your eyes can
4. Still He loves, as on that aw - ful day When for you His
tempt - ed to de - spair? Go tell Je - sus, He will hear your prayer,
grief to Him are known; Plead - ing there be - fore the Fa-ther's throne,
see no light a - head, Still press on, there's naught for you to dread,
life - blood ebbed a - way; Love like that can nev - er know de - cay,—
CHORUS.
Je - sus has you on His heart. Je - sus has you on His
heart, Je - sus has you on His heart; He knows, and waits to
He loves you, al - way;
share the bur - dens you must bear, Je - sus has you on His heart.
yes,

No. 61. Meet Me There.

Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

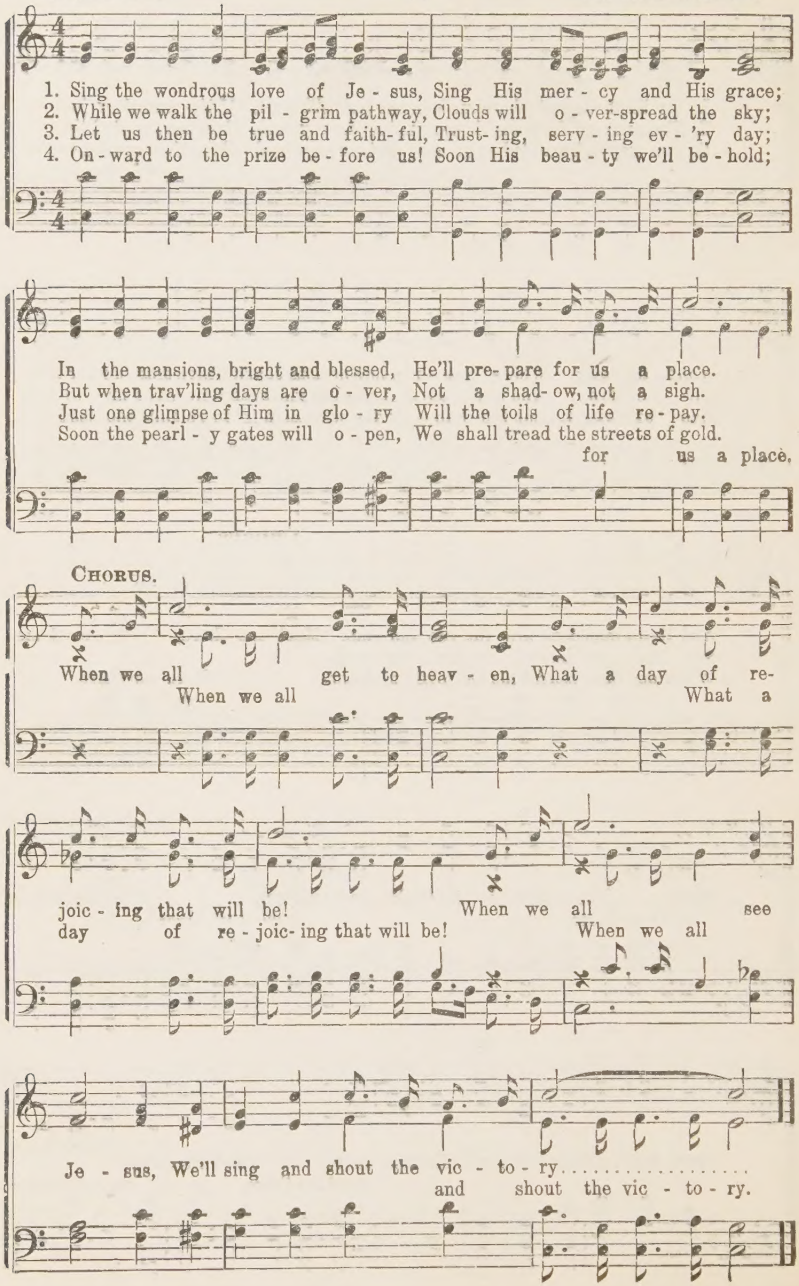
KATHARINE S. WADSWORTH. JAMES M. BLACK.


1. I'm think- ing of the mansions not made with hands, Of the mansions just be-
2. The song of faith and hope, singing in my soul, Gives me joy that like a
3. The way we're called to go may not always lead Where the flowers grow so
yond the sea; Where sor - row nev-er comes, and where tears nev-er fall,
riv - er flows; And the peace that passeth knowledge He gives un - to me,
fair and sweet, But the hap - py day will come if we're faith-ful and true,
CHORUS.
And those mansions are for you and me. Meet me there, meet me
For the bur- dens of my heart He knows.
When our feet shall walk the gold-en street. Meet me there,
there, Where there is no night, meet me there, In the land where
meet me there, meet me there,
love wipes a-way all tears, Meet me there, meet me there.
meet me there, meet me there.

No. 62. When We All Get to Heaven.

Copyright, 1898, by Mrs. J. G. Wilson.
Used by per.

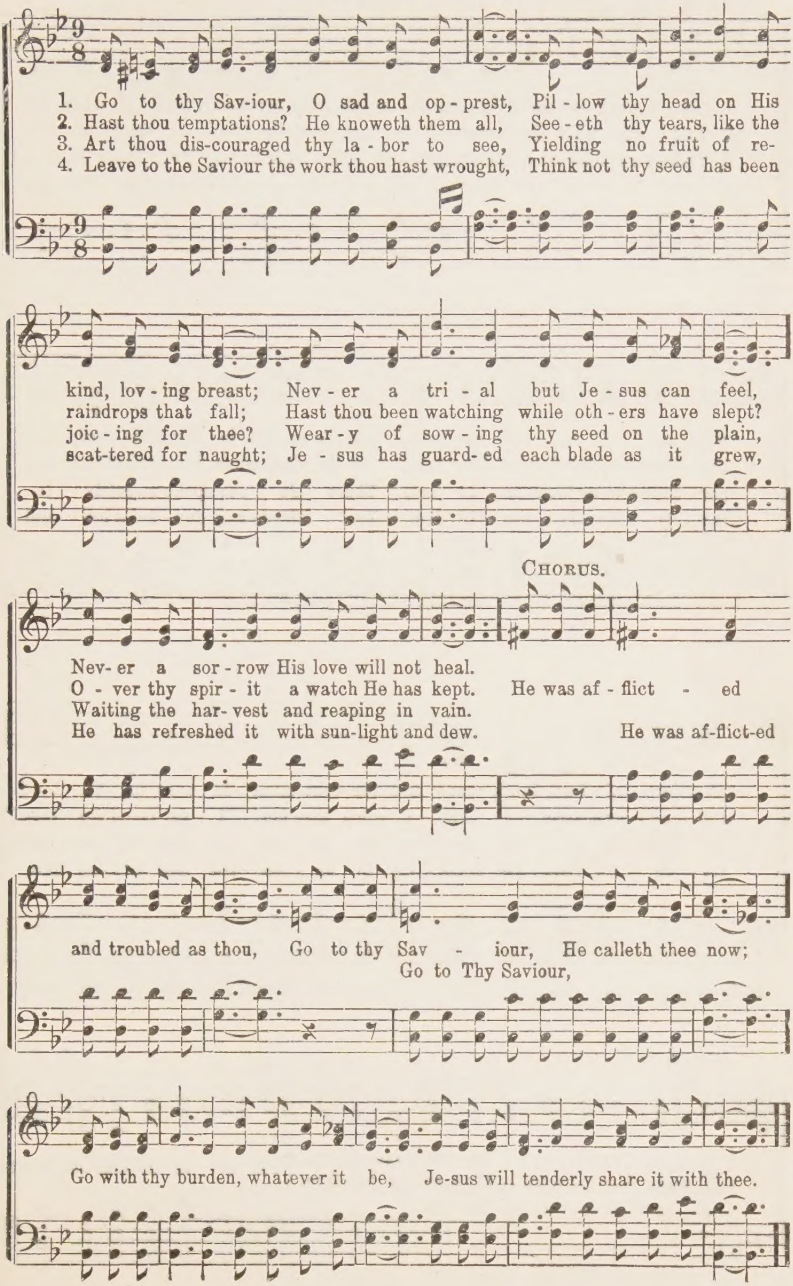
E. E. HEWITT. MRS. J. G. WILSON.


1. Sing the wondrous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer - cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil - grim pathway, Clouds will o - ver-spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv - ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On - ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon His beau - ty we'll be - hold;
In the mansions, bright and blessed, He'll pre-pare for us a place.
But when trav'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re-pay.
Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.
for us a place.
CHORUS.
When we all get to heav - en, What a day of re-
When we all What a
joic - ing that will be! When we all see
day of re - joic - ing that will be! When we all
Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry.....
and shout the vic - to - ry.

No. 63. Go to Thy Saviour.

SALLIE E. SMITH.

Copyright, 1890, by Jno. R. Sweney.
Used by per. of Mrs. L. E. Sweney.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Go to thy Sav-iour, O sad and op-prest, Pil-low thy head on His
2. Hast thou temptations? He knoweth them all, See-eth thy tears, like the
3. Art thou dis-couraged thy la-bor to see, Yielding no fruit of re-
4. Leave to the Saviour the work thou hast wrought, Think not thy seed has been
kind, lov-ing breast; Nev-er a tri-al but Je-sus can feel,
raindrops that fall; Hast thou been watching while oth-ers have slept?
joic-ing for thee? Wear-y of sow-ing thy seed on the plain,
scat-tered for naught; Je-sus has guard-ed each blade as it grew,
CHORUS.
Nev-er a sor-row His love will not heal.
O-ver thy spir-it a watch He has kept. He was af-flict-ed
Waiting the har-vest and reaping in vain.
He has refreshed it with sun-light and dew. He was af-flict-ed
and troubled as thou, Go to thy Sav-iour, He calleth thee now;
Go to Thy Saviour,
Go with thy burden, whatever it be, Je-sus will tenderly share it with thee.

No. 64. It Pays to Serve Jesus.

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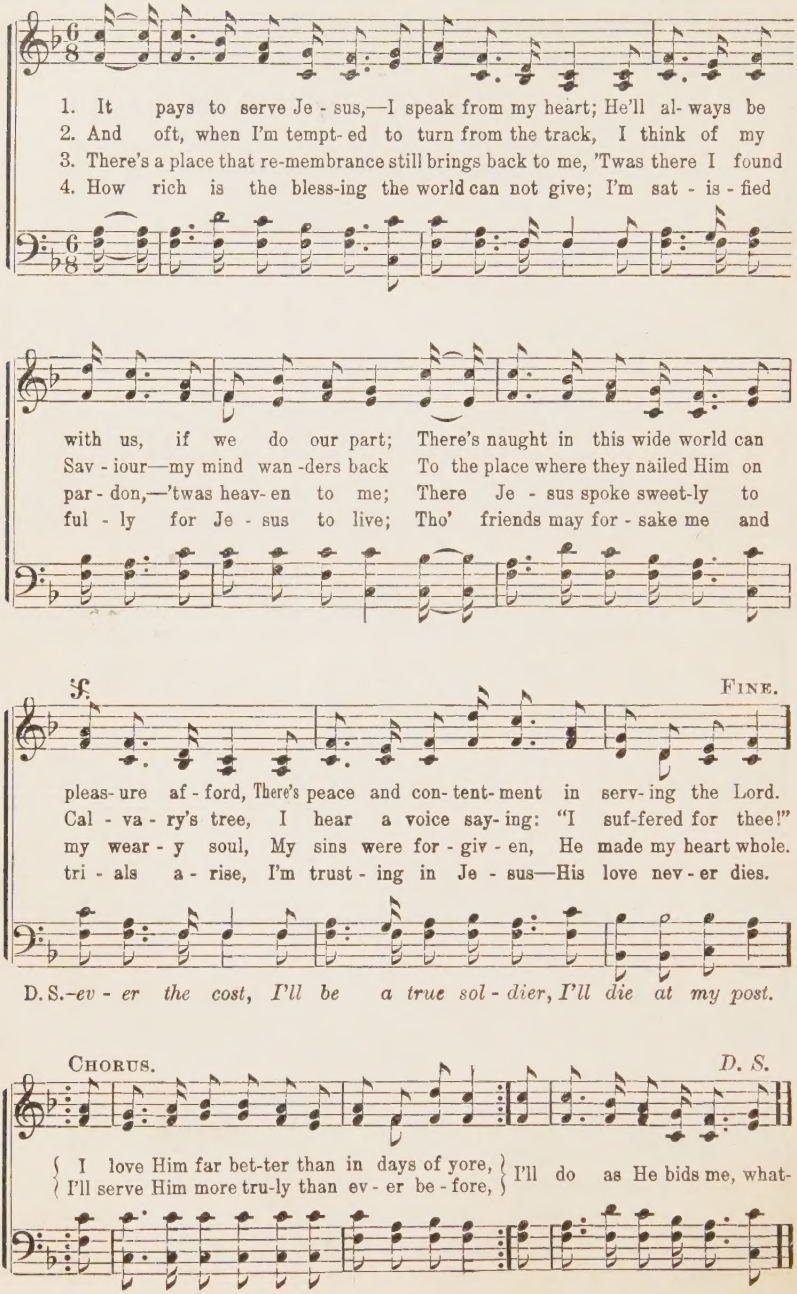
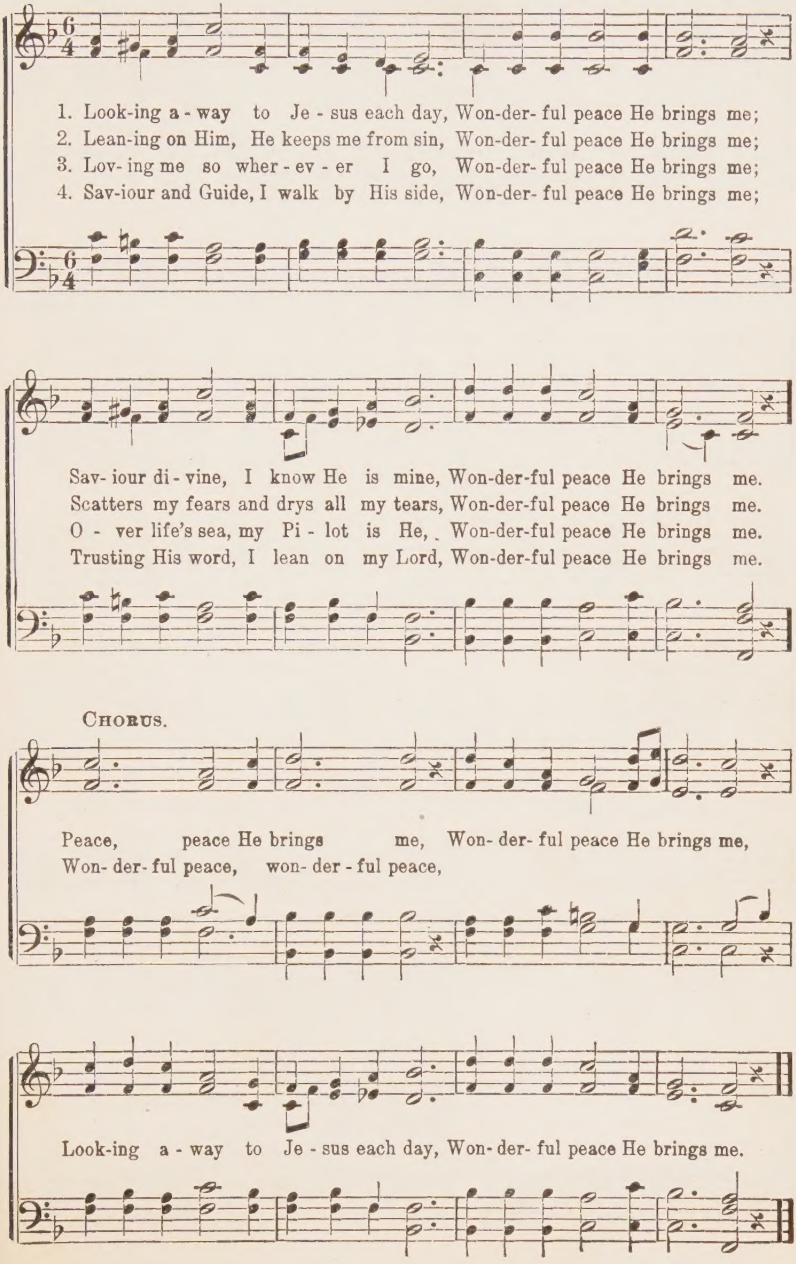
E. G. C. ELI G. CHRISTY.

1. It pays to serve Je - sus,—I speak from my heart; He'll al- ways be
2. And oft, when I'm tempt- ed to turn from the track, I think of my
3. There's a place that re-membrance still brings back to me, 'Twas there I found
4. How rich is the bless-ing the world can not give; I'm sat - is - fied
with us, if we do our part; There's naught in this wide world can
Sav - iour—my mind wan -ders back To the place where they nailed Him on
par - don,—'twas heav- en to me; There Je - sus spoke sweet-ly to
ful - ly for Je - sus to live; Tho' friends may for - sake me and
f.
FINE.
pleas- ure af - ford, There's peace and con- tent- ment in serv- ing the Lord.
Cal - va - ry's tree, I hear a voice say- ing: "I suf-fered for thee!"
my wear - y soul, My sins were for - giv - en, He made my heart whole.
tri - als a - rise, I'm trust - ing in Je - sus—His love nev - er dies.
D. S.–ev - er the cost, I'll be a true sol - dier, I'll die at my post.
CHORUS.
D. S.
I love Him far bet-ter than in days of yore,
I'll serve Him more tru-ly than ev - er be - fore,
I'll do as He bids me, what-

No. 65. He Brings Me Peace.

Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

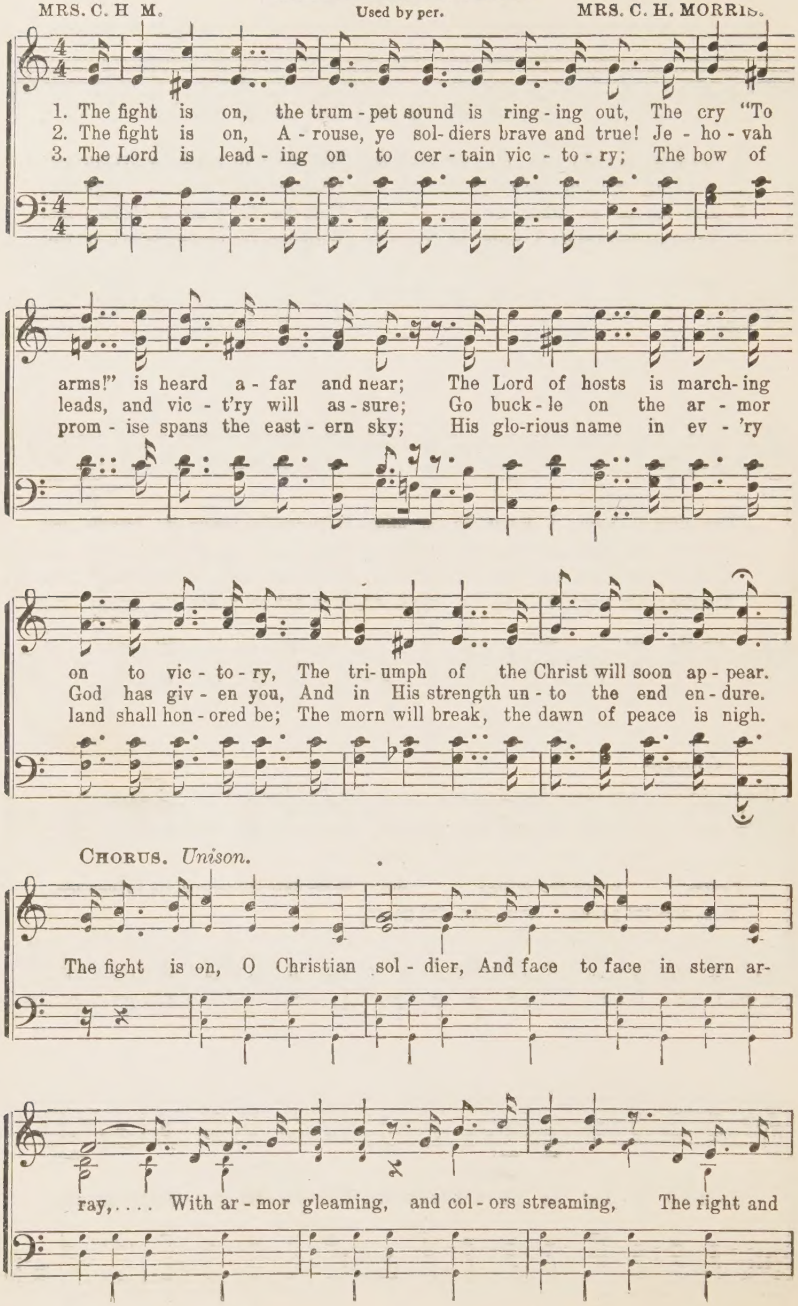
KATHARINE S. WADSWORTH. JAMES M. BLACK.


1. Look-ing a - way to Je - sus each day, Won-der- ful peace He brings me;
2. Lean-ing on Him, He keeps me from sin, Won-der- ful peace He brings me;
3. Lov- ing me so wher - ev - er I go, Won-der- ful peace He brings me;
4. Sav-iour and Guide, I walk by His side, Won-der- ful peace He brings me;
Sav- iour di - vine, I know He is mine, Won-der-ful peace He brings me.
Scatters my fears and drys all my tears, Won-der-ful peace He brings me.
O - ver life's sea, my Pi - lot is He, Won-der-ful peace He brings me.
Trusting His word, I lean on my Lord, Won-der-ful peace He brings me.
Chorus.
Peace, peace He brings me, Won- der- ful peace He brings me,
Won- der- ful peace, won- der - ful peace,
Look-ing a - way to Je - sus each day, Won- der- ful peace He brings me.

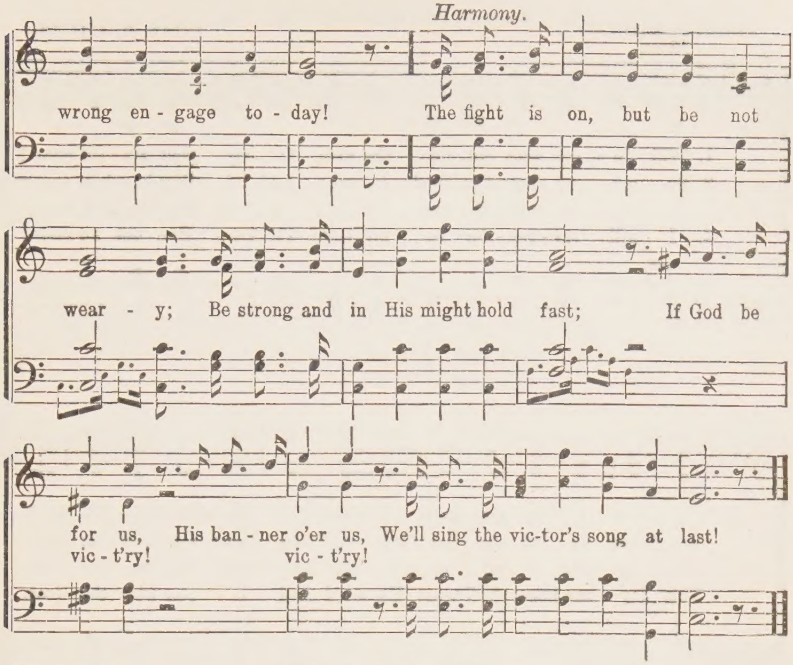
No. 66. The Fight Is On.

Copyright, 1905, by J. Wm. Kirkpatrick.
Used by per.

MRS. C. H M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.


1. The fight is on, the trum - pet sound is ring - ing out, The cry "To
2. The fight is on, A - rouse, ye sol - diers brave and true! Je - ho - vah
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry; The bow of
arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is march - ing
leads, and vic - t'ry will as - sure; Go buck - le on the ar - mor
prom - ise spans the east - ern sky; His glo - rious name in ev - 'ry
on to vic - to - ry, The tri - umph of the Christ will soon ap - pear.
God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en - dure.
land shall hon - ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.
CHORUS. Unison.
The fight is on, O Christian sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar -
ray,.... With ar - mor gleaming, and col - ors streaming, The right and

The Fight is On.


Harmony.
wrong en - gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not
wear - y; Be strong and in His might hold fast; If God be
for us, His ban - ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!
vic - t'ry! vic - t'ry!

No. 67. I'll Live for Him.

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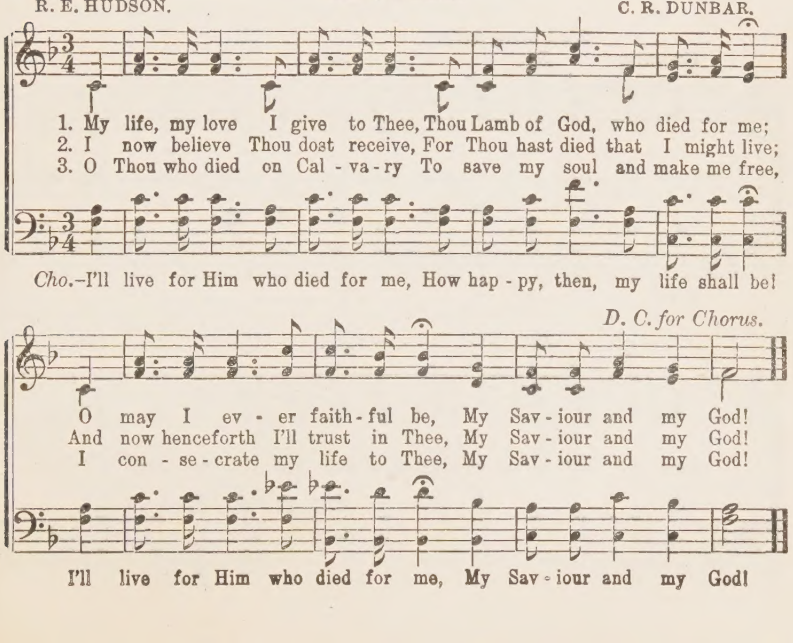
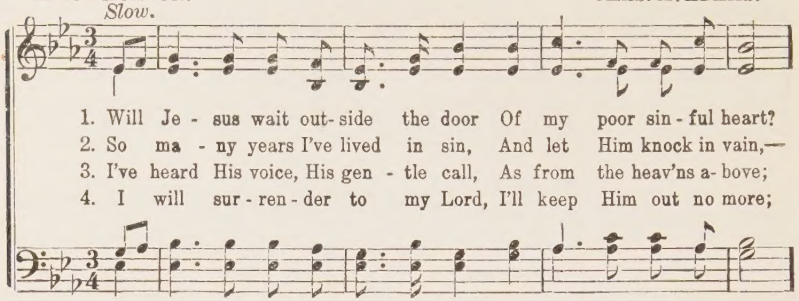

R. E. HUDSON.
C. R. DUNBAR.
1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now believe Thou dost receive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free,
Cho.–I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py, then, my life shall be!
D. C. for Chorus.
O may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - iour and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!
I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - iour and my God!

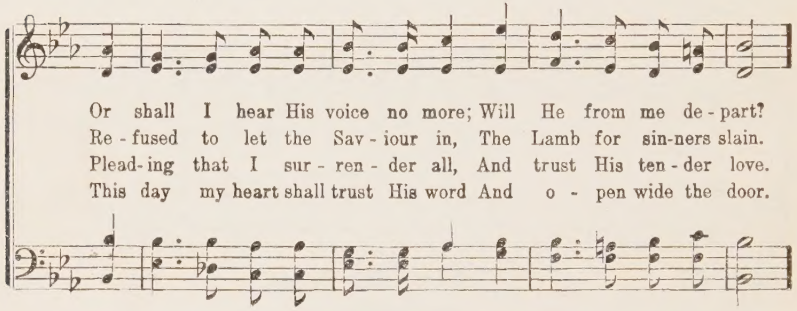
No. 68. Will Jesus Wait?

Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

ALICE HORTON. CHAS. M. ADAMS.

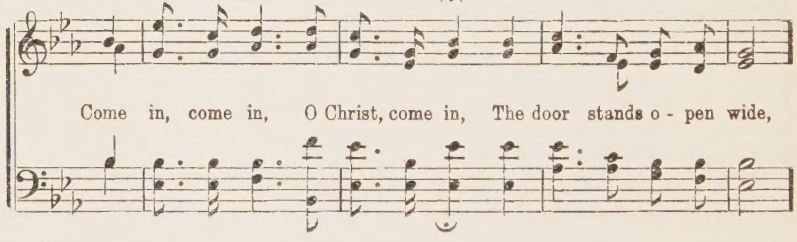
Slow.

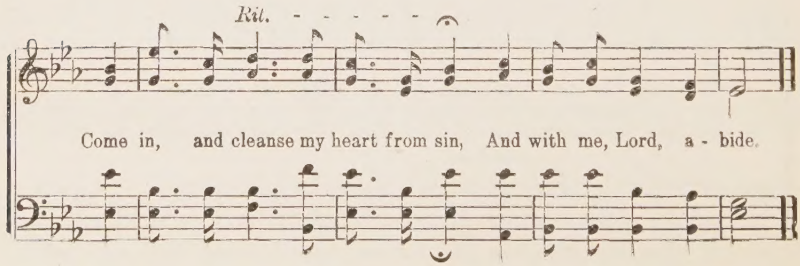

1. Will Je - sus wait out-side the door Of my poor sin - ful heart?
2. So ma - ny years I've lived in sin, And let Him knock in vain,—
3. I've heard His voice, His gen - tle call, As from the heav'ns a-bove;
4. I will sur - ren - der to my Lord, I'll keep Him out no more;


Or shall I hear His voice no more; Will He from me de - part?
Re - fused to let the Sav - iour in, The Lamb for sin-ners slain.
Plead-ing that I sur - ren - der all, And trust His ten - der love.
This day my heart shall trust His word And o - pen wide the door.

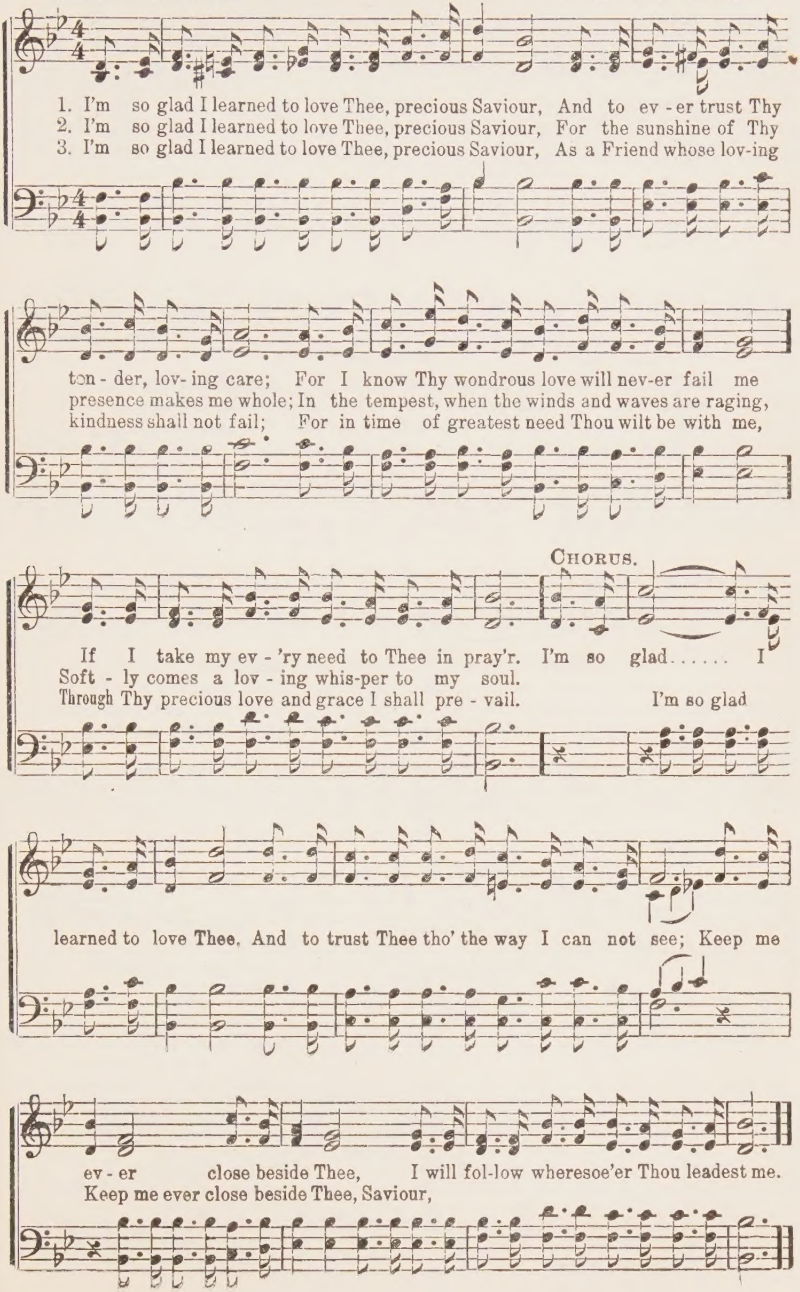
With great feeling.

CHORUS. *Rit.* - - - - - -



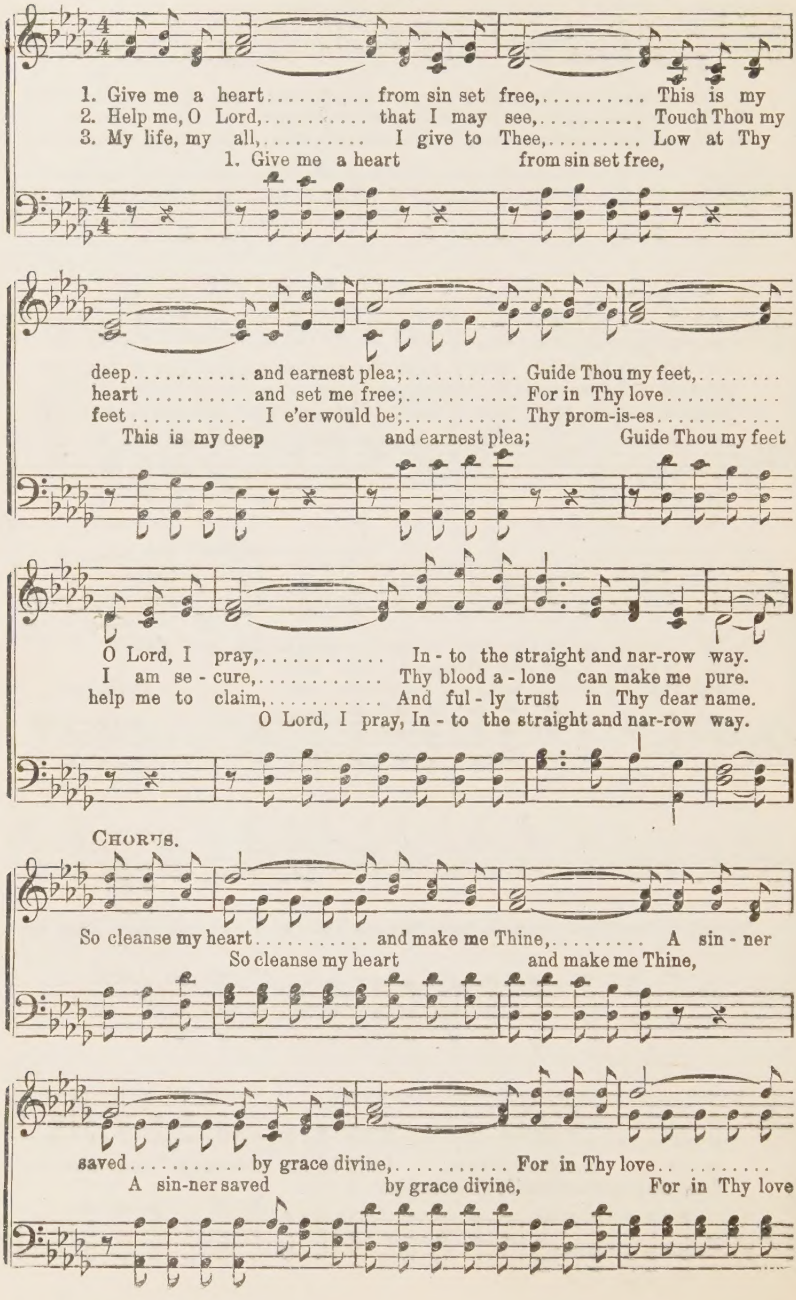
Rit. - - - - - -

No. 69. I'm So Glad I Learned to Love Thee.

Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

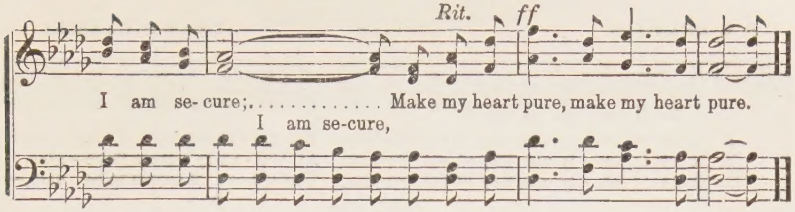
CLARANCE J. SWINK. CHAS. C. MAYNARD.

1. I'm so glad I learned to love Thee, precious Saviour, And to ev - er trust Thy
2. I'm so glad I learned to love Thee, precious Saviour, For the sunshine of Thy
3. I'm so glad I learned to love Thee, precious Saviour, As a Friend whose lov-ing
ten - der, lov - ing care; For I know Thy wondrous love will nev-er fail me
presence makes me whole; In the tempest, when the winds and waves are raging,
kindness shall not fail; For in time of greatest need Thou wilt be with me,
Chorus.
If I take my ev - 'ry need to Thee in pray'r. I'm so glad..... I
Soft - ly comes a lov - ing whis-per to my soul.
Through Thy precious love and grace I shall pre - vail. I'm so glad
learned to love Thee, And to trust Thee tho' the way I can not see; Keep me
ev - er close beside Thee, I will fol-low wheresoe'er Thou leadest me.
Keep me ever close beside Thee, Saviour,

No. 70. Give Me a Pure Heart.

Copyright, 1908 and 1912, by The Vandersloot Music Co.

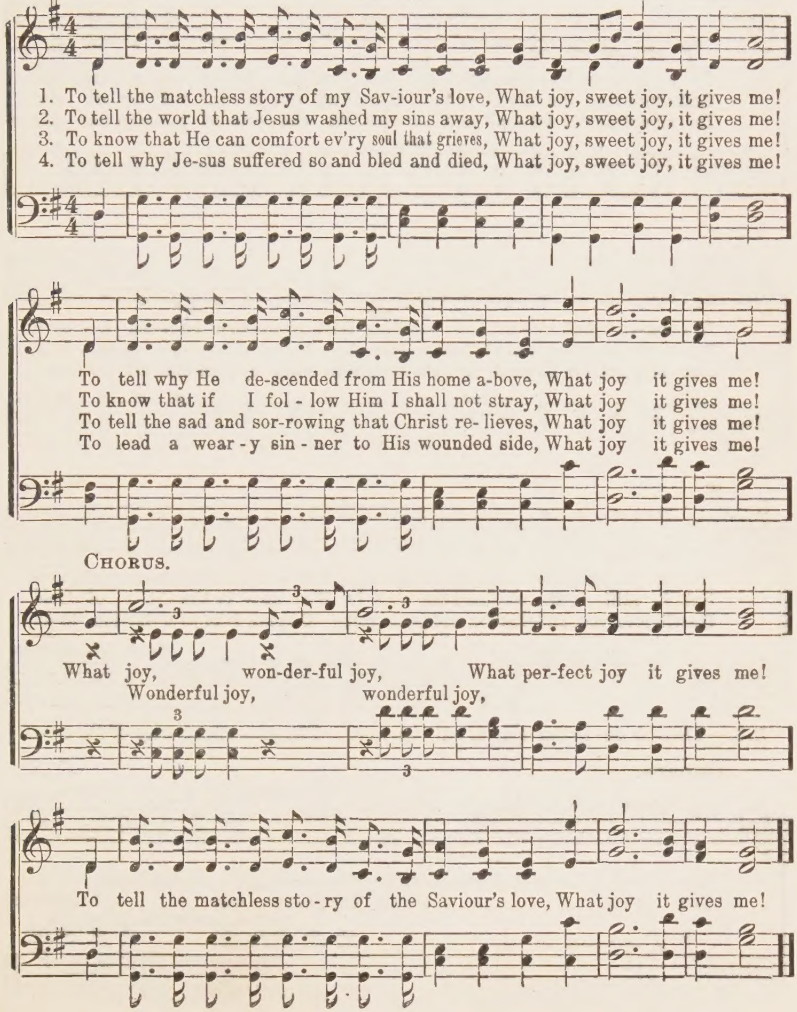
F. W. V. Used by per. F. W. VANDERSLOOT.

1. Give me a heart ..... from sin set free, ... This is my
2. Help me, O Lord, ... that I may see, ... Touch Thou my
3. My life, my all, ... I give to Thee, ... Low at Thy
1. Give me a heart from sin set free,
deep ..... and earnest plea; ..... Guide Thou my feet, ...
heart ..... and set me free; ..... For in Thy love .....
feet ..... I e'er would be; ..... Thy prom-is-es .....
This is my deep and earnest plea; Guide Thou my feet
O Lord, I pray, ... In - to the straight and nar-row way.
I am se - cure, ... Thy blood a - lone can make me pure.
help me to claim, ... And ful - ly trust in Thy dear name.
O Lord, I pray, In - to the straight and nar-row way.
CHORUS.
So cleanse my heart ..... and make me Thine, ... A sin - ner
So cleanse my heart and make me Thine,
saved ..... by grace divine, ... For in Thy love .....
A sin-ner saved by grace divine, For in Thy love

Give Me a Pure Heart.



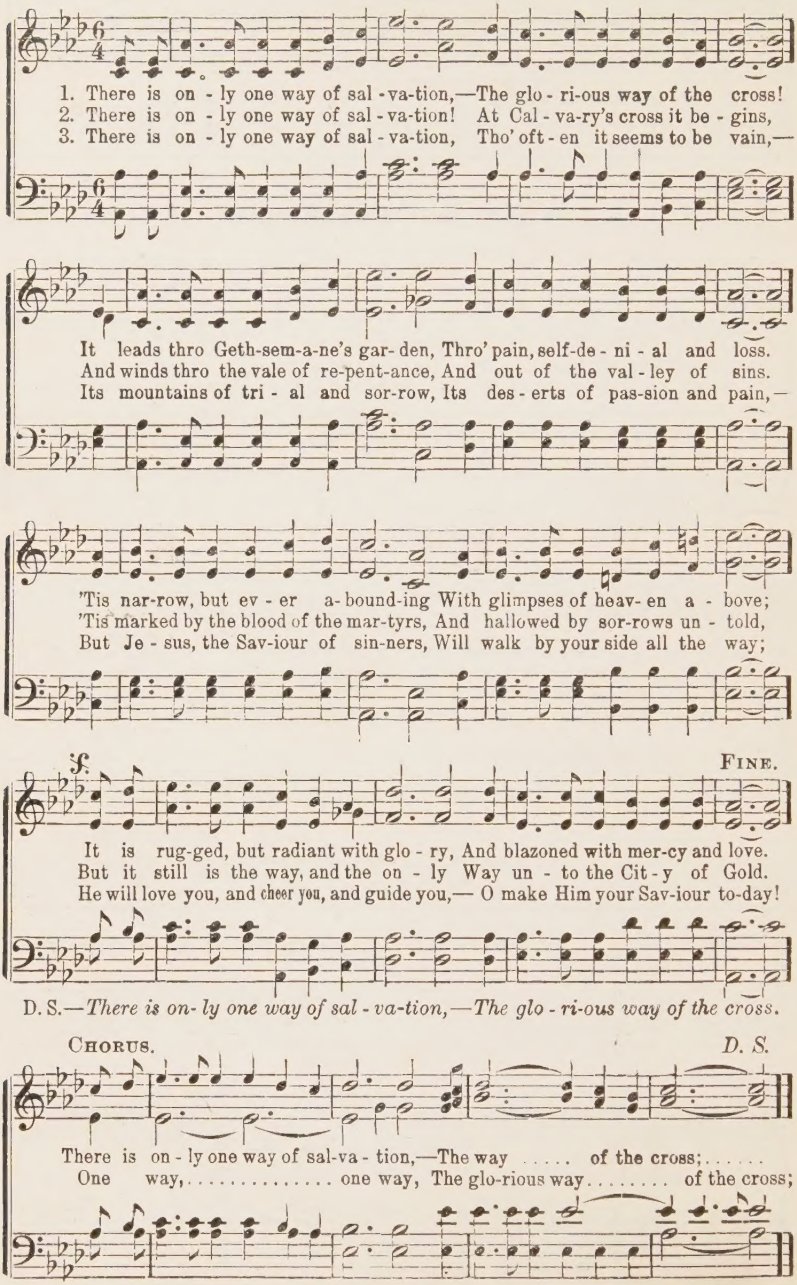
No. 71. What Joy It Gives Me.

Copyright, 1903, by Hall-Mack Co.
Used by per.

JAMES ROWE. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. To tell the matchless story of my Sav-iour's love, What joy, sweet joy, it gives me!
2. To tell the world that Jesus washed my sins away, What joy, sweet joy, it gives me!
3. To know that He can comfort ev'ry soul that grieves, What joy, sweet joy, it gives me!
4. To tell why Je-sus suffered so and bled and died, What joy, sweet joy, it gives me!
To tell why He de-scended from His home a-bove, What joy it gives me!
To know that if I fol - low Him I shall not stray, What joy it gives me!
To tell the sad and sor-rowing that Christ re- lieves, What joy it gives me!
To lead a wear - y sin - ner to His wounded side, What joy it gives me!
CHORUS.
What joy, won-der-ful joy, What per-fect joy it gives me!
Wonderful joy, wonderful joy,
To tell the matchless sto - ry of the Saviour's love, What joy it gives me!

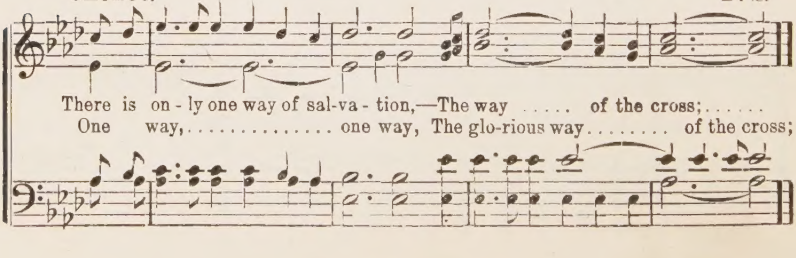
No. 72. Only One Way.

Copyright, 1912, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
Used by per

E. E. REXFORD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. There is on - ly one way of sal - va-tion,—The glo - ri-ous way of the cross!
2. There is on - ly one way of sal - va-tion! At Cal - va-ry's cross it be - gins,
3. There is on - ly one way of sal - va-tion, Tho' oft - en it seems to be vain,—
It leads thro Geth-sem-a-ne's gar- den, Thro' pain, self-de - ni - al and loss.
And winds thro the vale of re-pent-ance, And out of the val - ley of sins.
Its mountains of tri - al and sor-row, Its des - erts of pas-sion and pain,—
'Tis nar-row, but ev - er a-bound-ing With glimpses of heav- en a - bove;
'Tis marked by the blood of the mar-tyrs, And hallowed by sor-rows un - told,
But Je - sus, the Sav-iour of sin-ners, Will walk by your side all the way;
f.
FINE.
It is rug-ged, but radiant with glo - ry, And blazoned with mer-cy and love.
But it still is the way, and the on - ly Way un - to the Cit - y of Gold.
He will love you, and cheer you, and guide you,— O make Him your Sav-iour to-day!

D. S.—*There is on- ly one way of sal - va-tion,—The glo - ri-ous way of the cross.*

CHORUS. *D. S.*



No. 73. Saved to the Uttermost.

Copyright, 1875 and 1903, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

W. J. K. Used by per. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

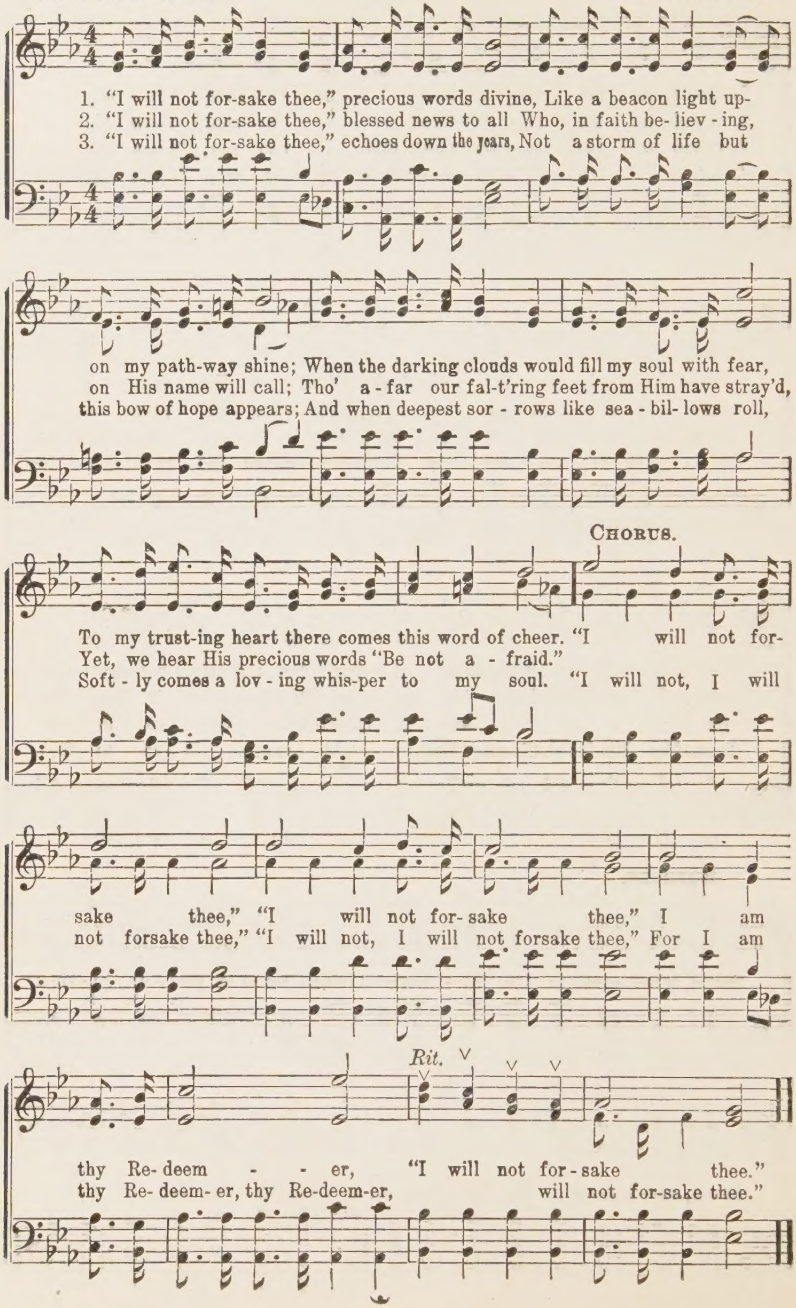
1. Saved to the ut - ter - most: I am the Lord's; Je - sus my Sav - iour sal - va - tion af - fords; Gives me His Spir - it a wit - ness with - in, Whisp'ring of par - don, and sav - ing from sin.
2. Saved to the ut - ter - most: Je - sus is near; Keep - ing me safe - ly, He cast - eth out fear; Trust - ing His prom - is - es, how I am blest; Lean - ing up - on Him, how sweet is my rest.
3. Saved to the ut - ter most: this I can say, "Once all was dark - ness, but now it is day; Beau - ti - ful vis - ions of glo - ry I see, Je - sus in bright - ness re-vealed un - to me."
4. Saved to the ut - ter - most: cheer - ful - ly sing Loud hal - le - lu - jahs to Je - sus my King! Ran - somed and par - doned, re - deemed by His blood, Cleansed from un - right - eous-ness, glo - ry to God.

REFRAIN.

Saved, saved, saved to the ut - termost; Saved, saved by pow - er di - vine; Saved, saved, saved to the ut - termost; Je - sus, the Sav-iour, is mine.

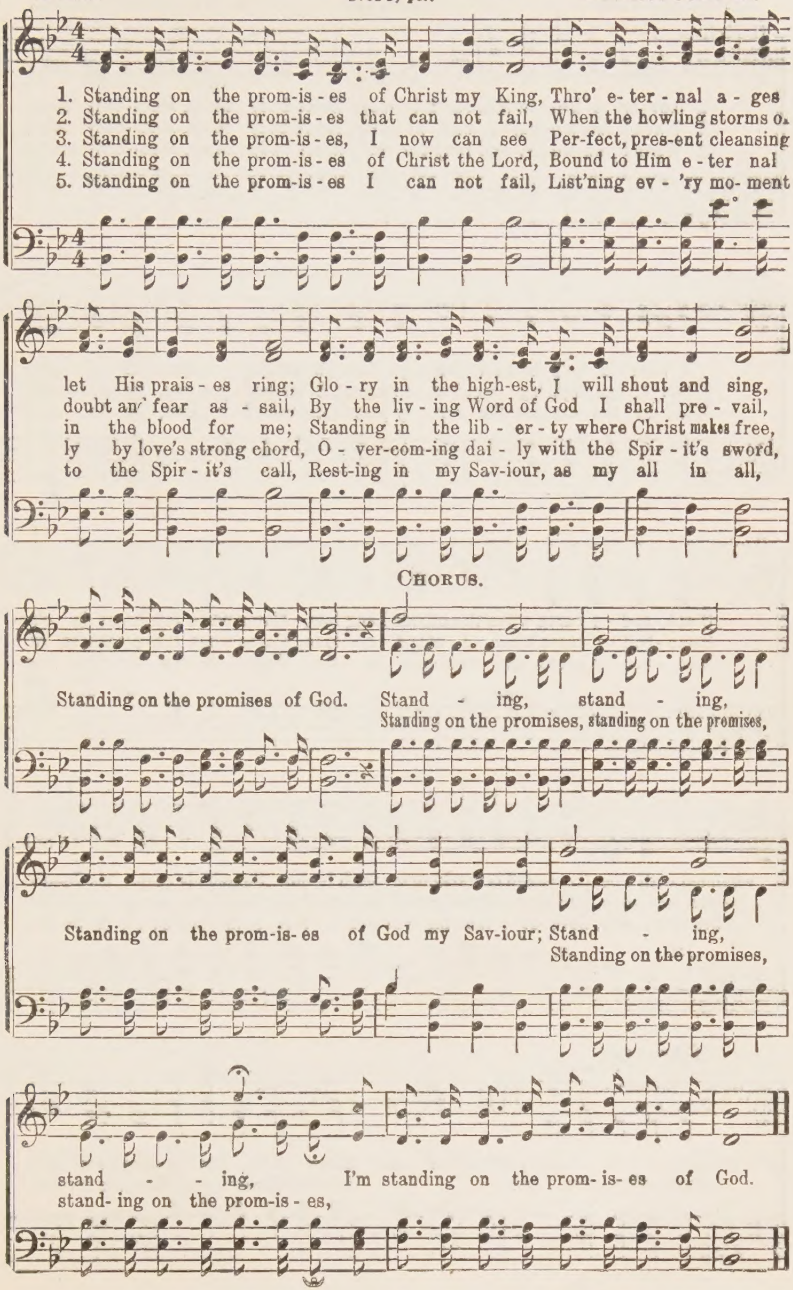
No. 74. I Will Not Forsake Thee.

Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

HELEN MAYFIELD. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. "I will not for-sake thee," precious words divine, Like a beacon light up-
2. "I will not for-sake thee," blessed news to all Who, in faith be-liev-ing,
3. "I will not for-sake thee," echoes down the years, Not a storm of life but
on my path-way shine; When the darking clouds would fill my soul with fear,
on His name will call; Tho' a-far our fal-t'ring feet from Him have stray'd,
this bow of hope appears; And when deepest sor-rows like sea-bil-lows roll,
CHORUS.
To my trust-ing heart there comes this word of cheer. "I will not for-
Yet, we hear His precious words "Be not a-fraid."
Soft-ly comes a lov-ing whis-per to my soul. "I will not, I will
sake thee," "I will not for-sake thee," I am
not forsake thee," "I will not, I will not forsake thee," For I am
Rit.
thy Re-deem-er, "I will not for-sake thee."
thy Re-deem-er, thy Re-deem-er, will not for-sake thee."

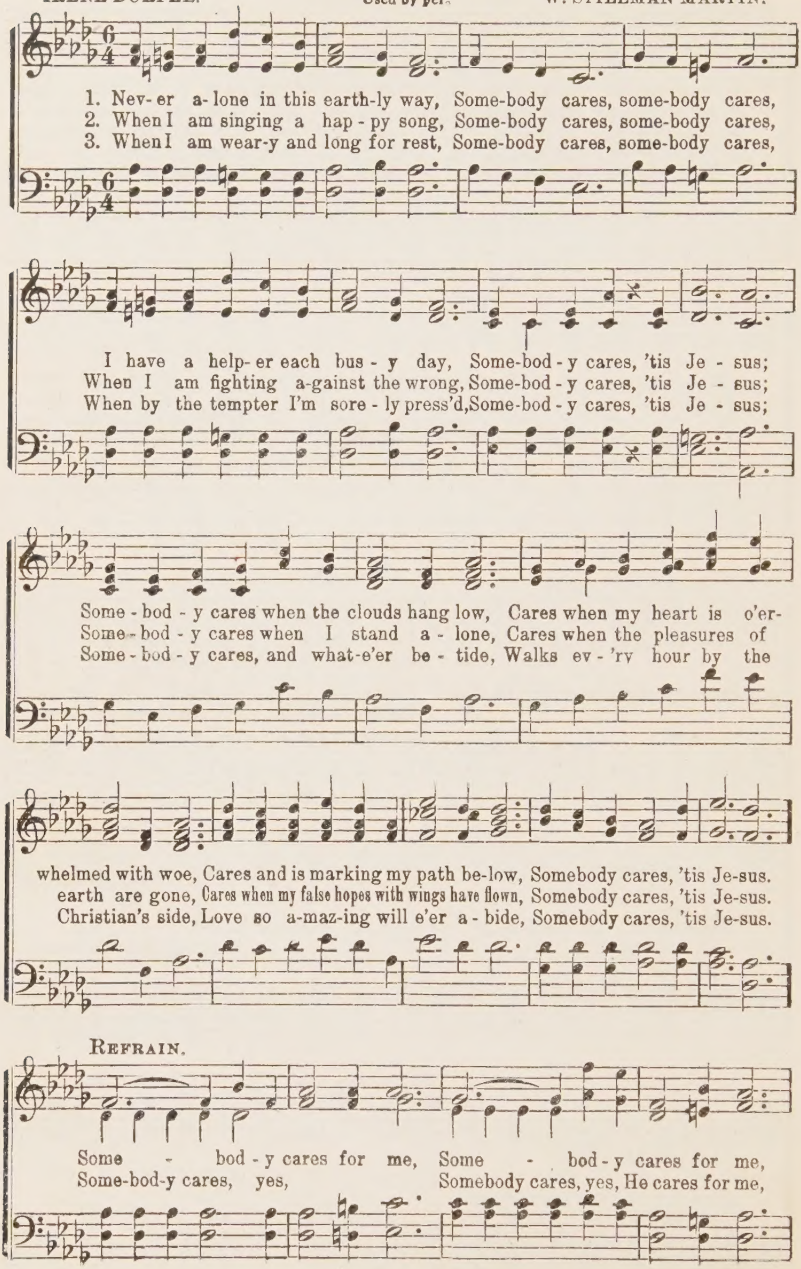
No. 75. Standing on the Promises.

Copyright, 1886, by John J. Hood.
Used by per.

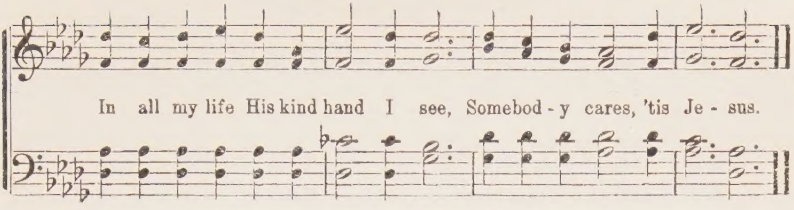
R. K. C. R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal a-ges
2. Standing on the prom-is-es that can not fail, When the howling storms o
3. Standing on the prom-is-es, I now can see Per-fect, pres-ent cleansing
4. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter nal
5. Standing on the prom-is-es I can not fail, List'ning ev-'ry mo-ment
let His prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
doubt an' fear as-sail, By the liv-ing Word of God I shall pre-vail,
in the blood for me; Standing in the lib-er-ty where Christ makes free,
ly by love's strong chord, O-ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spir-it's sword,
to the Spir-it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-iour, as my all in all,
CHORUS.
Standing on the promises of God. Stand-ing, stand-ing,
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,
Standing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-iour; Stand-ing,
Standing on the promises,
stand-ing, I'm standing on the prom-is-es of God.
stand-ing on the prom-is-es,

No. 76. Somebody Cares.

Copyright, 1908, by The Praise Pub. Co., Phila., Pa.
Used by per.

IRENE DURFEE. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Nev-er a-lone in this earth-ly way, Some-body cares, some-body cares,
2. When I am singing a hap-py song, Some-body cares, some-body cares,
3. When I am wear-y and long for rest, Some-body cares, some-body cares,
I have a help-er each bus-y day, Some-bod-y cares, 'tis Je-sus;
When I am fighting a-gainst the wrong, Some-bod-y cares, 'tis Je-sus;
When by the tempter I'm sore-ly press'd, Some-bod-y cares, 'tis Je-sus;
Some-bod-y cares when the clouds hang low, Cares when my heart is o'er-
Some-bod-y cares when I stand a-lone, Cares when the pleasures of
Some-bod-y cares, and what-e'er be-tide, Walks ev-'ry hour by the
whelmed with woe, Cares and is marking my path be-low, Somebody cares, 'tis Je-sus.
earth are gone, Cares when my false hopes with wings have flown, Somebody cares, 'tis Je-sus.
Christian's side, Love so a-maz-ing will e'er a-bide, Somebody cares, 'tis Je-sus.
REFRAIN.
Some - bod-y cares for me, Some - bod-y cares for me,
Some-bod-y cares, yes, Somebody cares, yes, He cares for me,

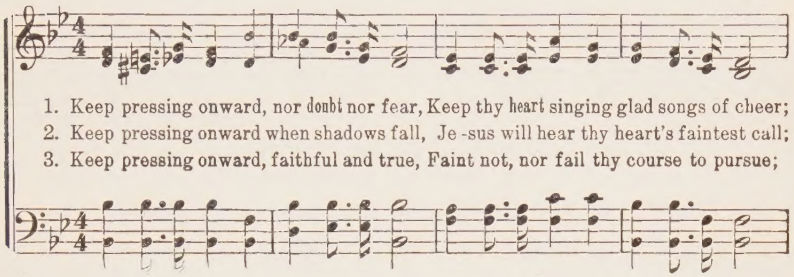
Somebody Cares.

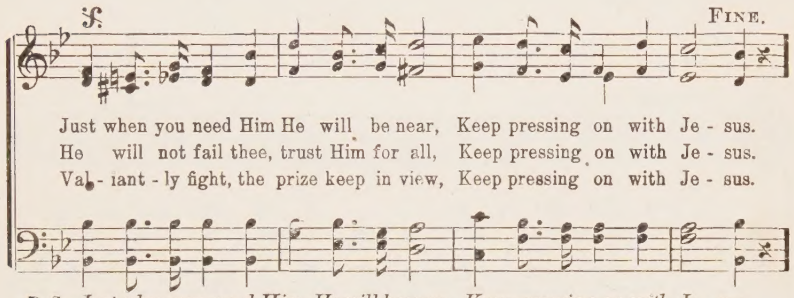


No. 77. Keep Pressing Onward.

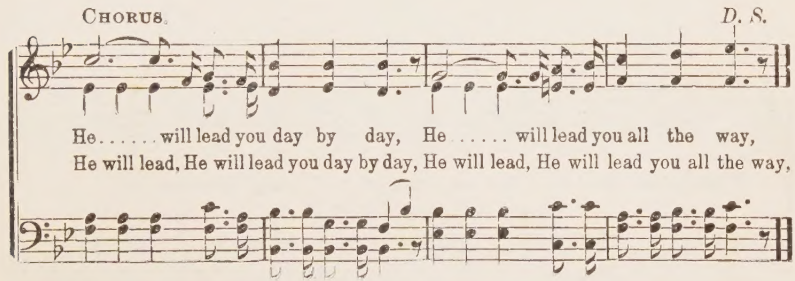
Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black

IDA M. HOLLOWAY WM. M. McKNIGHT.


1. Keep pressing onward, nor doubt nor fear, Keep thy heart singing glad songs of cheer;
2. Keep pressing onward when shadows fall, Je -sus will hear thy heart's faintest call;
3. Keep pressing onward, faithful and true, Faint not, nor fail thy course to pursue;


f.
FINE.
Just when you need Him He will be near, Keep pressing on with Je - sus.
He will not fail thee, trust Him for all, Keep pressing on with Je - sus.
Val - iant - ly fight, the prize keep in view, Keep pressing on with Je - sus.

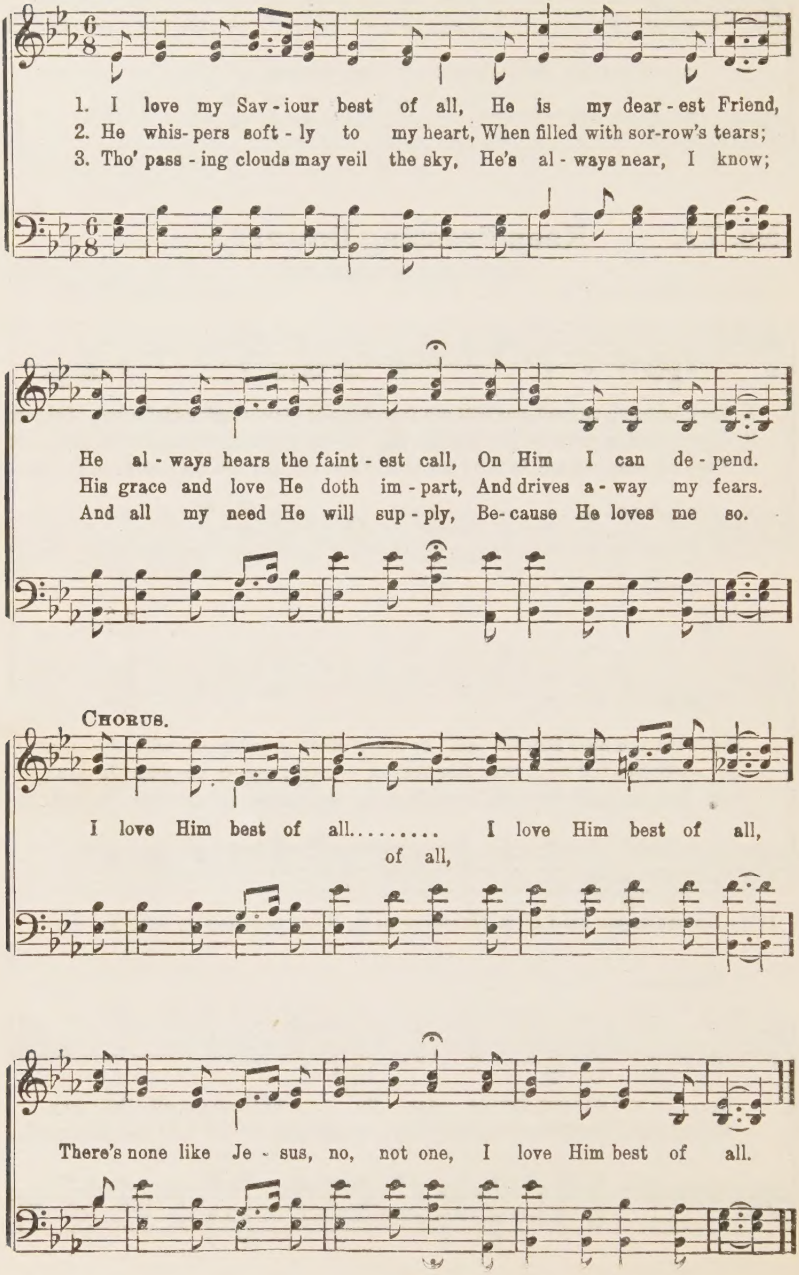
D. S.–*Just when you need Him, He will be near, Keep pressing on with Je - sus*


CHORUS.
D. S.
He..... will lead you day by day, He ..... will lead you all the way,
He will lead, He will lead you day by day, He will lead, He will lead you all the way,

No. 78. I Love Him Best of All.

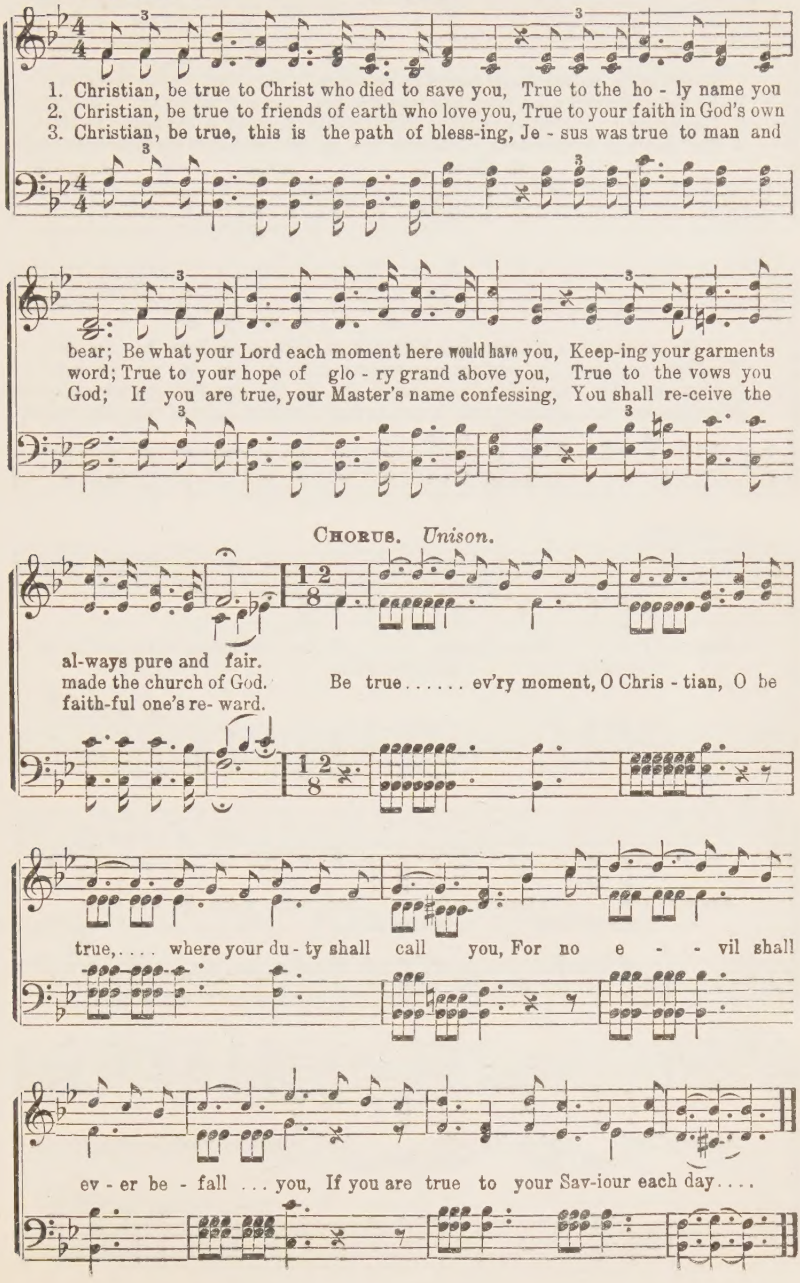
Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

BLANCH McDOWELL. JAMES M. BLACK.


1. I love my Sav - iour best of all, He is my dear - est Friend,
2. He whis- pers soft - ly to my heart, When filled with sor-row's tears;
3. Tho' pass - ing clouds may veil the sky, He's al - ways near, I know;
He al - ways hears the faint - est call, On Him I can de - pend.
His grace and love He doth im - part, And drives a - way my fears.
And all my need He will sup - ply, Be- cause He loves me so.
CHORUS.
I love Him best of all..... I love Him best of all,
of all,
There's none like Je - sus, no, not one, I love Him best of all.

No. 79. Christian, Be True.

Copyright, 1911, by The Praise Pub. Co., Phila., Pa.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. Used by per. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Christian, be true to Christ who died to save you, True to the ho - ly name you
2. Christian, be true to friends of earth who love you, True to your faith in God's own
3. Christian, be true, this is the path of bless-ing, Je - sus was true to man and
bear; Be what your Lord each moment here would have you, Keep-ing your garments
word; True to your hope of glo - ry grand above you, True to the vows you
God; If you are true, your Master's name confessing, You shall re-ceive the
CHORUS. Unison.
al-ways pure and fair.
made the church of God.
faith-ful one's re- ward.
Be true..... ev'ry moment, O Chris - tian, O be
true,.... where your du - ty shall call you, For no e - - vil shall
ev - er be - fall ... you, If you are true to your Sav-iour each day....

No. 80. Answer "Yes."

Copyright, 1910, by Hall-Mack Co.
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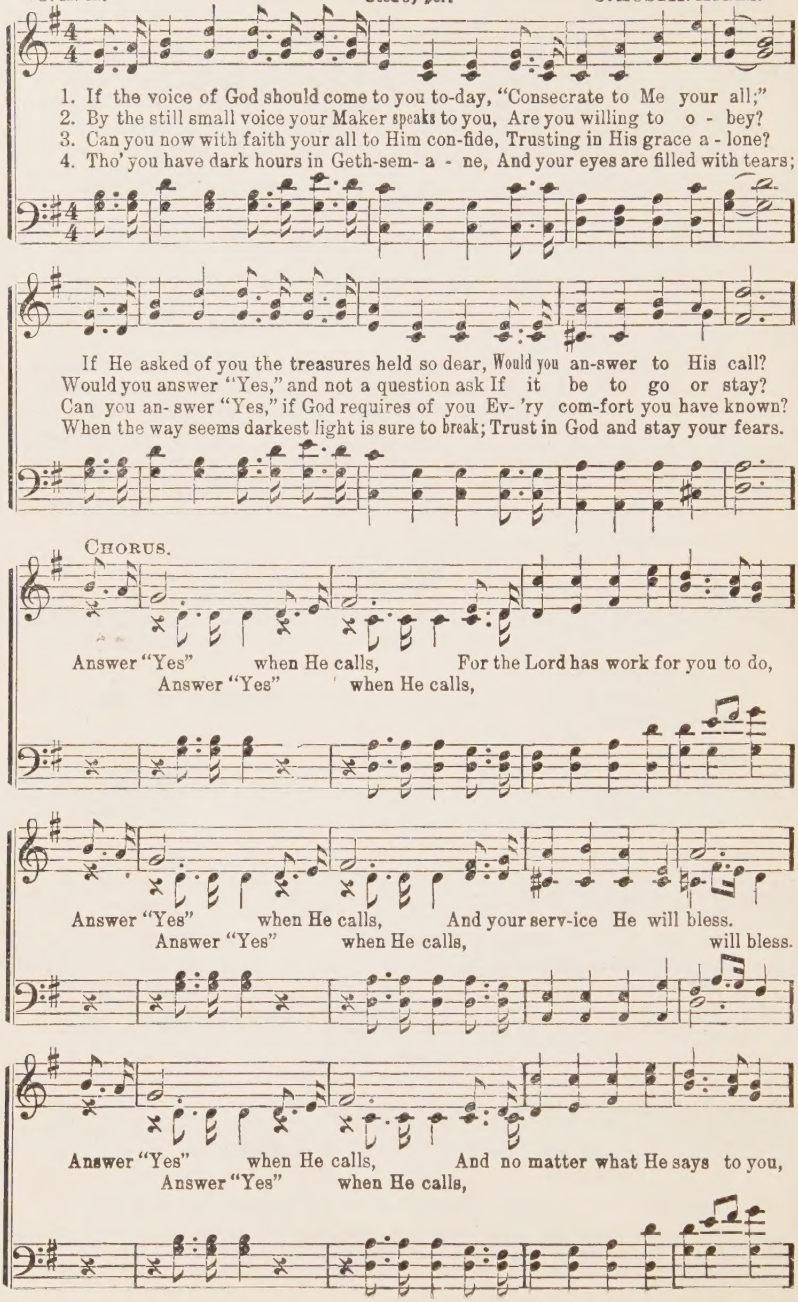
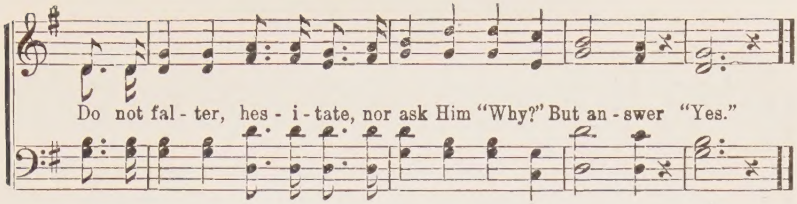
C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES.


1. If the voice of God should come to you to-day, "Consecrate to Me your all;"
2. By the still small voice your Maker speaks to you, Are you willing to o - bey?
3. Can you now with faith your all to Him con-fide, Trusting in His grace a - lone?
4. Tho' you have dark hours in Geth-sem- a - ne, And your eyes are filled with tears;
If He asked of you the treasures held so dear, Would you an-swer to His call?
Would you answer "Yes," and not a question ask If it be to go or stay?
Can you an- swer "Yes," if God requires of you Ev- 'ry com-fort you have known?
When the way seems darkest light is sure to break; Trust in God and stay your fears.
CHORUS.
Answer "Yes" when He calls, For the Lord has work for you to do,
Answer "Yes" when He calls,
Answer "Yes" when He calls, And your serv-ice He will bless.
Answer "Yes" when He calls, will bless.
Answer "Yes" when He calls, And no matter what He says to you,
Answer "Yes" when He calls,

Answer "Yes."



No. 81. Does Jesus Care?

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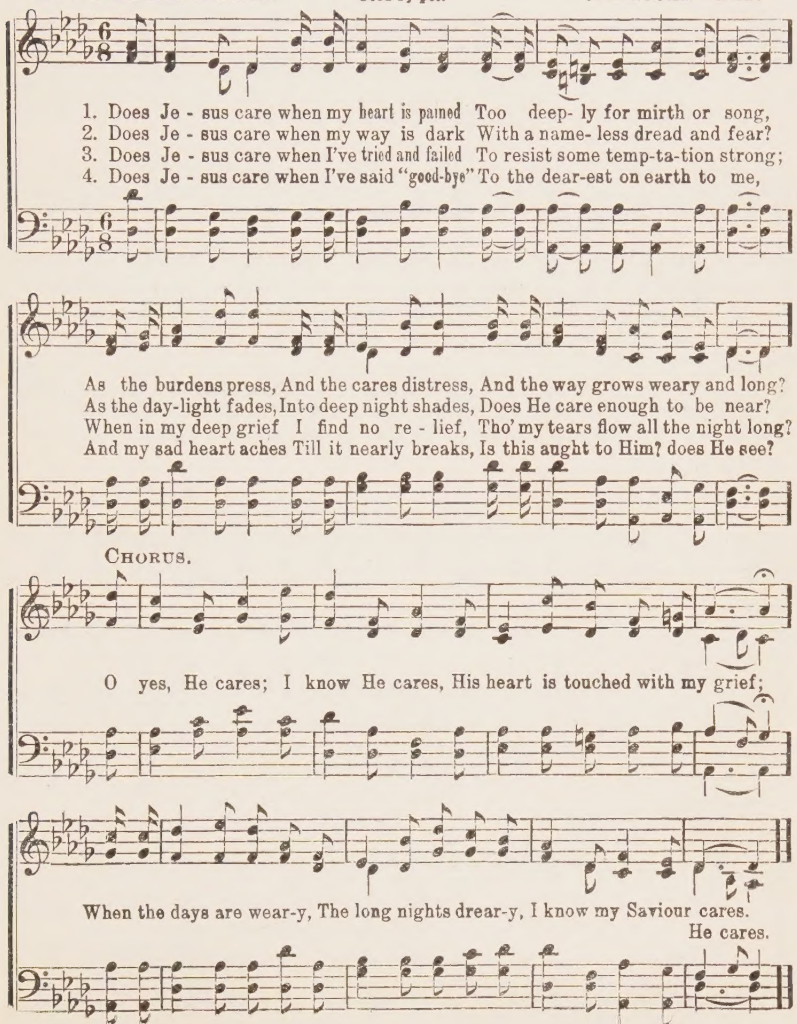
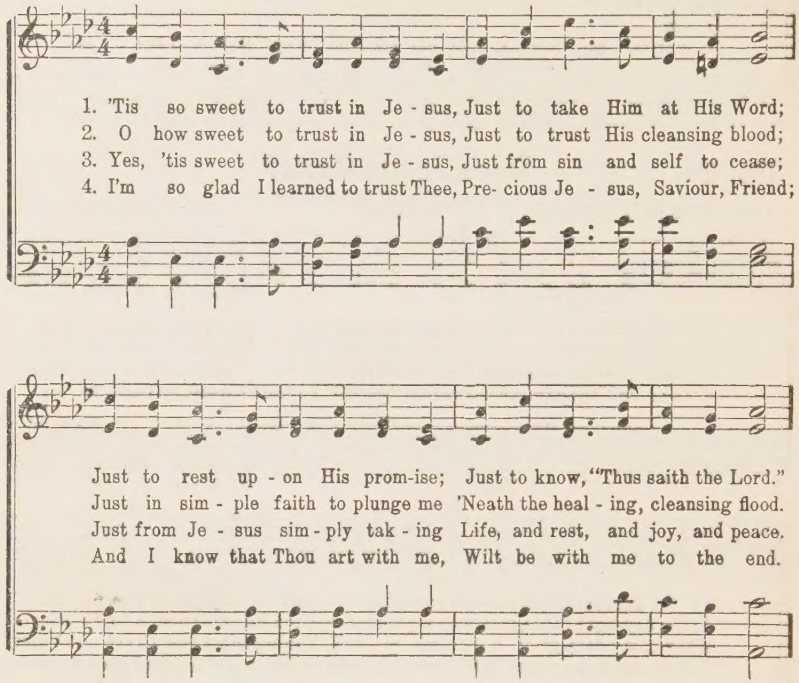
REV FRANK E. GRAEFF. J. LINCOLN HALL.


1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep- ly for mirth or song,
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name- less dread and fear?
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To resist some temp-ta-tion strong;
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dear-est on earth to me,
As the burdens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long?
As the day-light fades, Into deep night shades, Does He care enough to be near?
When in my deep grief I find no re - lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
And my sad heart aches Till it nearly breaks, Is this aught to Him? does He see?
CHORUS.
O yes, He cares; I know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief;
When the days are wear-y, The long nights drear-y, I know my Saviour cares.
He cares.

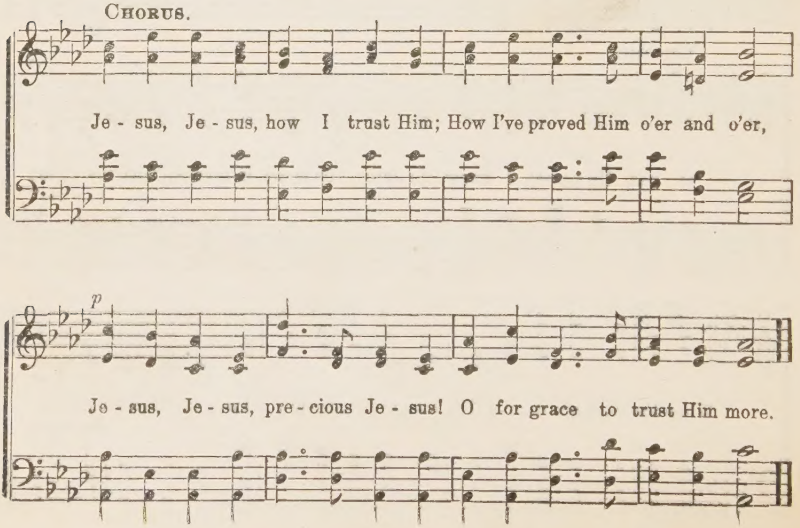
No. 82. 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Copyright, 1882 and 1910, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
Used by per.

MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

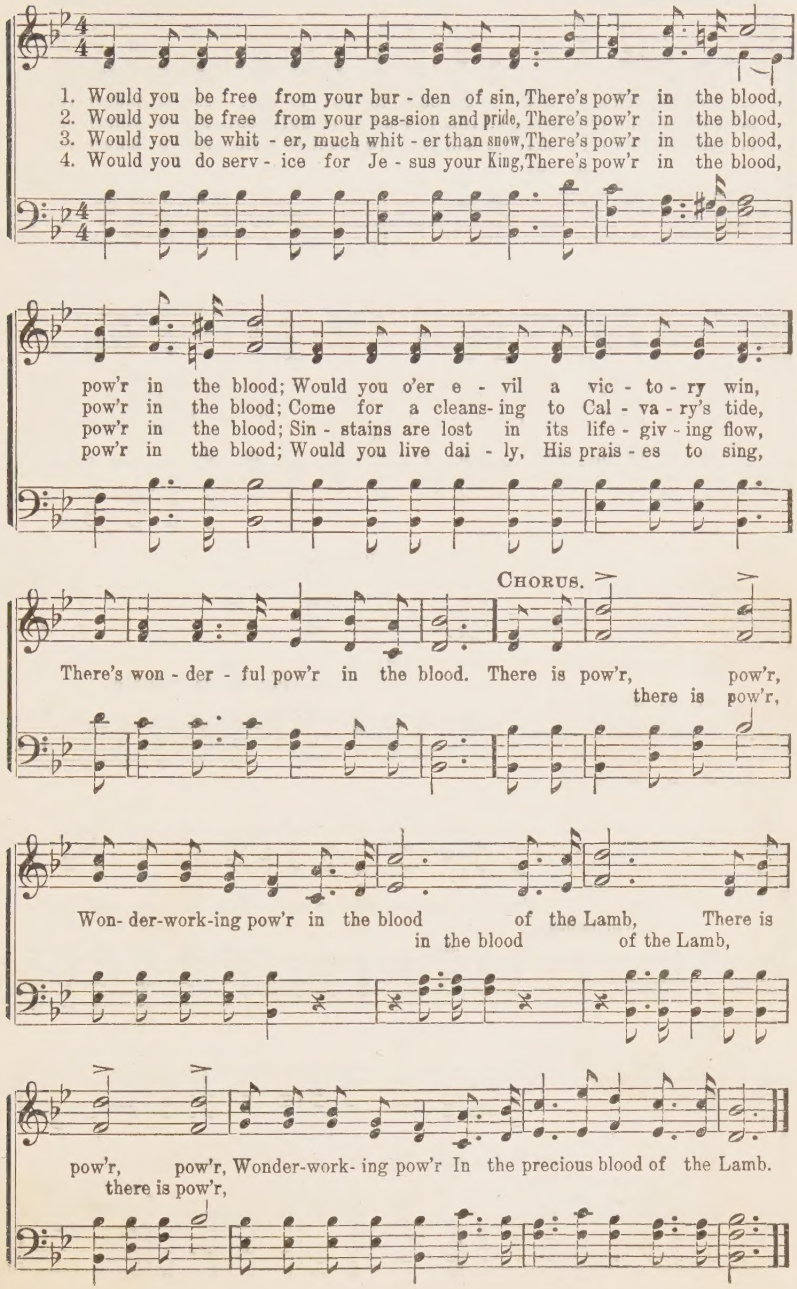

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His Word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Pre- cious Je - sus, Saviour, Friend;
Just to rest up - on His prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

CHORUS.



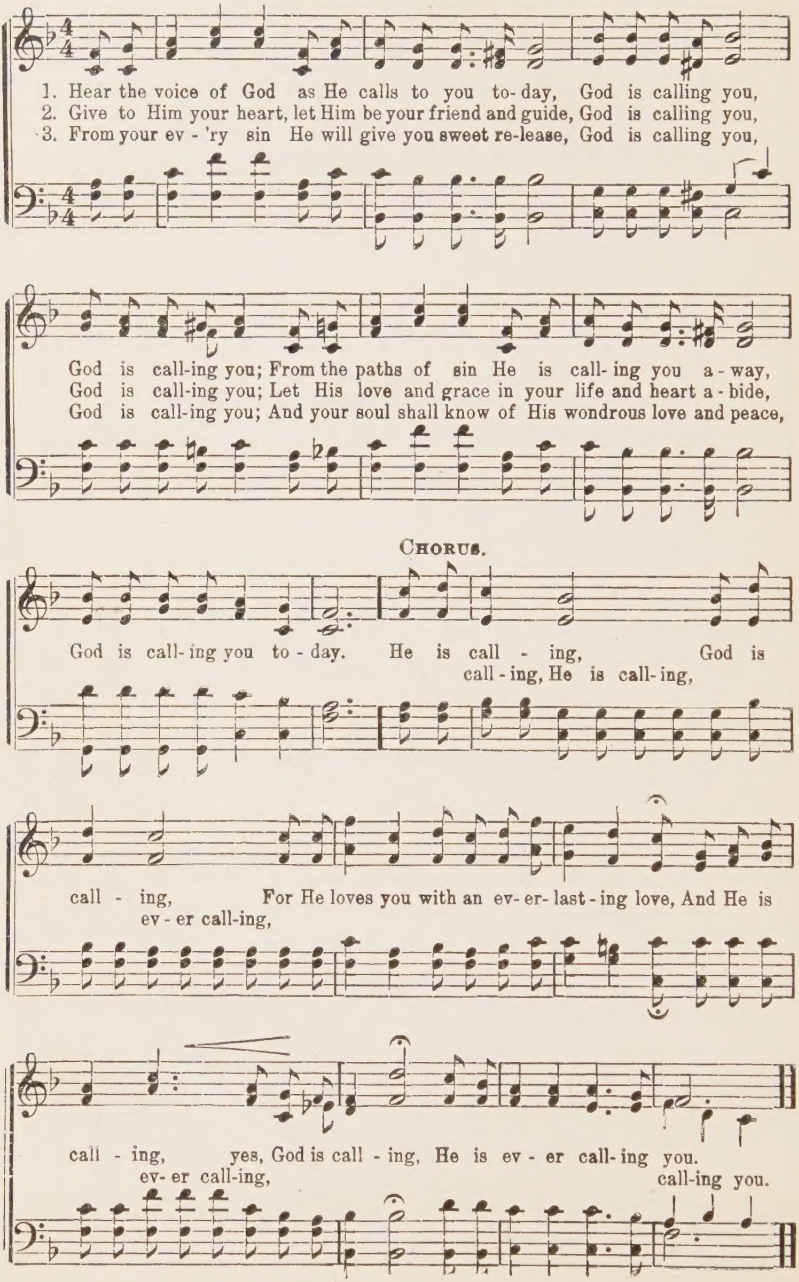
No. 83. There Is Power in the Blood.

Copyright, 1899, by H. L. Gilmour.
Used by per.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin, There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride, There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit - er, much whit - er than snow, There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King, There's pow'r in the blood,
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win,
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sin - stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, His prais - es to sing,
CHORUS.
There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
there is pow'r,
Won- der-work-ing pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is
in the blood of the Lamb,
pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-work- ing pow'r In the precious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,

No. 84. God Is Calling You.

Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

REV. EDWIN A. PYLES. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. Hear the voice of God as He calls to you to-day, God is calling you,
2. Give to Him your heart, let Him be your friend and guide, God is calling you,
3. From your ev - 'ry sin He will give you sweet re-lease, God is calling you,
God is call-ing you; From the paths of sin He is call-ing you a-way,
God is call-ing you; Let His love and grace in your life and heart a-bide,
God is call-ing you; And your soul shall know of His wondrous love and peace,
CHORUS.
God is call-ing you to-day. He is call - ing, God is
call-ing, He is call-ing,
call - ing, For He loves you with an ev-er-last-ing love, And He is
ev-er call-ing,
call - ing, yes, God is call - ing, He is ev - er call-ing you.
ev-er call-ing, call-ing you.

No. 85. O It Is Wonderful.

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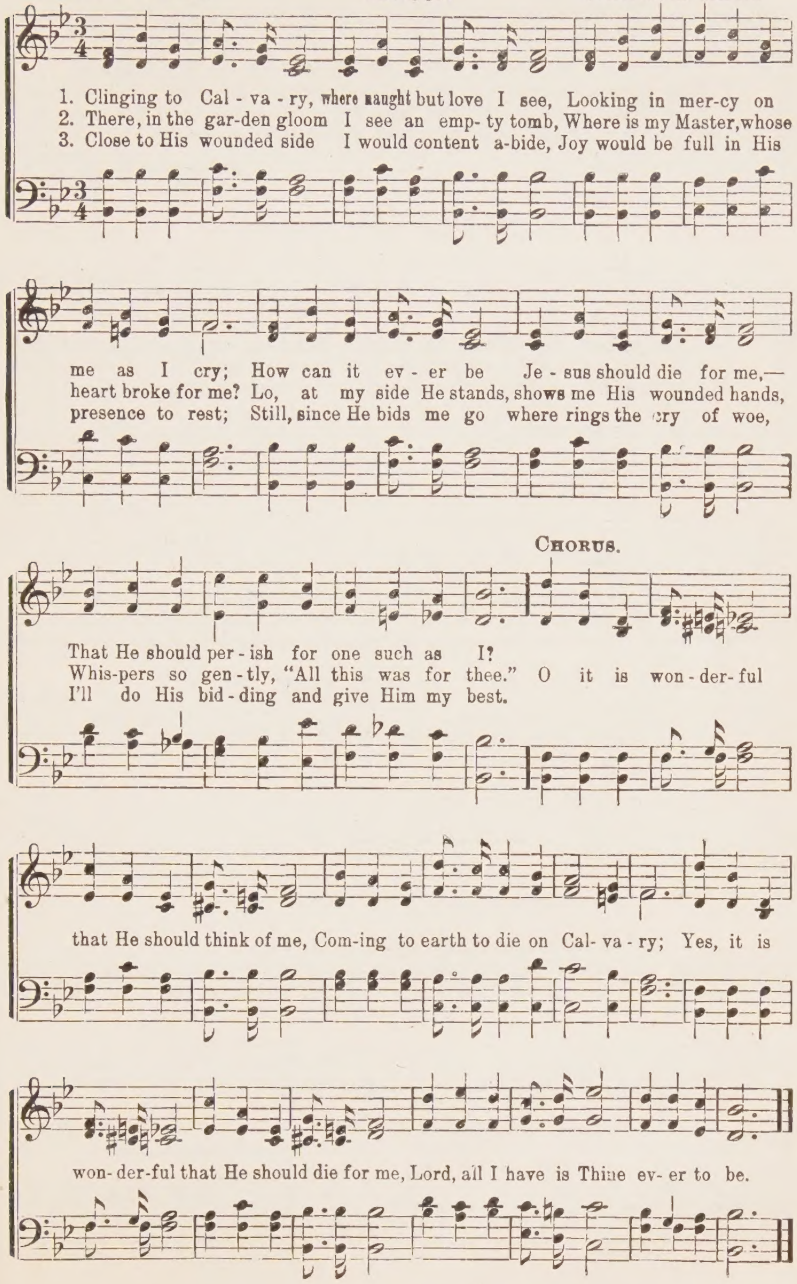
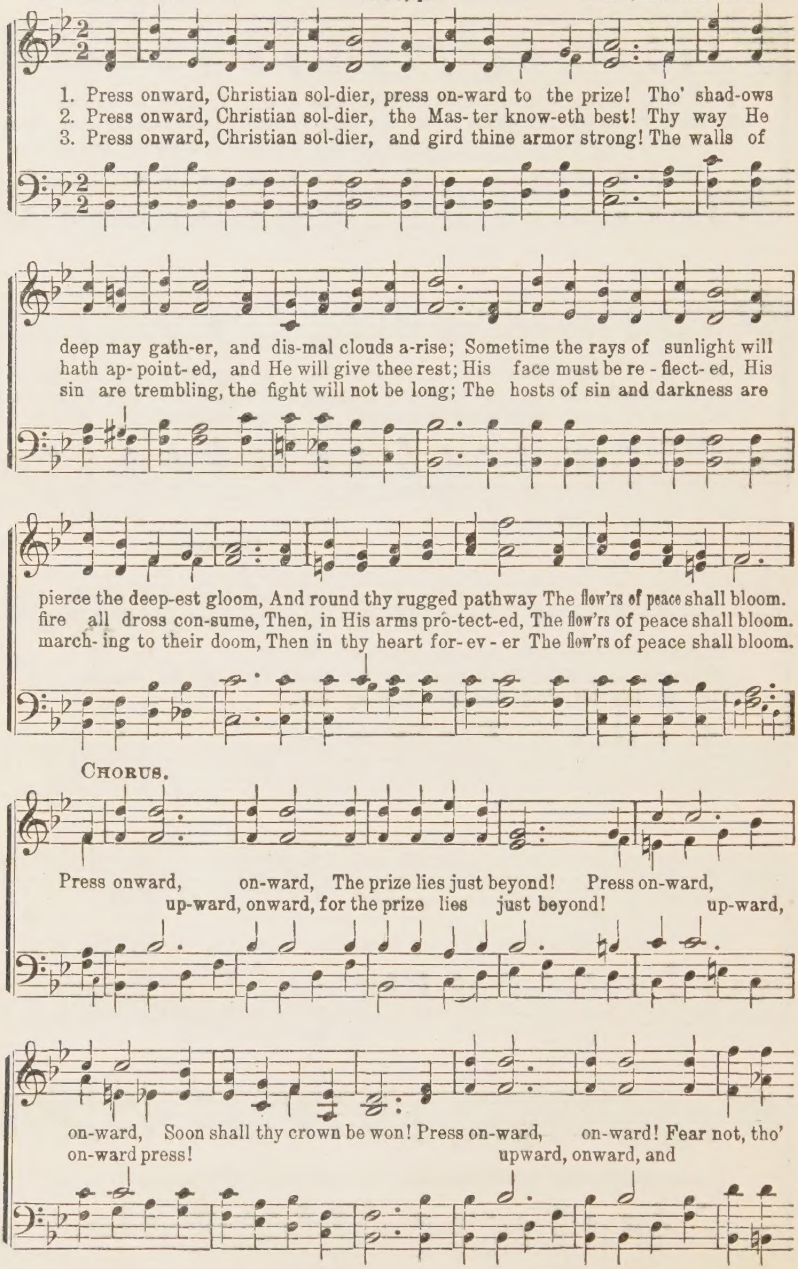
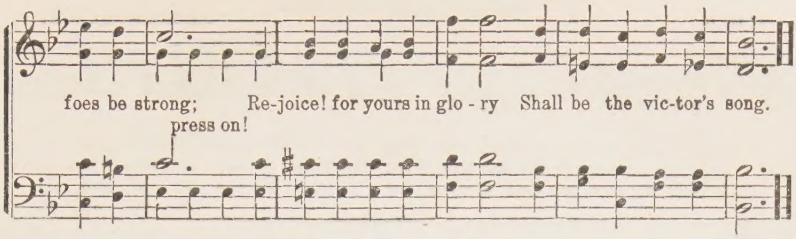
C. AUSTIN MILES. Used by per. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Clinging to Cal - va - ry, where naught but love I see, Looking in mer-cy on
2. There, in the gar-den gloom I see an emp- ty tomb, Where is my Master, whose
3. Close to His wounded side I would content a-bide, Joy would be full in His
me as I cry; How can it ev - er be Je - sus should die for me,—
heart broke for me? Lo, at my side He stands, shows me His wounded hands,
presence to rest; Still, since He bids me go where rings the cry of woe,
CHORUS.
That He should per - ish for one such as I?
Whis-pers so gen - tly, "All this was for thee." O it is won - der- ful
I'll do His bid - ding and give Him my best.
that He should think of me, Com-ing to earth to die on Cal- va - ry; Yes, it is
won- der-ful that He should die for me, Lord, all I have is Thine ev- er to be.

No. 86. The Victor's Song.

Copyright, 1912, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
Used by per.

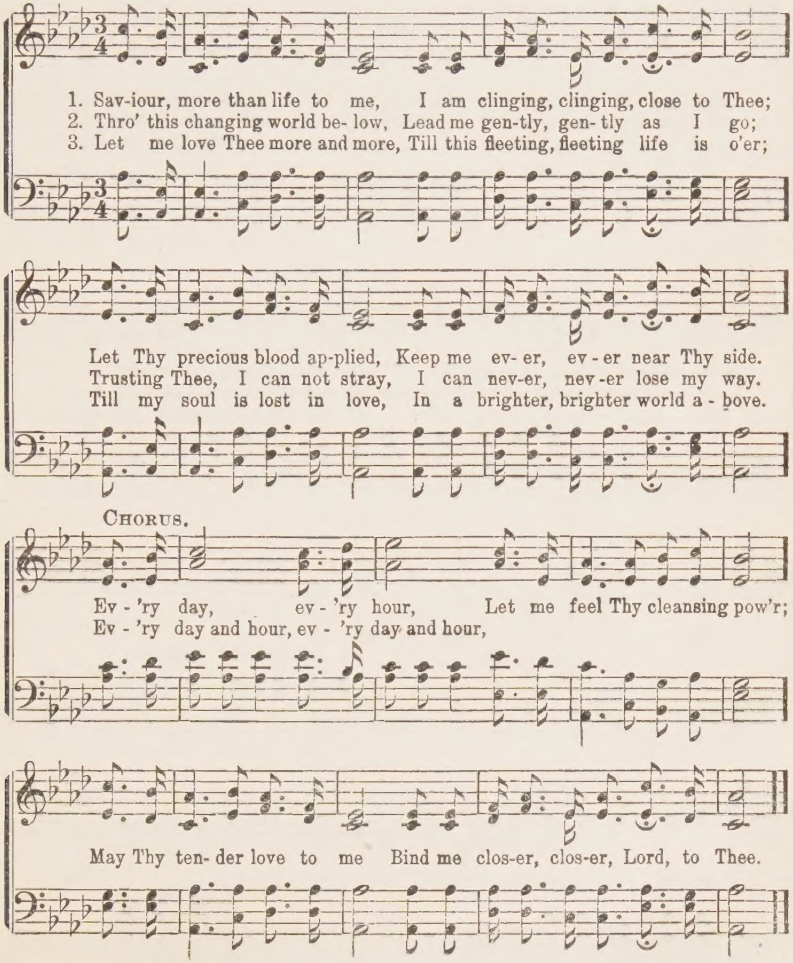
MAGGIE A. PULVER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Press onward, Christian sol-dier, press on-ward to the prize! Tho' shad-ows
2. Press onward, Christian sol-dier, the Mas-ter know-eth best! Thy way He
3. Press onward, Christian sol-dier, and gird thine armor strong! The walls of
deep may gath-er, and dis-mal clouds a-rise; Sometime the rays of sunlight will
hath ap-point-ed, and He will give thee rest; His face must be re-flect-ed, His
sin are trembling, the fight will not be long; The hosts of sin and darkness are
pierce the deep-est gloom, And round thy rugged pathway The flow'rs of peace shall bloom.
fire all dross con-sume, Then, in His arms pro-tect-ed, The flow'rs of peace shall bloom.
march-ing to their doom, Then in thy heart for-ev-er The flow'rs of peace shall bloom.
CHORUS.
Press onward, on-ward, The prize lies just beyond! Press on-ward,
up-ward, onward, for the prize lies just beyond! up-ward,
on-ward, Soon shall thy crown be won! Press on-ward, on-ward! Fear not, tho'
on-ward press! upward, onward, and

The Victor's Song.



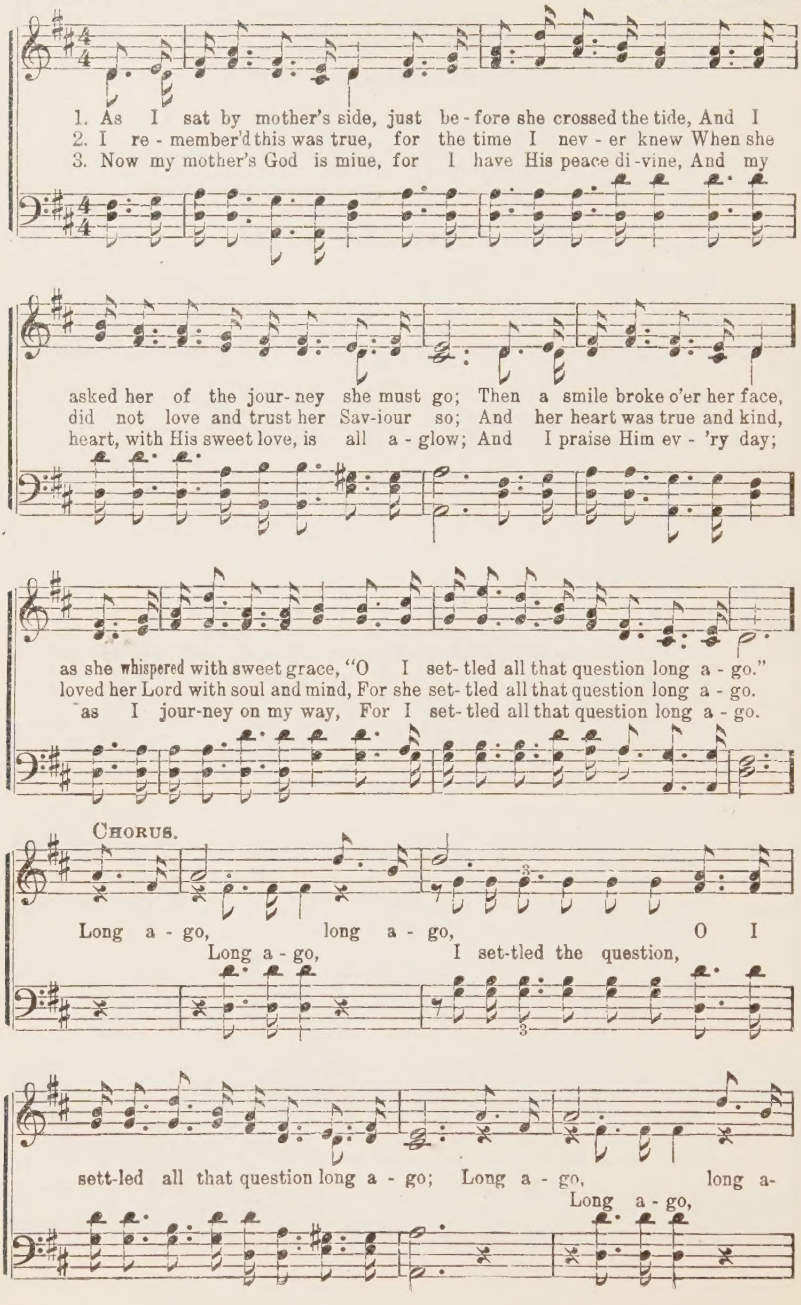
No. 87. Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Copyright, 1903, by W. H. Doane. Used by per. WILLIAM H. DOANE.

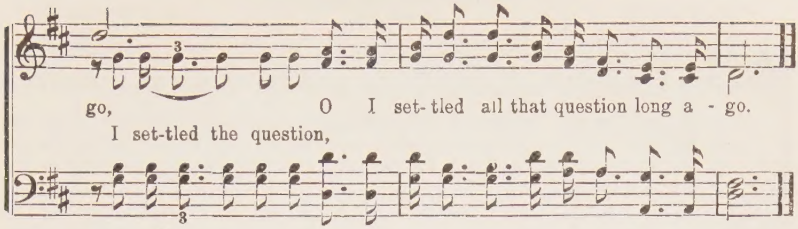

1. Sav-iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging, close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be- low, Lead me gen-tly, gen- tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Let Thy precious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev- er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can not stray, I can nev-er, nev -er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a - bove.
CHORUS.
Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,
May Thy ten- der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.

No. 88. As I Sat By Mother's Side.

Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

J. M. B. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. As I sat by mother's side, just be - fore she crossed the tide, And I
2. I re - member'd this was true, for the time I nev - er knew When she
3. Now my mother's God is mine, for I have His peace di - vine, And my
asked her of the jour - ney she must go; Then a smile broke o'er her face,
did not love and trust her Sav - iour so; And her heart was true and kind,
heart, with His sweet love, is all a - glow; And I praise Him ev - 'ry day;
as she whispered with sweet grace, "O I set - tled all that question long a - go."
loved her Lord with soul and mind, For she set - tled all that question long a - go.
as I jour - ney on my way, For I set - tled all that question long a - go.
CHORUS.
Long a - go, long a - go, O I
Long a - go, I set-tled the question,
sett-led all that question long a - go; Long a - go, long a-
Long a - go,

As I Sat By Mother's Side.



No. 89. It Reaches Me.

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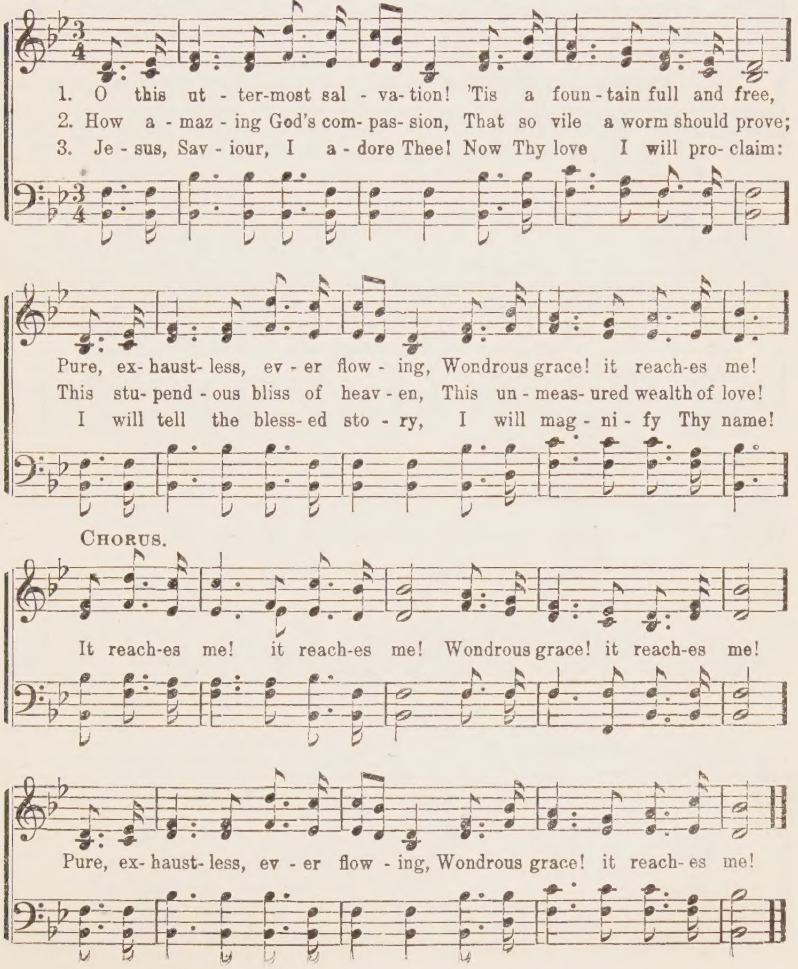
MARY D. JAMES. JOHN R. SWENEY.


1. O this ut - ter-most sal - va-tion! 'Tis a foun-tain full and free,
2. How a - maz - ing God's com- pas- sion, That so vile a worm should prove;
3. Je - sus, Sav - iour, I a - dore Thee! Now Thy love I will pro- claim:
Pure, ex- haust- less, ev - er flow - ing, Wondrous grace! it reach-es me!
This stu- pend - ous bliss of heav - en, This un - meas- ured wealth of love!
I will tell the bless- ed sto - ry, I will mag - ni - fy Thy name!
CHORUS.
It reach-es me! it reach-es me! Wondrous grace! it reach-es me!
Pure, ex- haust- less, ev - er flow - ing, Wondrous grace! it reach-es me!

No. 90. Still Sweeter Every Day.

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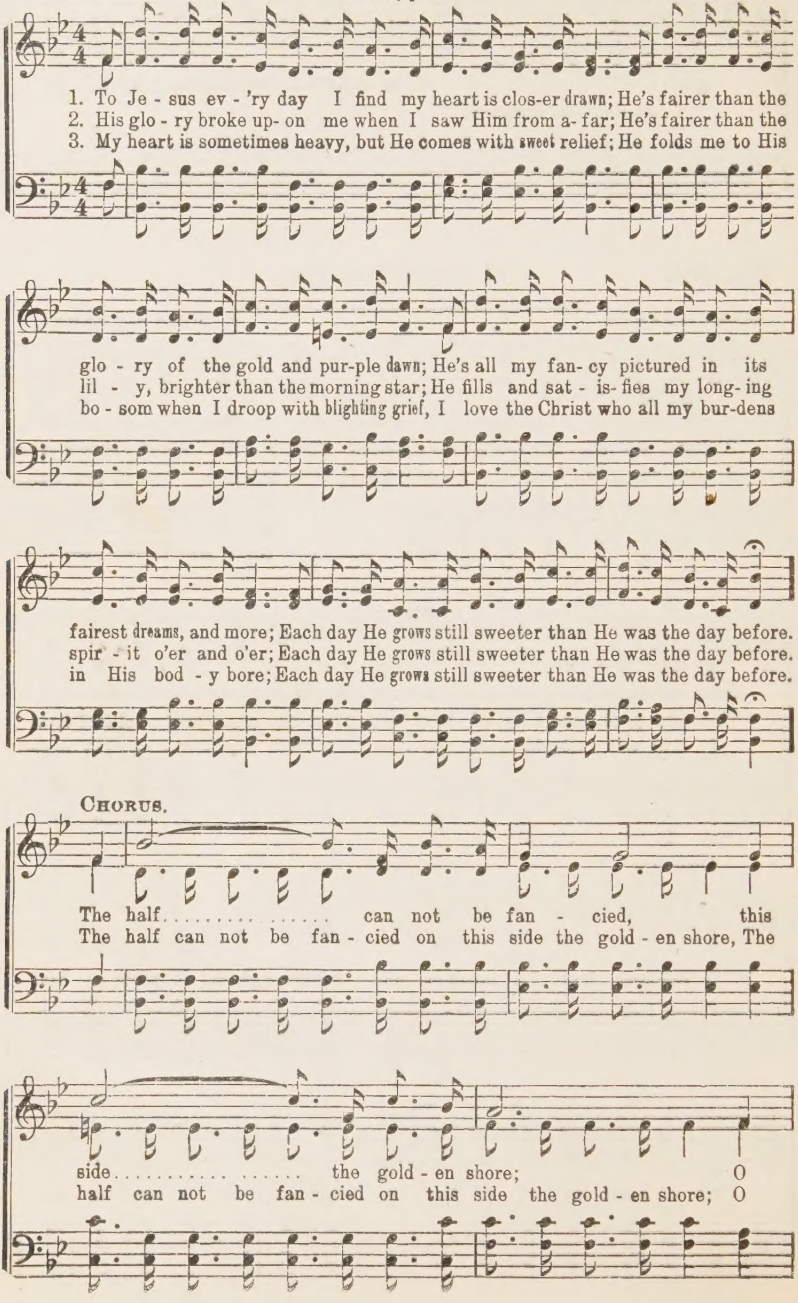
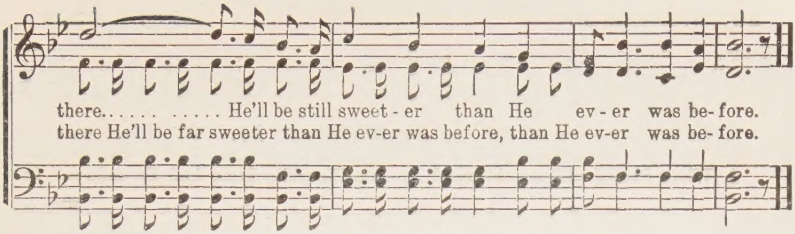
Used by per.

W. C. MARTIN. C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. To Je - sus ev - 'ry day I find my heart is clos-er drawn; He's fairer than the
2. His glo - ry broke up- on me when I saw Him from a- far; He's fairer than the
3. My heart is sometimes heavy, but He comes with sweet relief; He folds me to His
glo - ry of the gold and pur-ple dawn; He's all my fan- cy pictured in its
lil - y, brighter than the morning star; He fills and sat - is- fies my long- ing
bo - som when I droop with blighting grief, I love the Christ who all my bur-dens
fairest dreams, and more; Each day He grows still sweeter than He was the day before.
spir - it o'er and o'er; Each day He grows still sweeter than He was the day before.
in His bod - y bore; Each day He grows still sweeter than He was the day before.
CHORUS.
The half..... can not be fan - cied, this
The half can not be fan - cied on this side the gold - en shore, The
side..... the gold - en shore; O
half can not be fan - cied on this side the gold - en shore; O

Still Sweeter Every Day.


there..... ..... He'll be still sweet - er than He ev - er was be- fore.
there He'll be far sweeter than He ev-er was before, than He ev-er was be- fore.

No. 91. Higher Ground.

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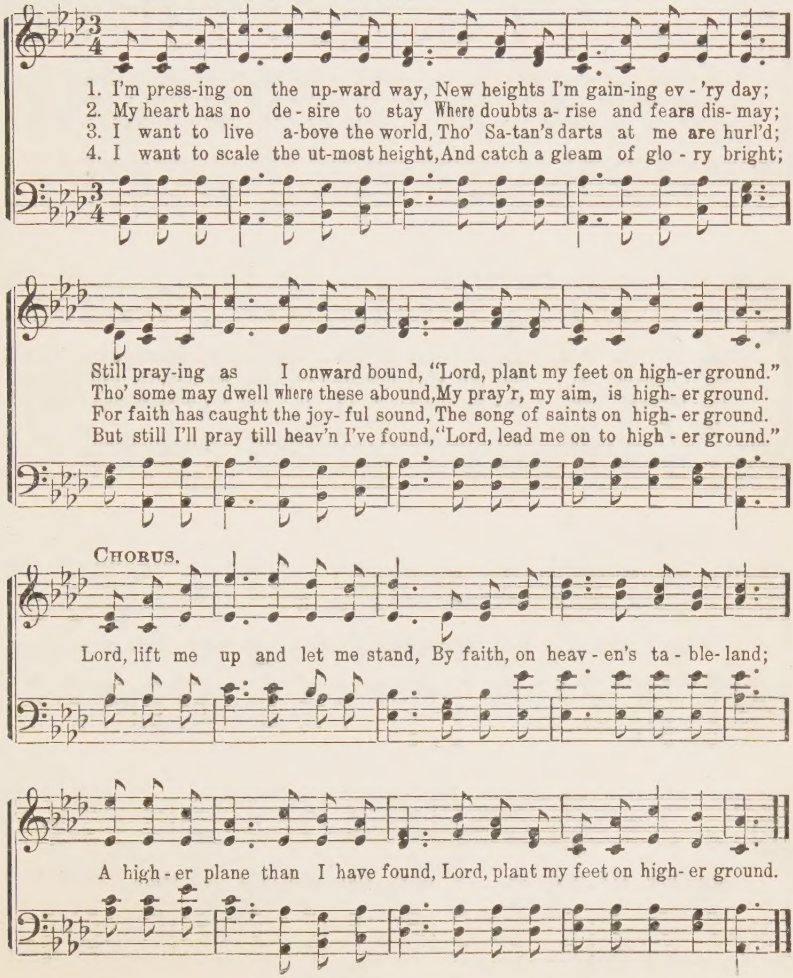
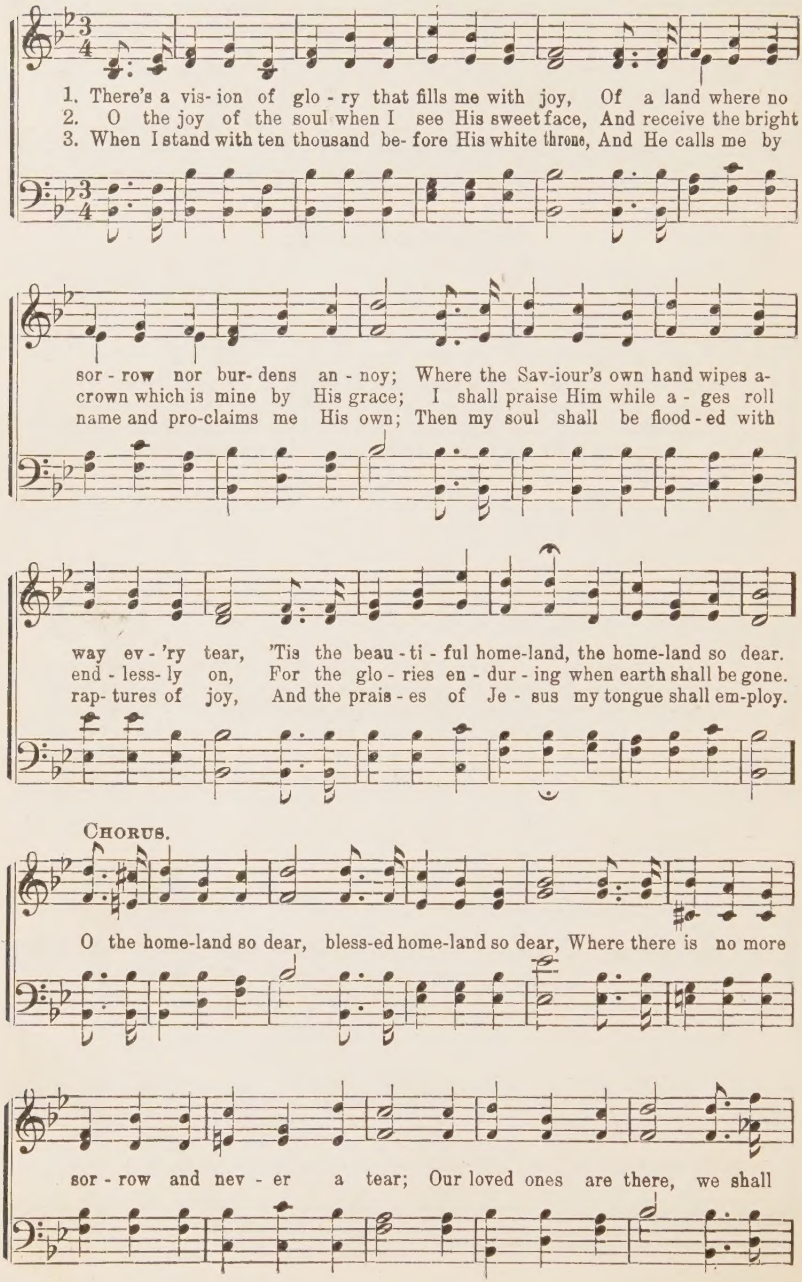
REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. Used by per. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

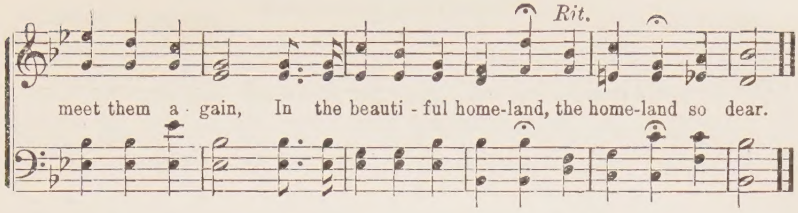

1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gain-ing ev - 'ry day;
2. My heart has no de - sire to stay Where doubts a- rise and fears dis- may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurl'd;
4. I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright;
Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim, is high- er ground.
For faith has caught the joy- ful sound, The song of saints on high- er ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high - er ground."
CHORUS.
Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav - en's ta - ble- land;
A high - er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high- er ground.

No. 92. The Home-land So Dear.

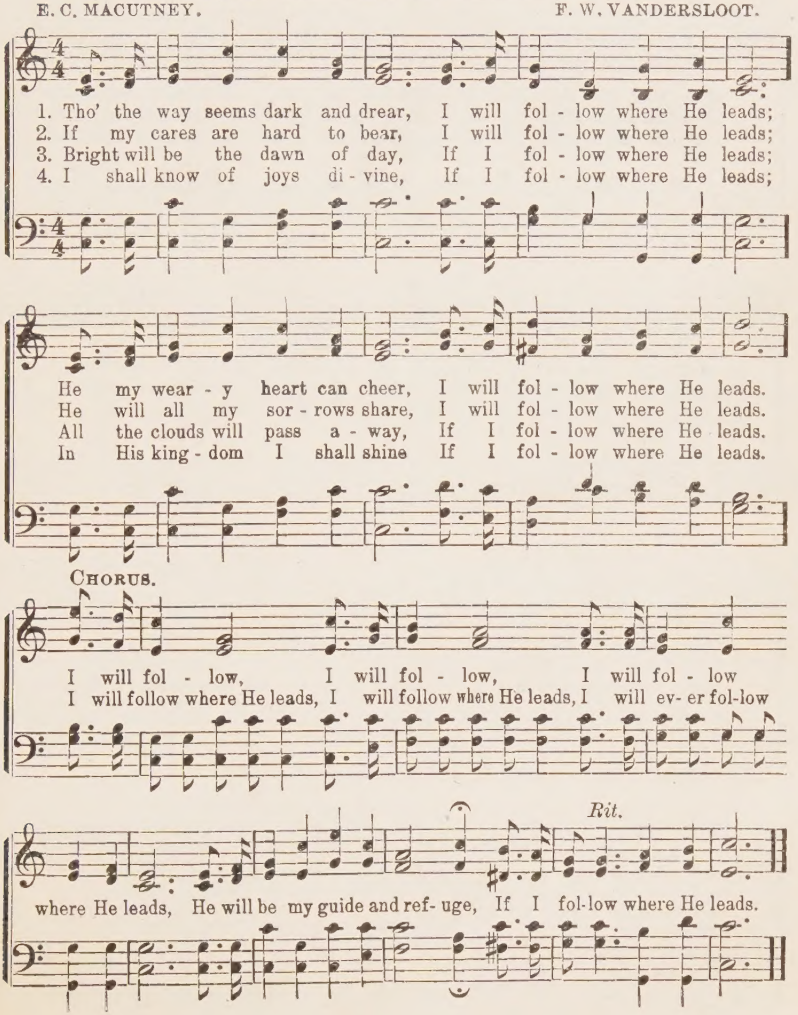
Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

REV. W. C. MARTIN. JAMES M. BLACK.


1. There's a vis- ion of glo - ry that fills me with joy, Of a land where no
2. O the joy of the soul when I see His sweet face, And receive the bright
3. When I stand with ten thousand be- fore His white throne, And He calls me by
sor - row nor bur- dens an - noy; Where the Sav-iour's own hand wipes a-
crown which is mine by His grace; I shall praise Him while a - ges roll
name and pro-claims me His own; Then my soul shall be flood - ed with
way ev - 'ry tear, 'Tis the beau - ti - ful home-land, the home-land so dear.
end - less- ly on, For the glo - ries en - dur - ing when earth shall be gone.
rap- tures of joy, And the prais - es of Je - sus my tongue shall em-ploy.
CHORUS.
O the home-land so dear, bless-ed home-land so dear, Where there is no more
sor - row and nev - er a tear; Our loved ones are there, we shall

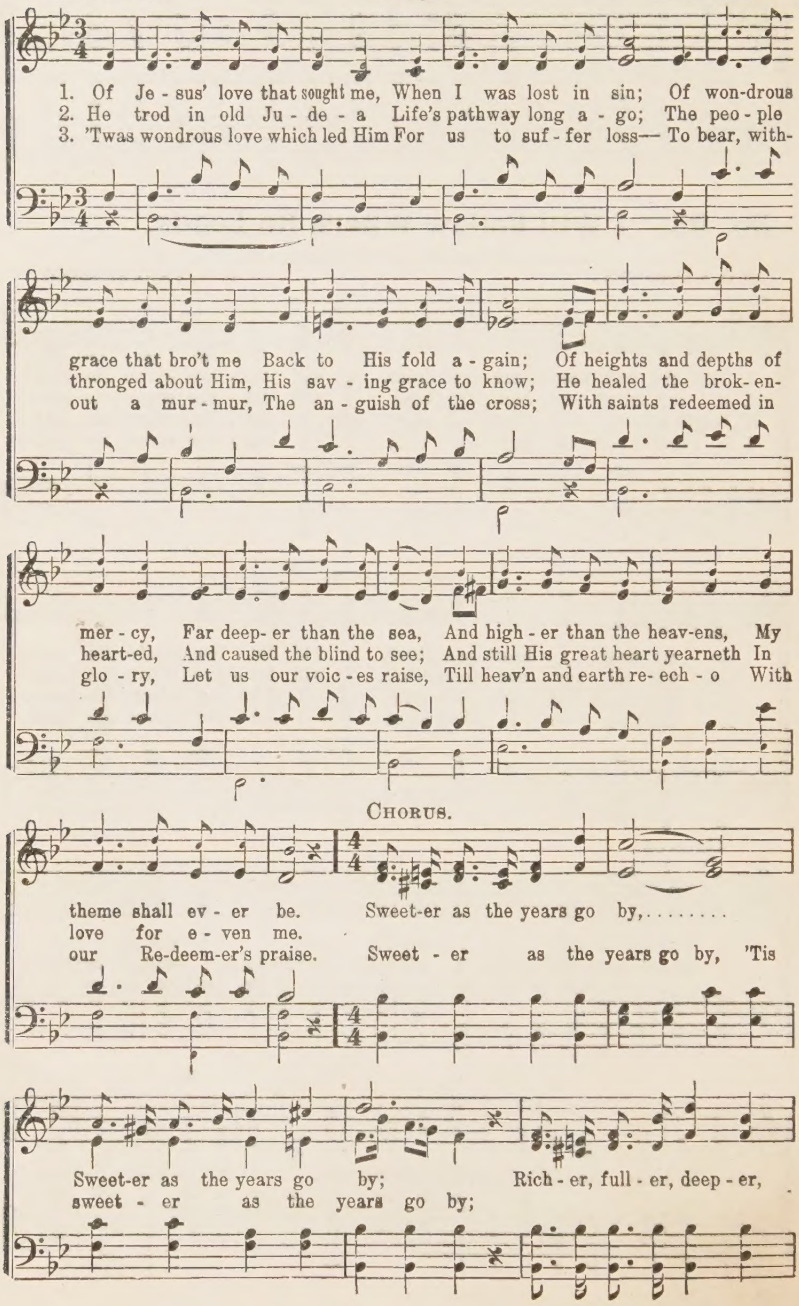
The Home-land So Dear.

No. 93. I Will Follow Where He Leads.

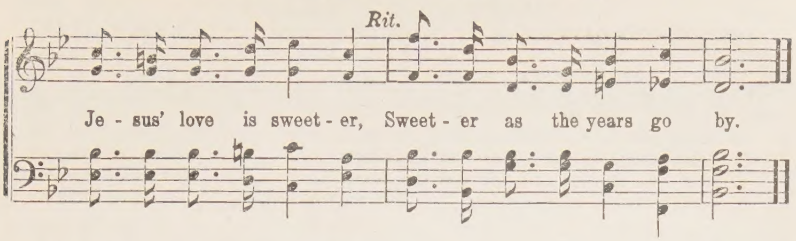
Copyright, 1908 and 1912, by The Vandersloot Music Co.

E. C. MACUTNEY. F. W. VANDERSLOOT.

1. Tho' the way seems dark and drear, I will fol - low where He leads;
2. If my cares are hard to bear, I will fol - low where He leads;
3. Bright will be the dawn of day, If I fol - low where He leads;
4. I shall know of joys di - vine, If I fol - low where He leads;
He my wear - y heart can cheer, I will fol - low where He leads.
He will all my sor - rows share, I will fol - low where He leads.
All the clouds will pass a - way, If I fol - low where He leads.
In His king - dom I shall shine If I fol - low where He leads.
CHORUS.
I will fol - low, I will fol - low, I will fol - low
I will follow where He leads, I will follow where He leads, I will ev- er fol-low
Rit.
where He leads, He will be my guide and ref- uge, If I fol-low where He leads.

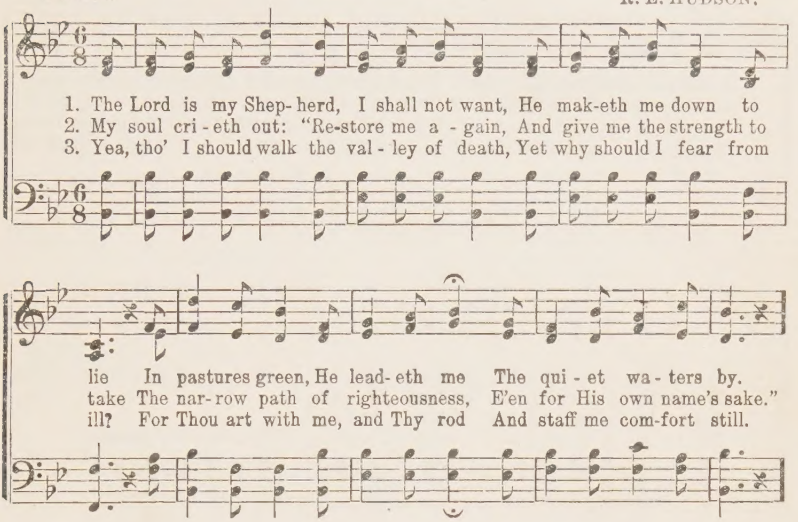
No. 94. Sweeter As the Years Go By.

Copyright, 1912, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
Used by per.

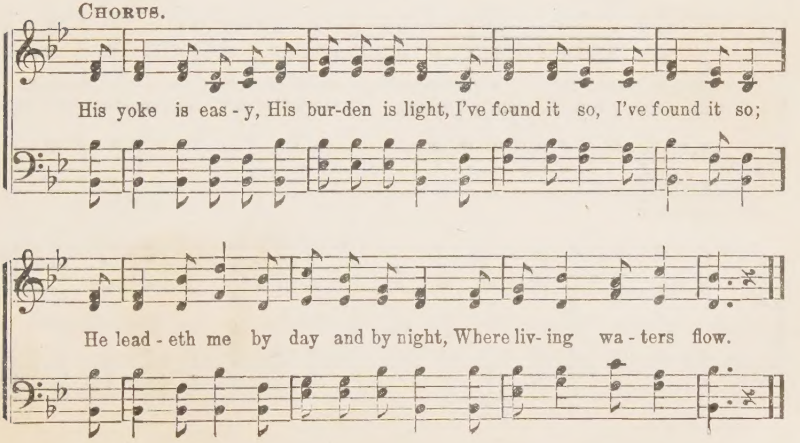
MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Of Je - sus' love that sought me, When I was lost in sin; Of won-drous
2. He trod in old Ju - de - a Life's pathway long a - go; The peo - ple
3. 'Twas wondrous love which led Him For us to suf - fer loss— To bear, with-
grace that bro't me Back to His fold a - gain; Of heights and depths of
thronged about Him, His sav - ing grace to know; He healed the brok-en-
out a mur - mur, The an - guish of the cross; With saints redeemed in
mer - cy, Far deep- er than the sea, And high - er than the heav-ens, My
heart-ed, And caused the blind to see; And still His great heart yearneth In
glo - ry, Let us our voic - es raise, Till heav'n and earth re- ech - o With
CHORUS.
theme shall ev - er be. Sweet-er as the years go by,.....
love for e - ven me.
our Re-deem-er's praise. Sweet - er as the years go by, 'Tis
Sweet-er as the years go by; Rich - er, full - er, deep - er,
sweet - er as the years go by;

Sweeter As the Years Go By.

No. 95. His Yoke Is Easy.

R. E. H. Used by per. of R. E. Hudson. R. E. HUDSON.


1. The Lord is my Shep- herd, I shall not want, He mak-eth me down to lie In pastures green, He lead- eth me The qui - et wa - ters by.
2. My soul cri - eth out: "Re-store me a - gain, And give me the strength to take The nar- row path of righteousness, E'en for His own name's sake."
3. Yea, tho' I should walk the val - ley of death, Yet why should I fear from ill? For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.

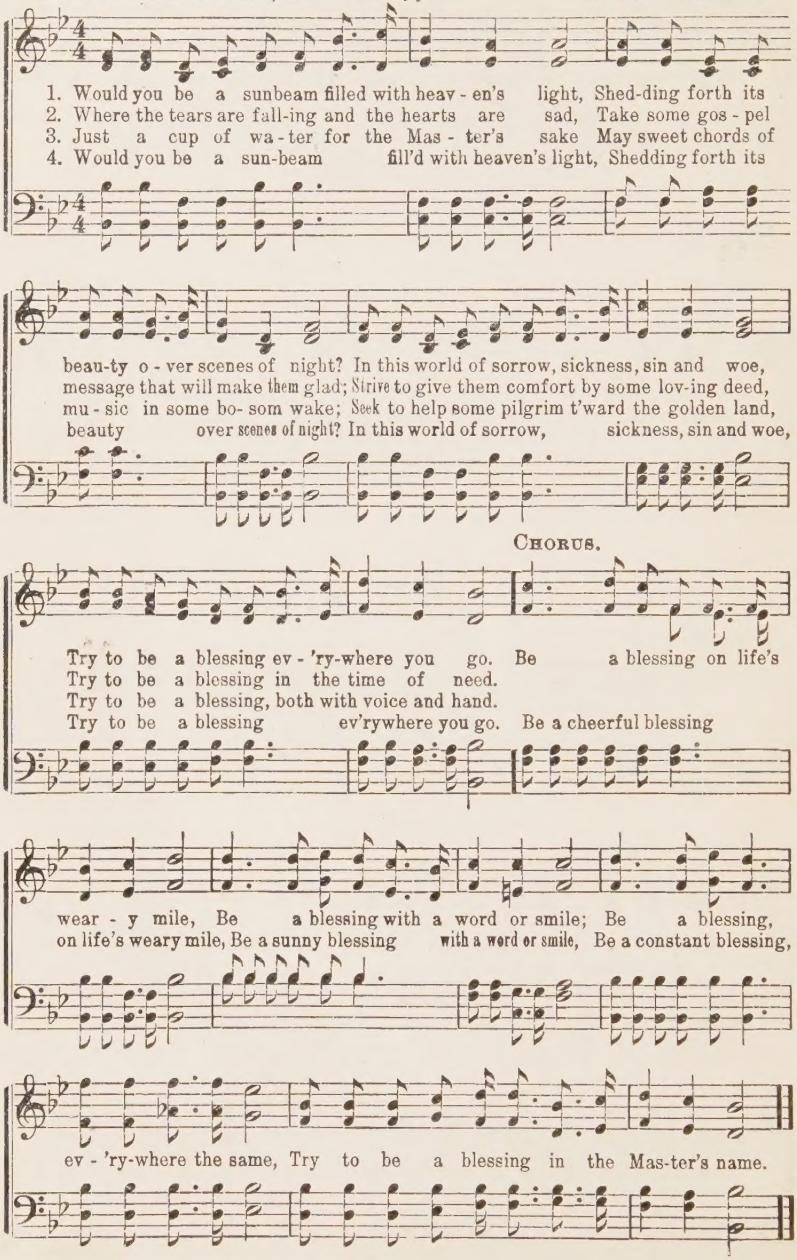
CHORUS.


His yoke is eas - y, His bur-den is light, I've found it so, I've found it so;
He lead - eth me by day and by night, Where liv- ing wa - ters flow.

No. 96. Be a Blessing.

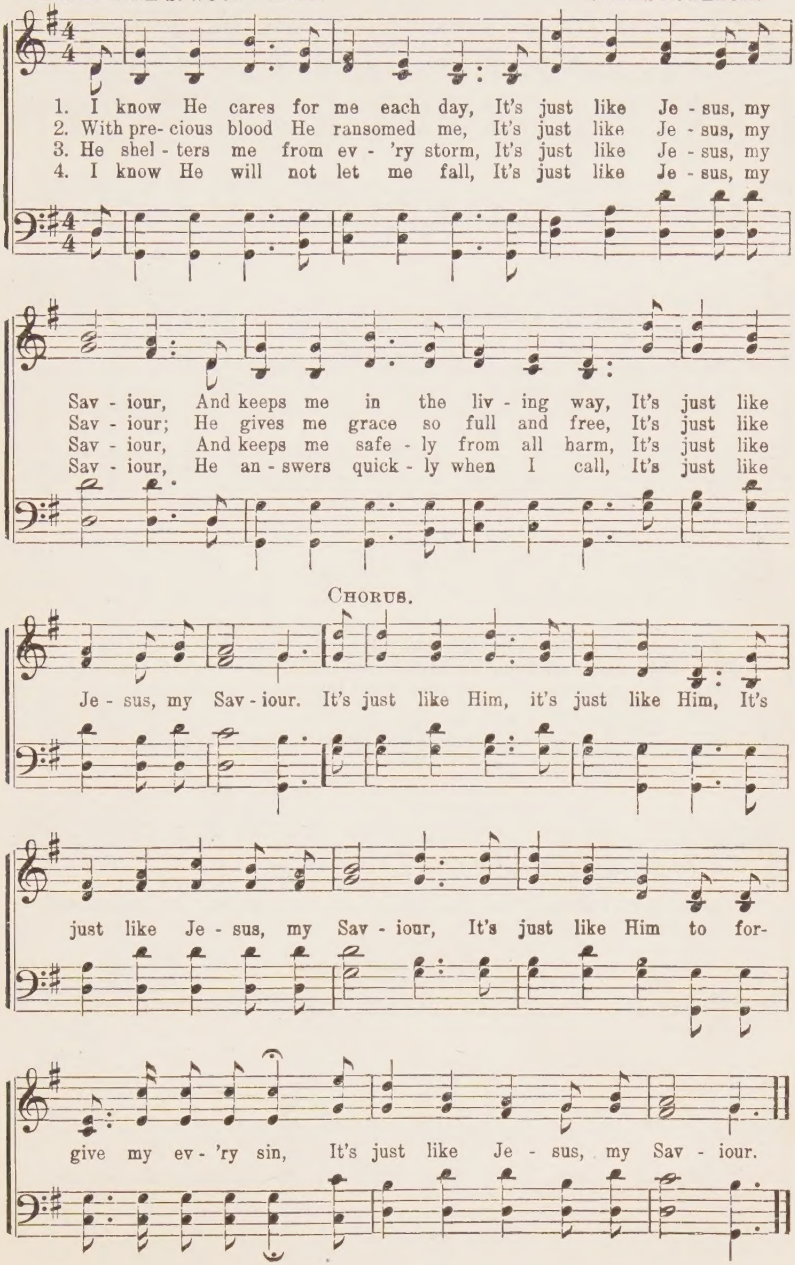
Copyright, 1902, by A. J. Showalter.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. Used by per. A. J. SHOWALTER.


1. Would you be a sunbeam filled with heav - en's light, Shed-ding forth its
2. Where the tears are fall-ing and the hearts are sad, Take some gos - pel
3. Just a cup of wa - ter for the Mas - ter's sake May sweet chords of
4. Would you be a sun-beam fill'd with heaven's light, Shedding forth its
beau-ty o - ver scenes of night? In this world of sorrow, sickness, sin and woe,
message that will make them glad; Strive to give them comfort by some lov-ing deed,
mu - sic in some bo - som wake; Seek to help some pilgrim t'ward the golden land,
beauty over scenes of night? In this world of sorrow, sickness, sin and woe,
CHORUS.
Try to be a blessing ev - 'ry-where you go. Be a blessing on life's
Try to be a blessing in the time of need.
Try to be a blessing, both with voice and hand.
Try to be a blessing ev'rywhere you go. Be a cheerful blessing
wear - y mile, Be a blessing with a word or smile; Be a blessing,
on life's weary mile, Be a sunny blessing with a word or smile, Be a constant blessing,
ev - 'ry-where the same, Try to be a blessing in the Mas-ter's name.

No. 97. It's Just Like Jesus.

Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

KATHARINE S. WOODWORTH. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. I know He cares for me each day, It's just like Je - sus, my
2. With pre - cious blood He ransomed me, It's just like Je - sus, my
3. He shel - ters me from ev - 'ry storm, It's just like Je - sus, my
4. I know He will not let me fall, It's just like Je - sus, my
Sav - iour, And keeps me in the liv - ing way, It's just like
Sav - iour; He gives me grace so full and free, It's just like
Sav - iour, And keeps me safe - ly from all harm, It's just like
Sav - iour, He an - swers quick - ly when I call, It's just like
CHORUS.
Je - sus, my Sav - iour. It's just like Him, it's just like Him, It's
just like Je - sus, my Sav - iour, It's just like Him to for-
give my ev - 'ry sin, It's just like Je - sus, my Sav - iour.

No. 98. He's the One.

Copyright, 1899, by Hall-Mack Co.
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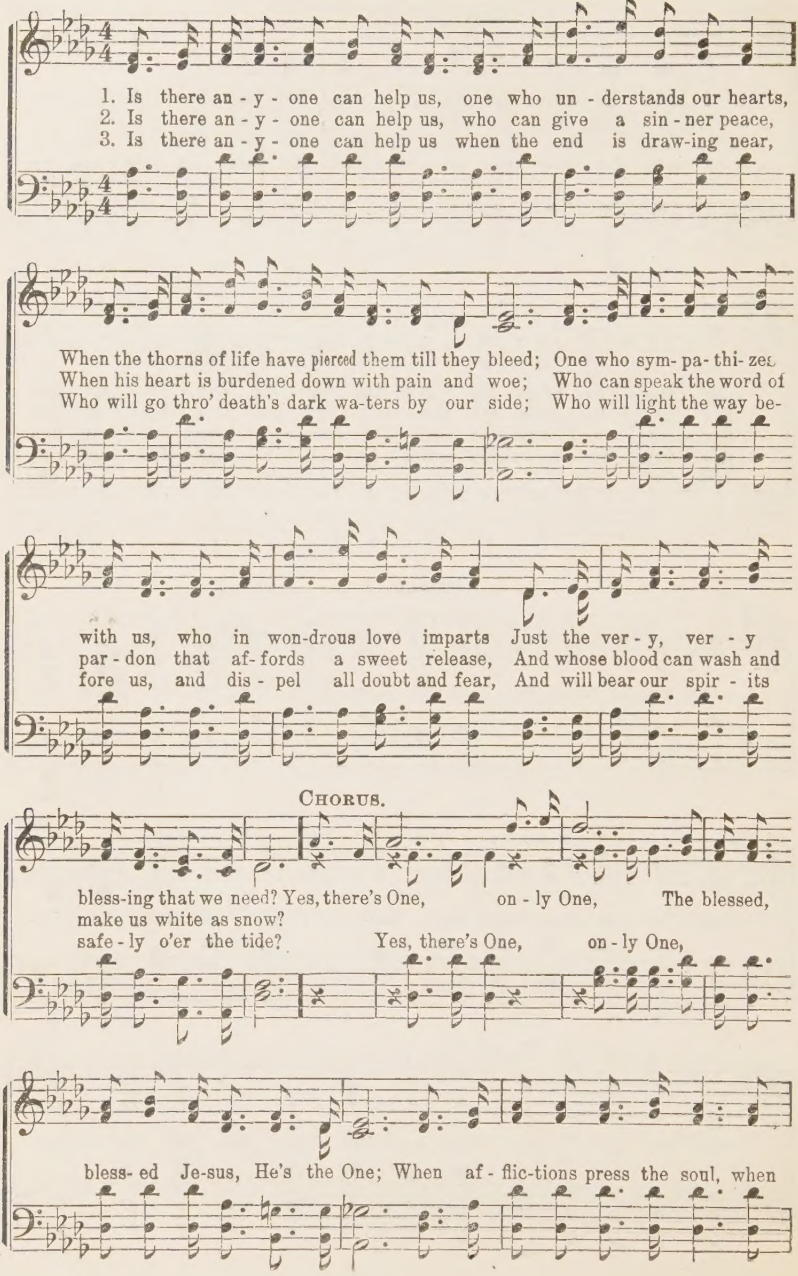
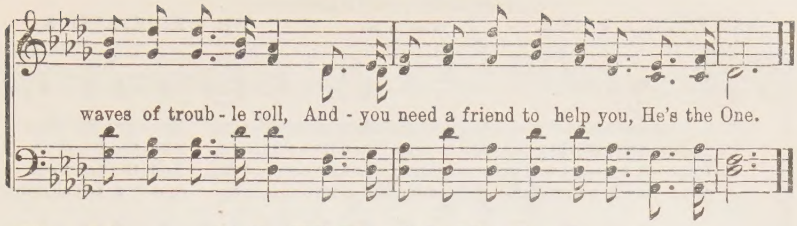
J. B. M. J. B. MACKAY.

1. Is there an - y - one can help us, one who un - derstands our hearts,
2. Is there an - y - one can help us, who can give a sin - ner peace,
3. Is there an - y - one can help us when the end is draw-ing near,
When the thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sym- pa- thi- zes
When his heart is burdened down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of
Who will go thro' death's dark wa-ters by our side; Who will light the way be-
with us, who in won-drous love imparts Just the ver - y, ver - y
par - don that af- fords a sweet release, And whose blood can wash and
fore us, and dis - pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our spir - its
CHORUS.
bless-ing that we need? Yes, there's One, on - ly One, The blessed,
make us white as snow?
safe - ly o'er the tide? Yes, there's One, on - ly One,
bless- ed Je-sus, He's the One; When af - flic-tions press the soul, when

He's the One.



No. 99. It Is Well with My Soul.

Copyright, 1904, by The John Church Co.
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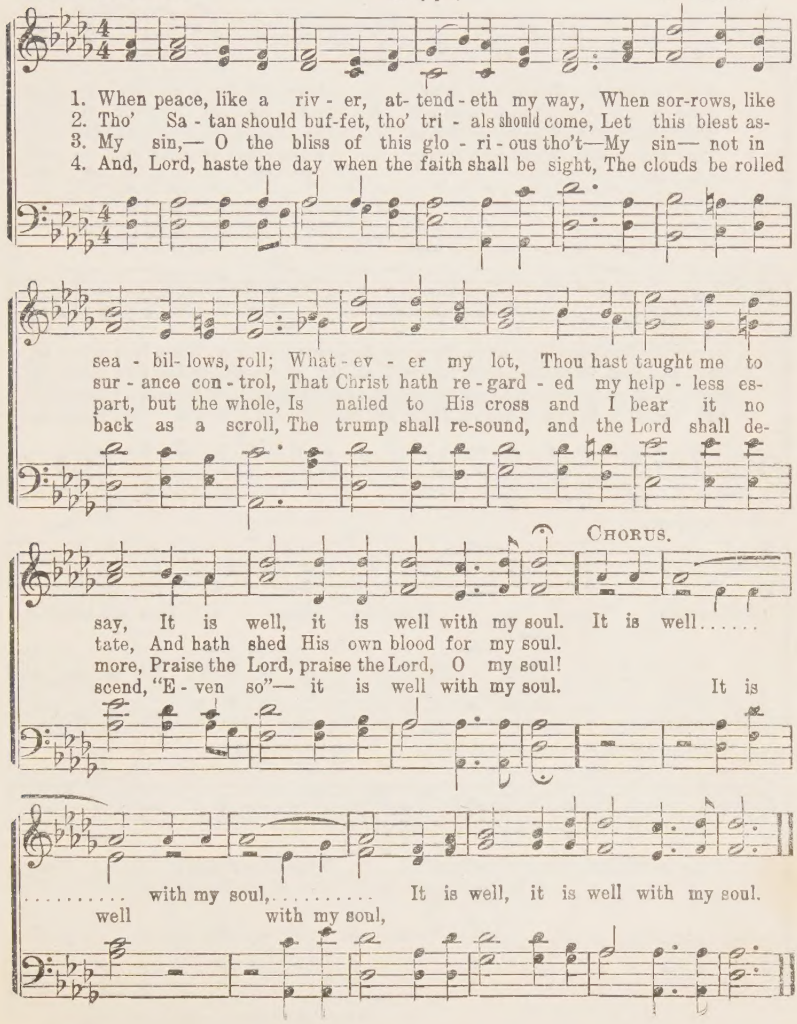
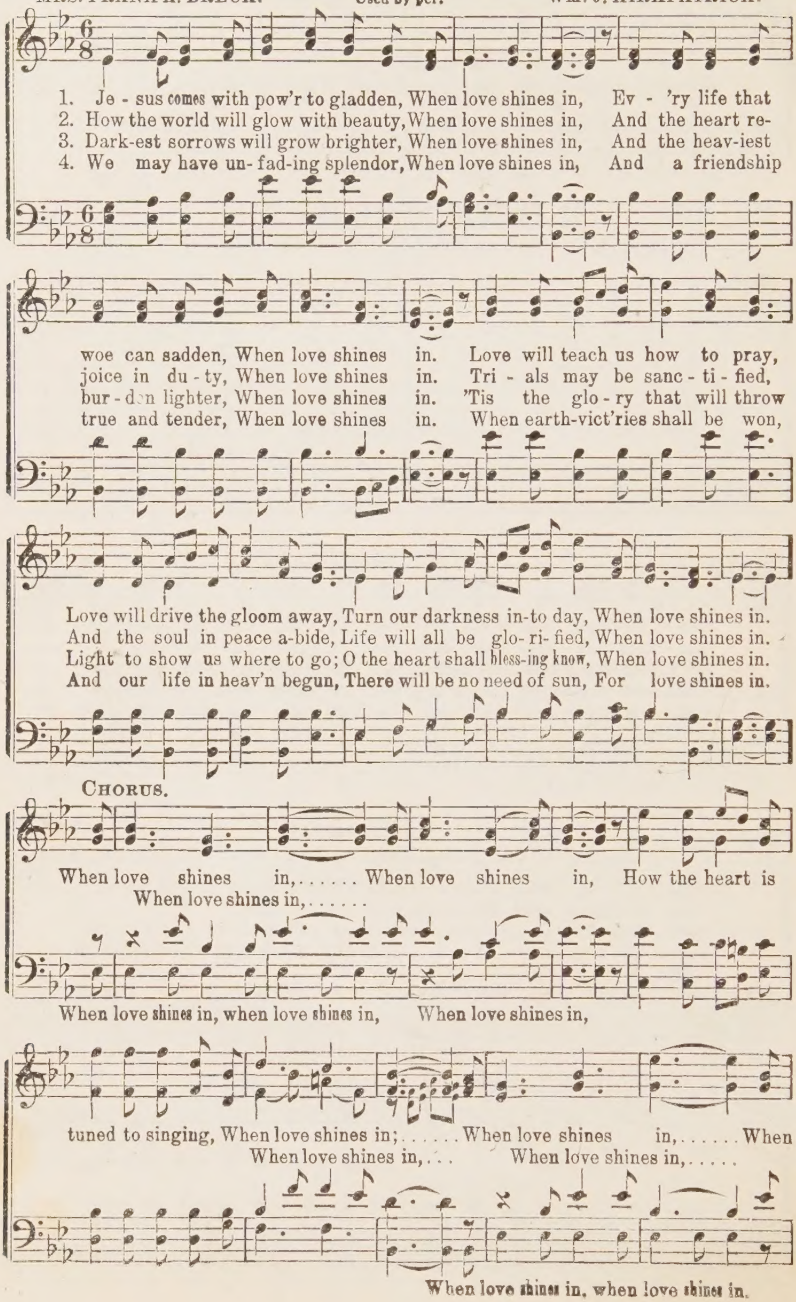
H. G. SPAFFORD. P. P. BLISS.


1. When peace, like a riv - er, at- tend - eth my way, When sor-rows, like
2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf-fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as-
3. My sin,— O the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin— not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled
sea - bil- lows, roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es-
part, but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no
back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound, and the Lord shall de-
CHORUS.
say, It is well, it is well with my soul. It is well.....
tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
scend, "E - ven so"— it is well with my soul. It is
..... with my soul,..... It is well, it is well with my soul.
well with my soul,

No. 100. When Love Shines In.

Copyright, 1902, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. Used by per. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev - 'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Dark-est sorrows will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heav-iest
4. We may have un- fad-ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship
woe can sadden, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied,
bur - den lighter, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
true and tender, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,
Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness in-to day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace a-bide, Life will all be glo- ri- fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall bless-ing know, When love shines in.
And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.
CHORUS.
When love shines in,..... When love shines in, How the heart is
When love shines in,.....
When love shines in, when love shines in, When love shines in,
tuned to singing, When love shines in;..... When love shines in,..... When
When love shines in,... When love shines in,.....
When love shines in, when love shines in.

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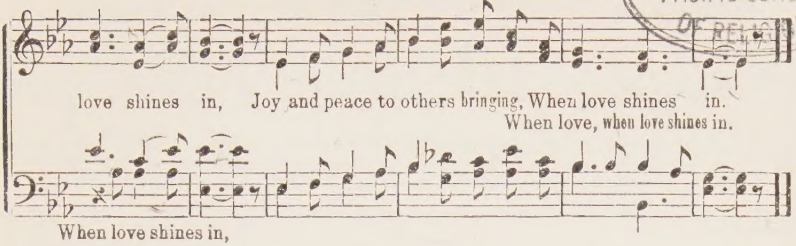
When Love Shines In.

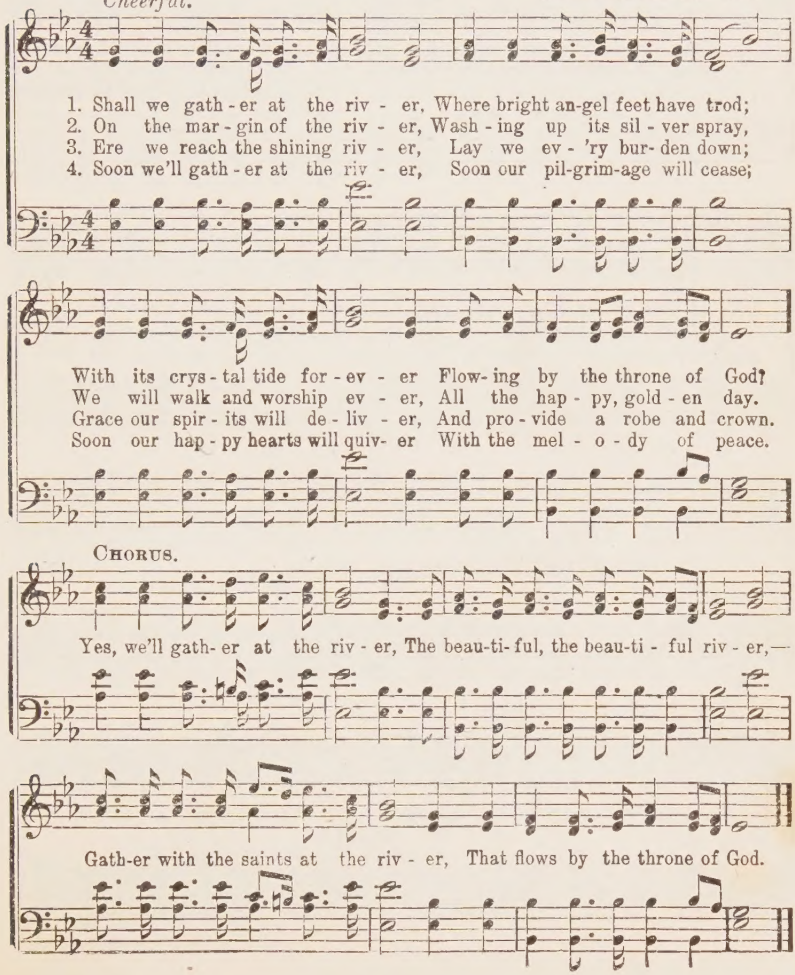


No. 101. Beautiful River.

Copyright property of Mary Runyon Lowry.
Used by per.

R. L.

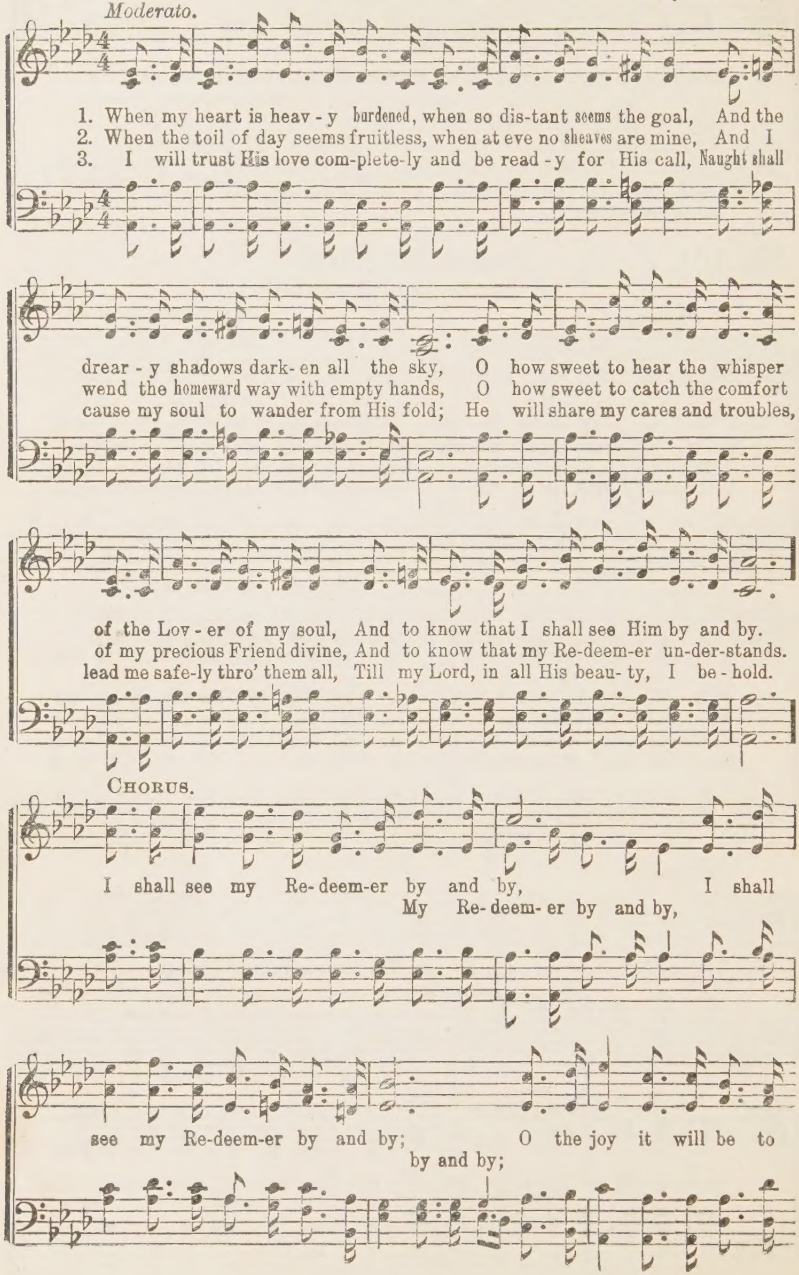
REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

Cheerful.

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shining riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur- den down;
4. Soon we'll gath - er at the riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow- ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and worship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv- er With the mel - o - dy of peace.
CHORUS.
Yes, we'll gath- er at the riv - er, The beau-ti- ful, the beau-ti - ful riv - er,—
Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.

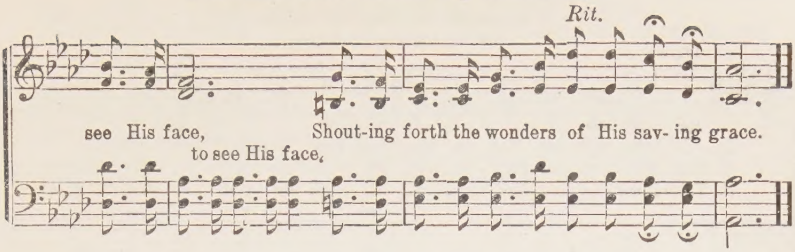
No. 102. I Shall See Him By and By.

Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

JAMES ROWE. ELLA L. QUIGGLE.

Moderato.

1. When my heart is heav - y burdened, when so dis-tant seems the goal, And the
2. When the toil of day seems fruitless, when at eve no sheaves are mine, And I
3. I will trust His love com-plete-ly and be read - y for His call, Naught shall
drear - y shadows dark- en all the sky, O how sweet to hear the whisper
wend the homeward way with empty hands, O how sweet to catch the comfort
cause my soul to wander from His fold; He will share my cares and troubles,
of the Lov - er of my soul, And to know that I shall see Him by and by.
of my precious Friend divine, And to know that my Re-deem-er un-der-stands.
lead me safe-ly thro' them all, Till my Lord, in all His beau- ty, I be - hold.
CHORUS.
I shall see my Re- deem-er by and by, I shall
My Re- deem- er by and by,
see my Re-deem-er by and by; O the joy it will be to
by and by;

I Shall See Him By and By.



No. 103. We'll Never Say Good-Bye.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

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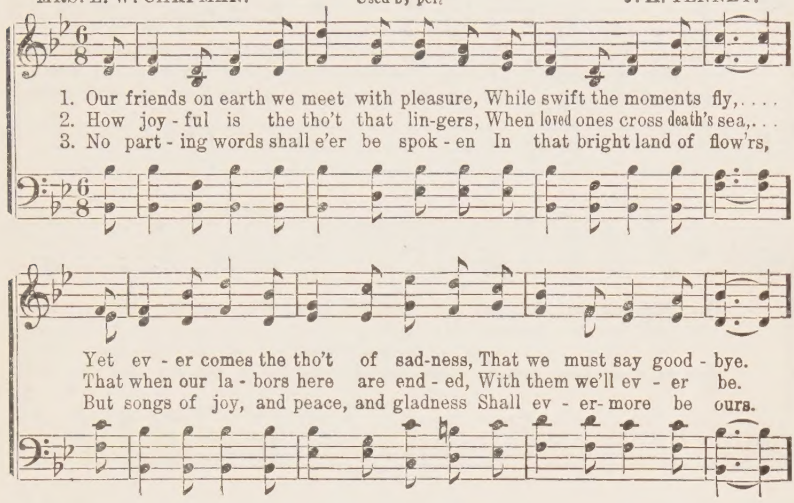
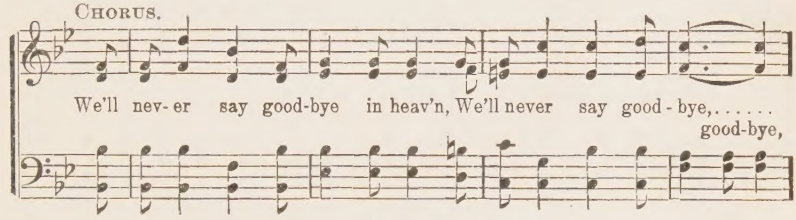
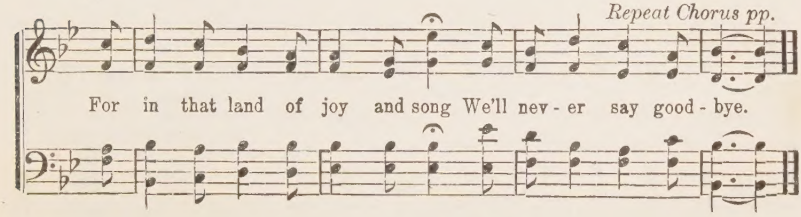
J. H. TENNEY.


1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the moments fly,....
2. How joy - ful is the tho't that lin-gers, When loved ones cross death's sea,...
3. No part - ing words shall e'er be spok - en In that bright land of flow'rs,
Yet ev - er comes the tho't of sad-ness, That we must say good - bye.
That when our la - bors here are end - ed, With them we'll ev - er be.
But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness Shall ev - er- more be ours.



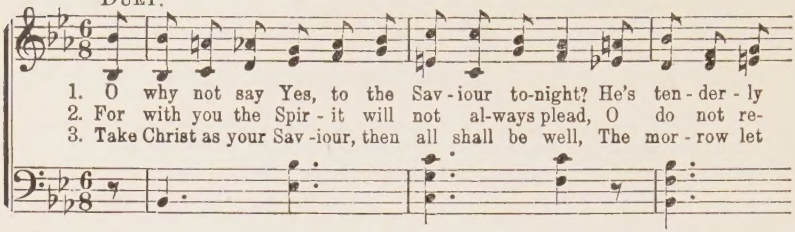


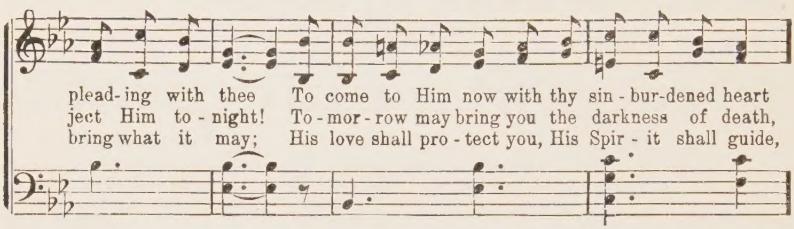
No. 104. Why Not Say Yes To-night?

Copyright, 1901, by R. A. Walton.
W. E. Beiderwolf, Owner.

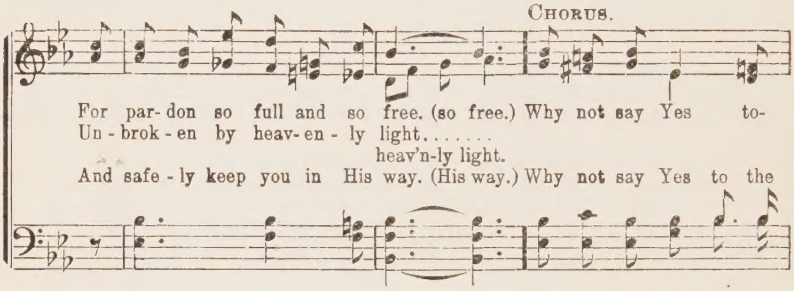
EFFIE WELLS LOUCKS. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

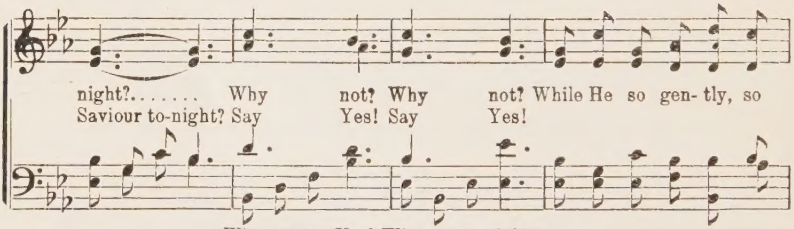
DUET.


1. O why not say Yes, to the Sav - iour to-night? He's ten - der - ly
2. For with you the Spir - it will not al-ways plead, O do not re-
3. Take Christ as your Sav - iour, then all shall be well, The mor - row let

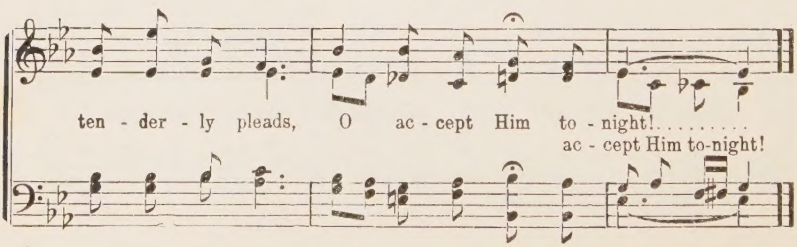

plead - ing with thee To come to Him now with thy sin - bur-dened heart
ject Him to - night! To - mor - row may bring you the darkness of death,
bring what it may; His love shall pro - tect you, His Spir - it shall guide,

CHORUS.


For par - don so full and so free. (so free.) Why not say Yes to-
Un - brok - en by heav - en - ly light.....
heav'n-ly light.
And safe - ly keep you in His way. (His way.) Why not say Yes to the



Why not say Yes? Why not to-night?



No. 105. There's No Friend Like Jesus.

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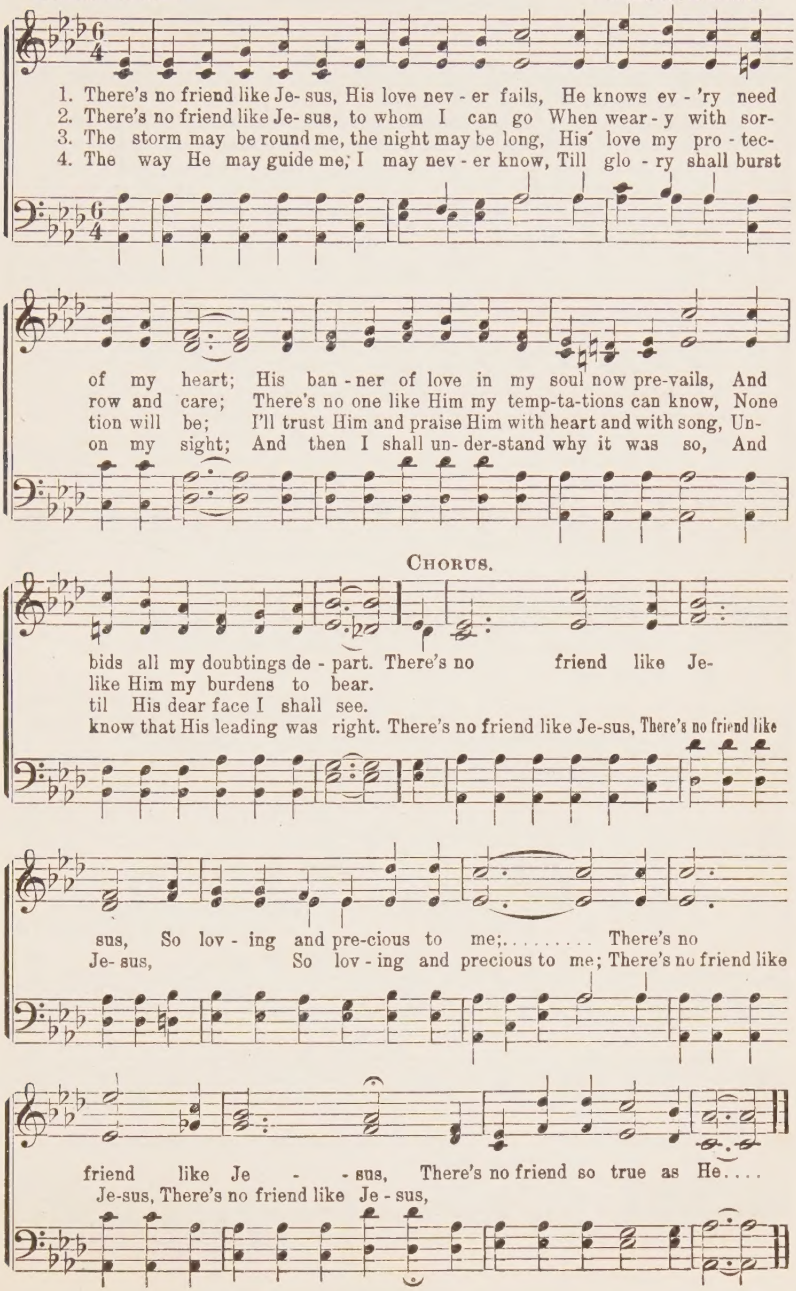
ALICE HORTON. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. There's no friend like Je- sus, His love nev - er fails, He knows ev - 'ry need
2. There's no friend like Je- sus, to whom I can go When wear - y with sor-
3. The storm may be round me, the night may be long, His love my pro - tec-
4. The way He may guide me, I may nev - er know, Till glo - ry shall burst
of my heart; His ban - ner of love in my soul now pre-vails, And
row and care; There's no one like Him my temp-ta-tions can know, None
tion will be; I'll trust Him and praise Him with heart and with song, Un-
on my sight; And then I shall un- der-stand why it was so, And
CHORUS.
bids all my doubtings de - part. There's no friend like Je-
like Him my burdens to bear.
til His dear face I shall see.
know that His leading was right. There's no friend like Je-sus, There's no friend like
sus, So lov - ing and pre-cious to me;..... There's no
Je- sus, So lov - ing and precious to me; There's no friend like
friend like Je - - sus, There's no friend so true as He....
Je-sus, There's no friend like Je - sus,

No. 106. The Day of Glory.

"Home at last."—Rev. W. A. Sunday.

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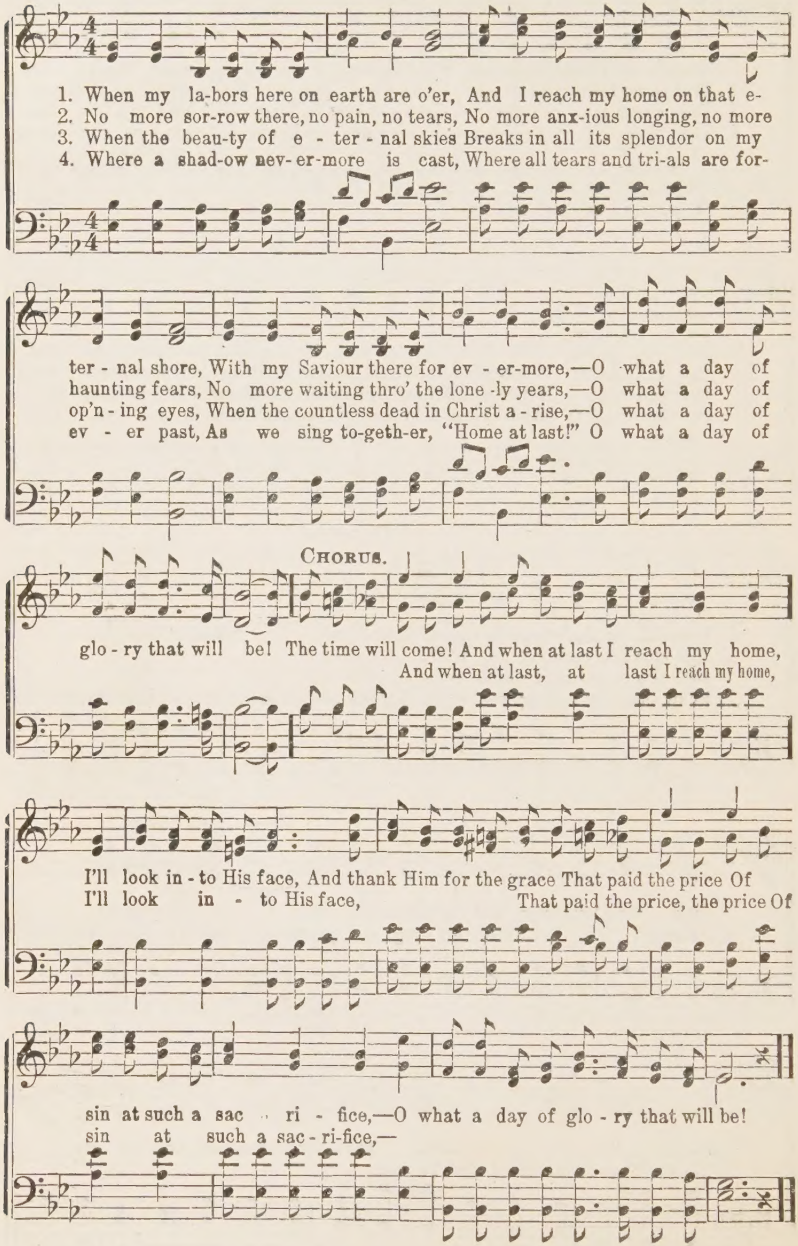
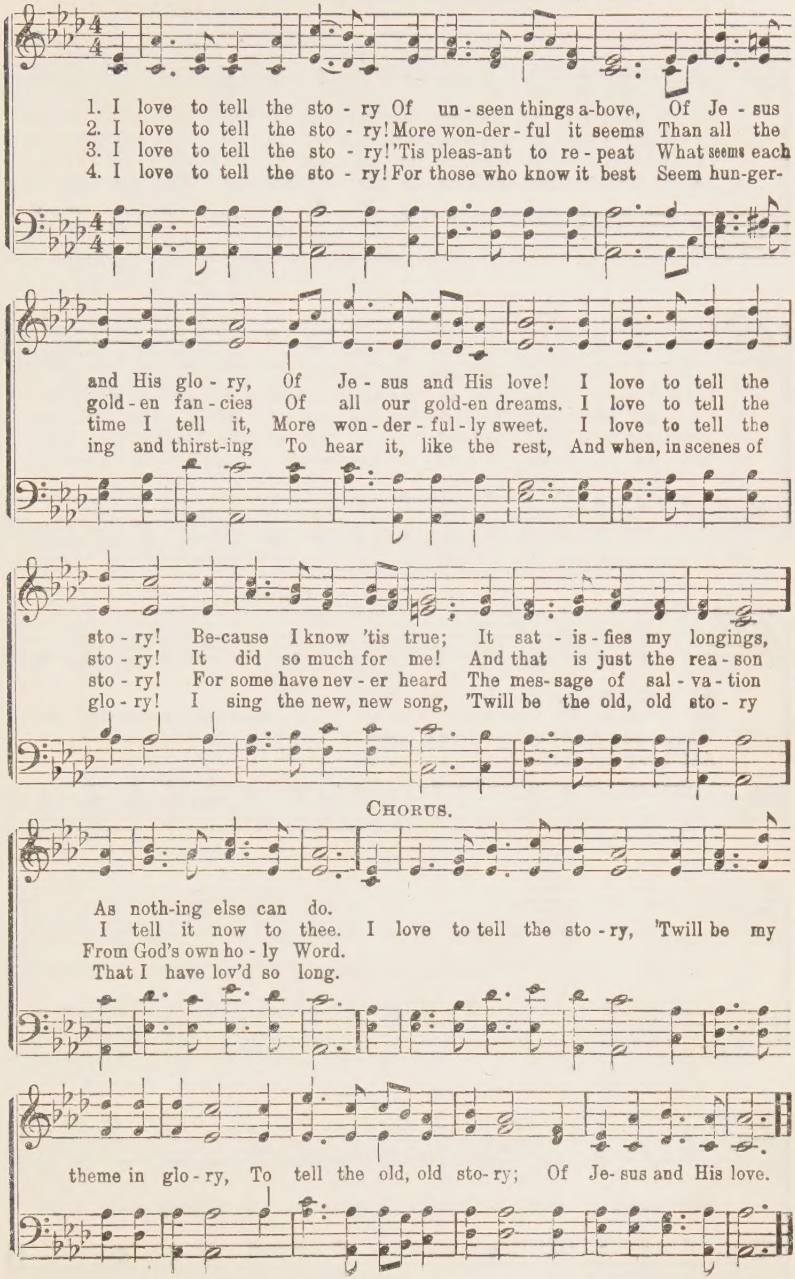
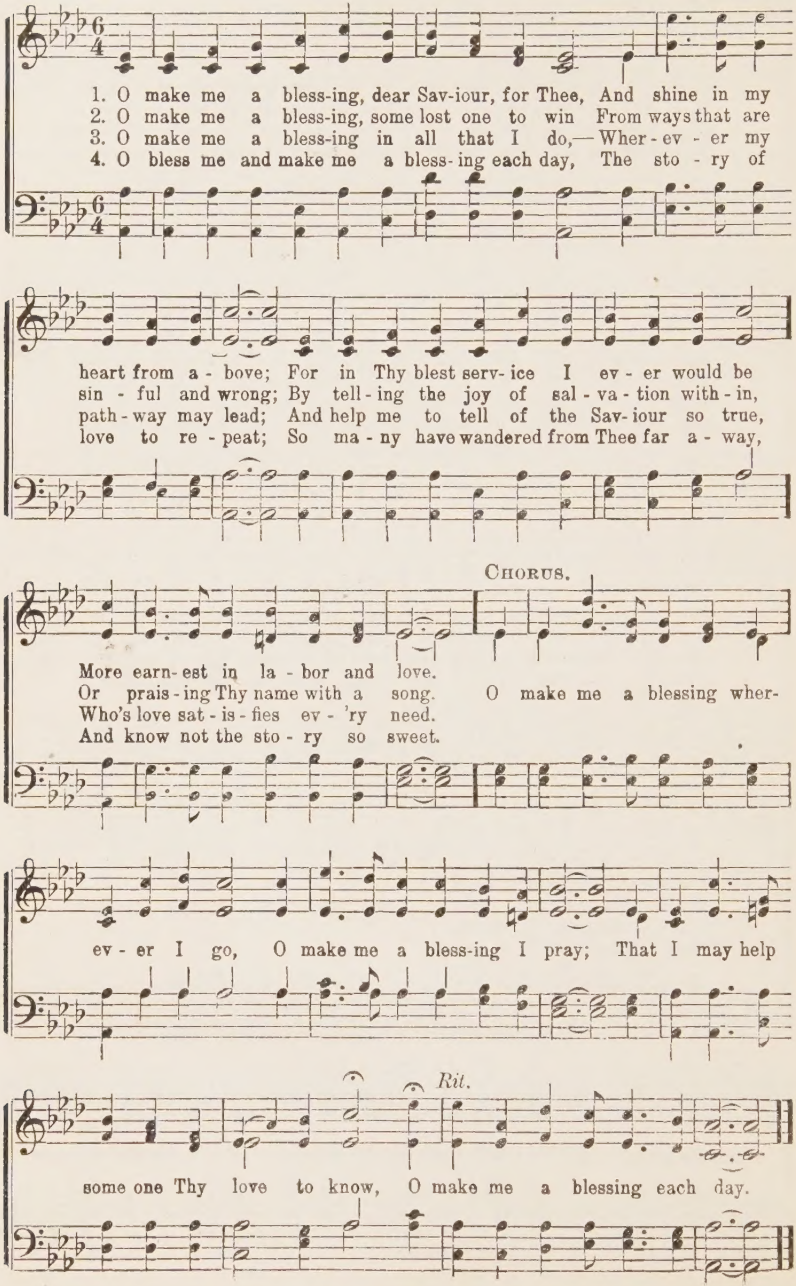
C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. When my la-bors here on earth are o'er, And I reach my home on that e-
2. No more sor-row there, no pain, no tears, No more anx-ious longing, no more
3. When the beau-ty of e - ter - nal skies Breaks in all its splendor on my
4. Where a shad-ow nev- er-more is cast, Where all tears and tri-als are for-
ter - nal shore, With my Saviour there for ev - er-more,—O what a day of
haunting fears, No more waiting thro' the lone -ly years,—O what a day of
op'n - ing eyes, When the countless dead in Christ a - rise,—O what a day of
ev - er past, As we sing to-geth-er, "Home at last!" O what a day of
Chorus.
glo - ry that will be! The time will come! And when at last I reach my home,
And when at last, at last I reach my home,
I'll look in - to His face, And thank Him for the grace That paid the price Of
I'll look in - to His face, That paid the price, the price Of
sin at such a sac - ri - fice,—O what a day of glo - ry that will be!
sin at such a sac - ri-fice,—

No. 107. I Love to Tell the Story.

KATE HANKEY. W. G. FISHER. By per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry! More won-der - ful it seems Than all the
3. I love to tell the sto - ry! 'Tis pleas-ant to re - peat What seems each
4. I love to tell the sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem hun-ger-
and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love! I love to tell the
gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the
time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
ing and thirst-ing To hear it, like the rest, And when, in scenes of
sto - ry! Be-cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my longings,
sto - ry! It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son
sto - ry! For some have nev - er heard The mes-sage of sal - va - tion
glo - ry! I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry
CHORUS.
As noth-ing else can do.
I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my
From God's own ho - ly Word.
That I have lov'd so long.
theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry; Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 108. Make Me a Blessing.

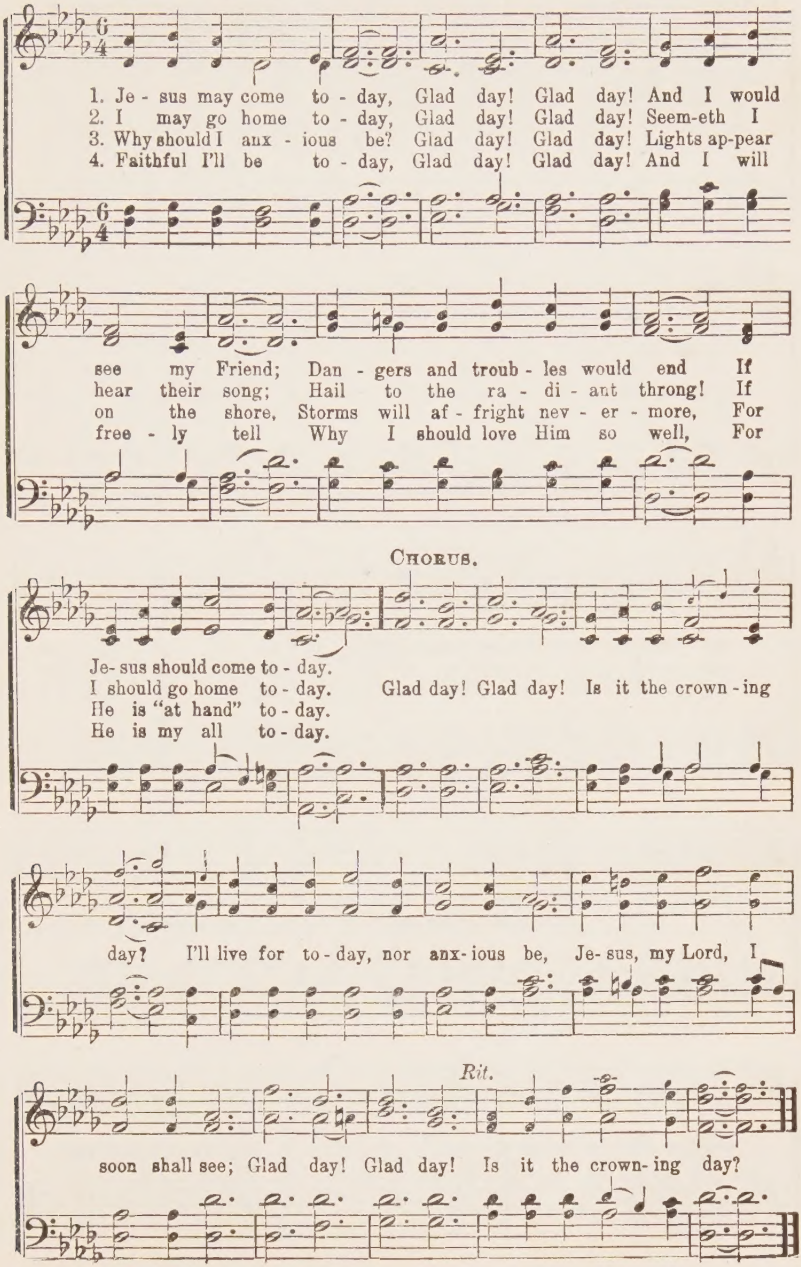
Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

J. M. B. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. O make me a bless-ing, dear Sav-iour, for Thee, And shine in my
2. O make me a bless-ing, some lost one to win From ways that are
3. O make me a bless-ing in all that I do,— Wher-ev-er my
4. O bless me and make me a bless-ing each day, The sto-ry of
heart from a-bove; For in Thy blest serv-ice I ev-er would be
sin-ful and wrong; By tell-ing the joy of sal-va-tion with-in,
path-way may lead; And help me to tell of the Sav-iour so true,
love to re-peat; So ma-ny have wandered from Thee far a-way,
CHORUS.
More earn-est in la-bor and love.
Or prais-ing Thy name with a song.
Who's love sat-is-fies ev-'ry need.
And know not the sto-ry so sweet.
O make me a blessing wher-
ev-er I go, O make me a bless-ing I pray; That I may help
Rit.
some one Thy love to know, O make me a blessing each day.

No. 109. Is It the Crowning Day?

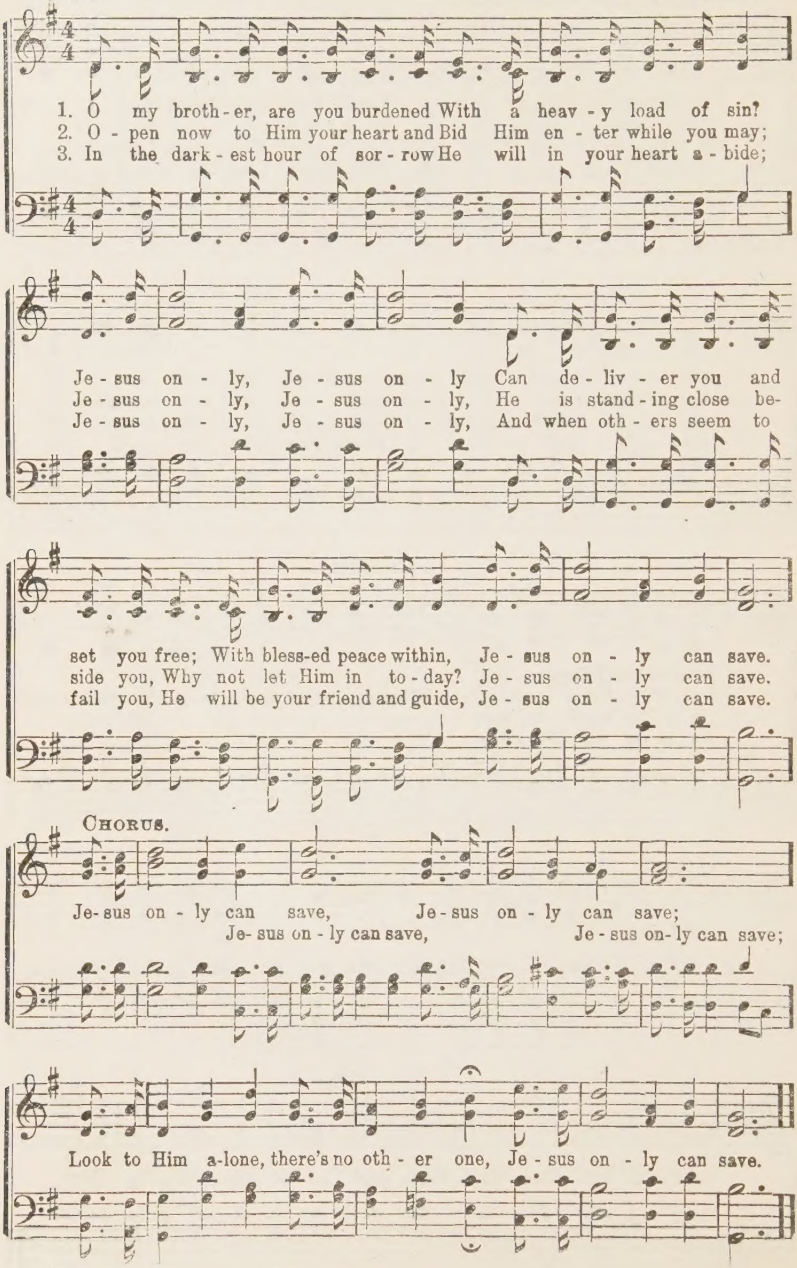
Copyright, 1910, by Praise Pub. Co., Phila., Pa. Used by per.

GEORGE WALKER WHITCOMB. CHARLES H. MARSH.


1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I would
2. I may go home to - day, Glad day! Glad day! Seem-eth I
3. Why should I anx - ious be? Glad day! Glad day! Lights ap-pear
4. Faithful I'll be to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I will
see my Friend; Dan - gers and troub - les would end If
hear their song; Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If
on the shore, Storms will af - fright nev - er - more, For
free - ly tell Why I should love Him so well, For
CHORUS.
Je- sus should come to - day.
I should go home to - day.
He is "at hand" to - day.
He is my all to - day.
Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown - ing
day? I'll live for to - day, nor anx-ious be, Je- sus, my Lord, I
Rit.
soon shall see; Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown- ing day?

No. 110. Jesus Only Can Save.

Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

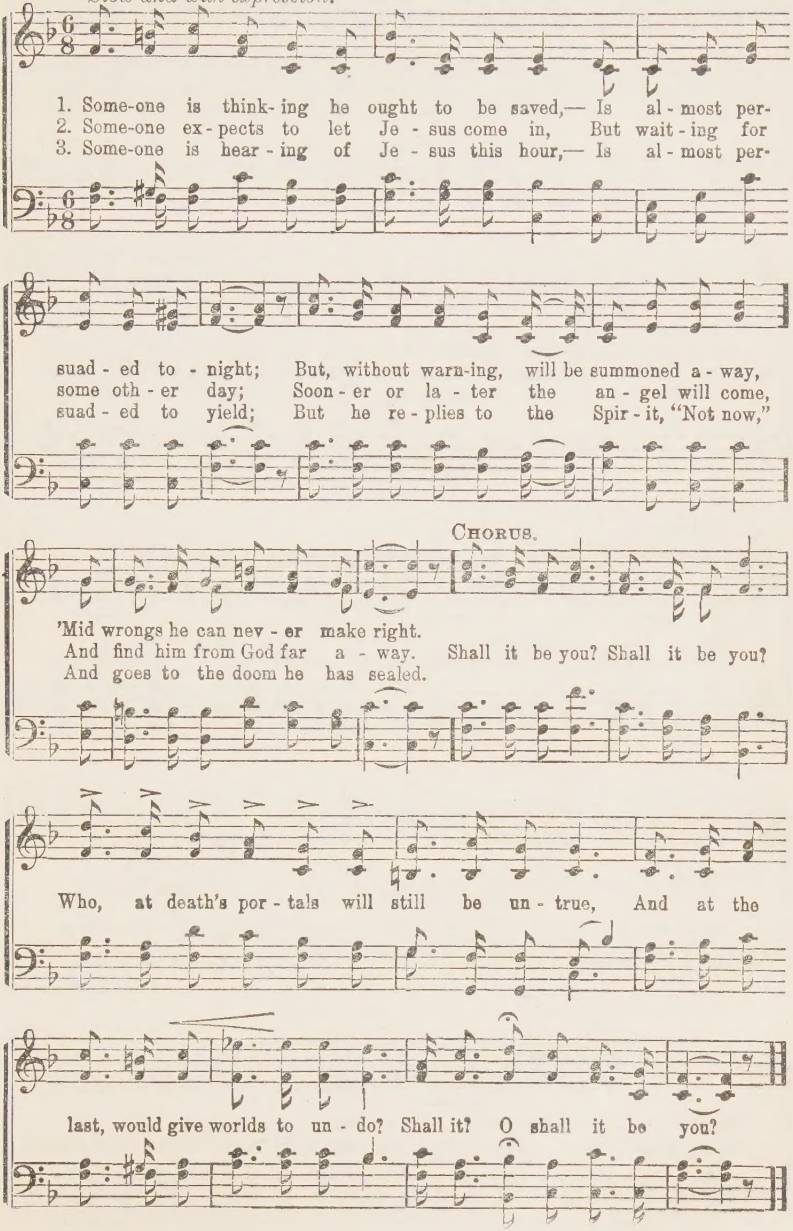
C. W. S. C. W. STANLEY.

1. O my broth-er, are you burdened With a heav-y load of sin?
2. O-pen now to Him your heart and Bid Him en-ter while you may;
3. In the dark-est hour of sor-row He will in your heart a-bide;
Je-sus on-ly, Je-sus on-ly Can de-liv-er you and
Je-sus on-ly, Je-sus on-ly, He is stand-ing close be-
Je-sus on-ly, Je-sus on-ly, And when oth-ers seem to
set you free; With bless-ed peace within, Je-sus on-ly can save.
side you, Why not let Him in to-day? Je-sus on-ly can save.
fail you, He will be your friend and guide, Je-sus on-ly can save.
CHORUS.
Je-sus on-ly can save, Je-sus on-ly can save;
Je-sus on-ly can save, Je-sus on-ly can save;
Look to Him a-lone, there's no oth-er one, Je-sus on-ly can save.

No. 111. Shall It Be You?

(SOLO.)

Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

E. G. Y. EDNA G. YOUNG.

Slow and with expression.

1. Some-one is think-ing he ought to be saved,— Is al-most per-
2. Some-one ex-pects to let Je-sus come in, But wait-ing for
3. Some-one is hear-ing of Je-sus this hour,— Is al-most per-
suad-ed to-night; But, without warn-ing, will be summoned a-way,
some oth-er day; Soon-er or la-ter the an-gel will come,
suad-ed to yield; But he re-plies to the Spir-it, "Not now,"
CHORUS.
'Mid wrongs he can nev-er make right.
And find him from God far a-way. Shall it be you? Shall it be you?
And goes to the doom he has sealed.
Who, at death's por-tals will still be un-true, And at the
last, would give worlds to un-do? Shall it? O shall it be you?

No. 112. Never Give Up.

Copyright, 1903, by The Biglow & Main Co.
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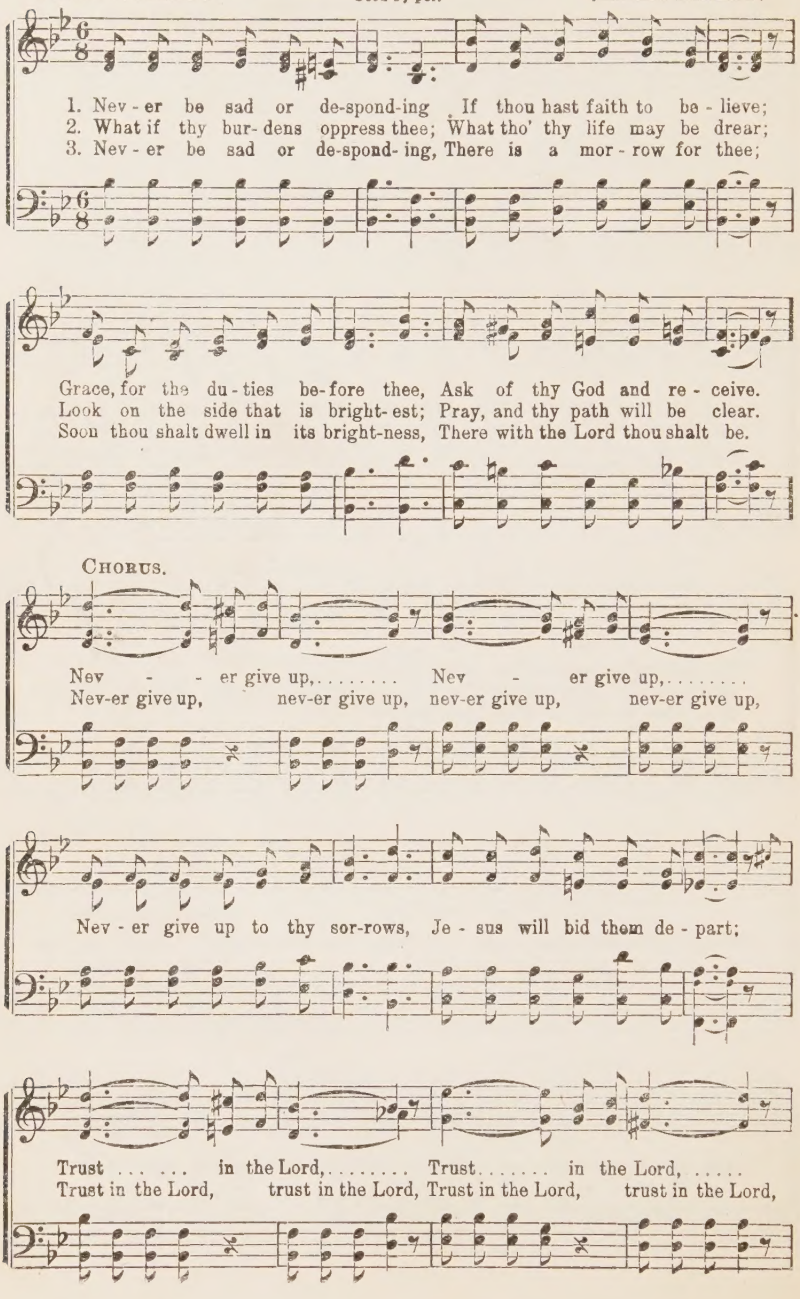
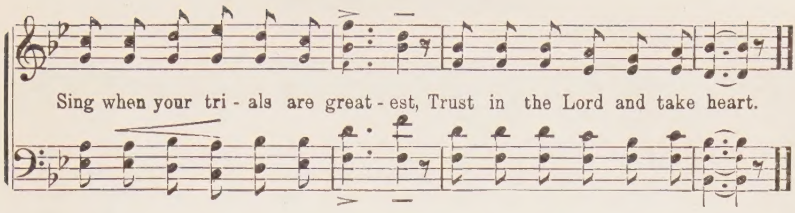
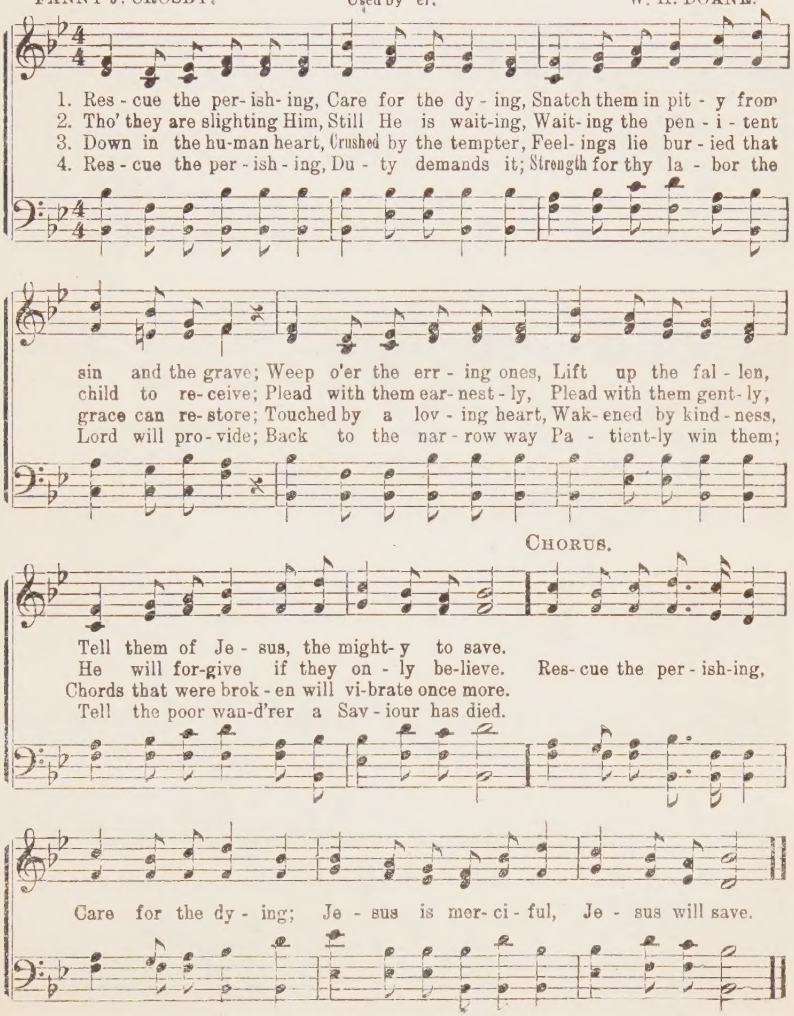
FANNY J. CROSBY. I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. Nev - er be sad or de-spond-ing If thou hast faith to be - lieve;
2. What if thy bur-dens oppress thee; What tho' thy life may be drear;
3. Nev - er be sad or de-spond- ing, There is a mor - row for thee;
Grace, for the du - ties be-fore thee, Ask of thy God and re - ceive.
Look on the side that is bright- est; Pray, and thy path will be clear.
Soon thou shalt dwell in its bright-ness, There with the Lord thou shalt be.
CHORUS.
Nev - - er give up,..... Nev - er give up,.....
Nev-er give up, nev-er give up, nev-er give up, nev-er give up,
Nev - er give up to thy sor-rows, Je - sus will bid them de - part;
Trust ..... in the Lord,..... Trust..... in the Lord, ...
Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord,

Never Give Up.



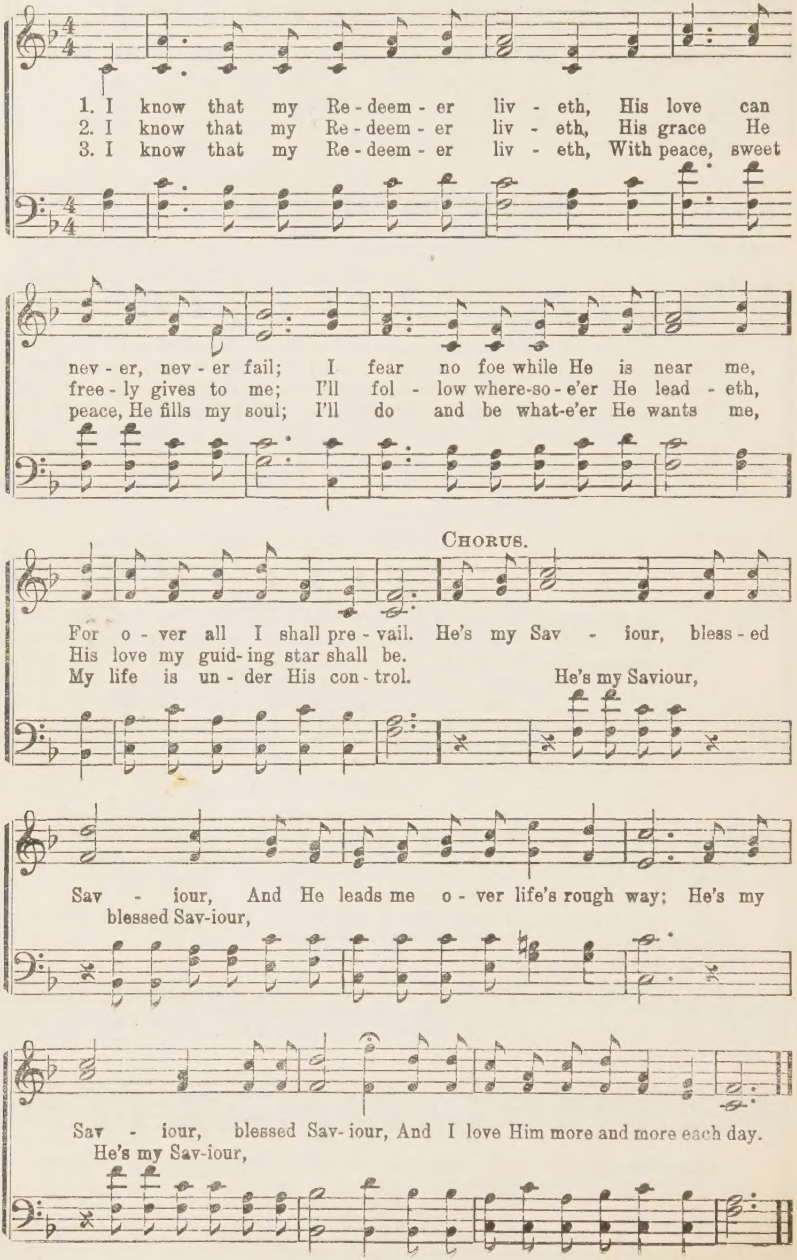
No. 113. Rescue the Perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane. Used by per. W. H. DOANE.


1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la - bor the
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing ones, Lift up the fal - len,
child to re-ceive; Plead with them ear-nest - ly, Plead with them gent - ly,
grace can re-store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind - ness,
Lord will pro-vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient-ly win them;
CHORUS.
Tell them of Je - sus, the might - y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per - ish-ing,
Chords that were brok - en will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - iour has died.
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer-ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

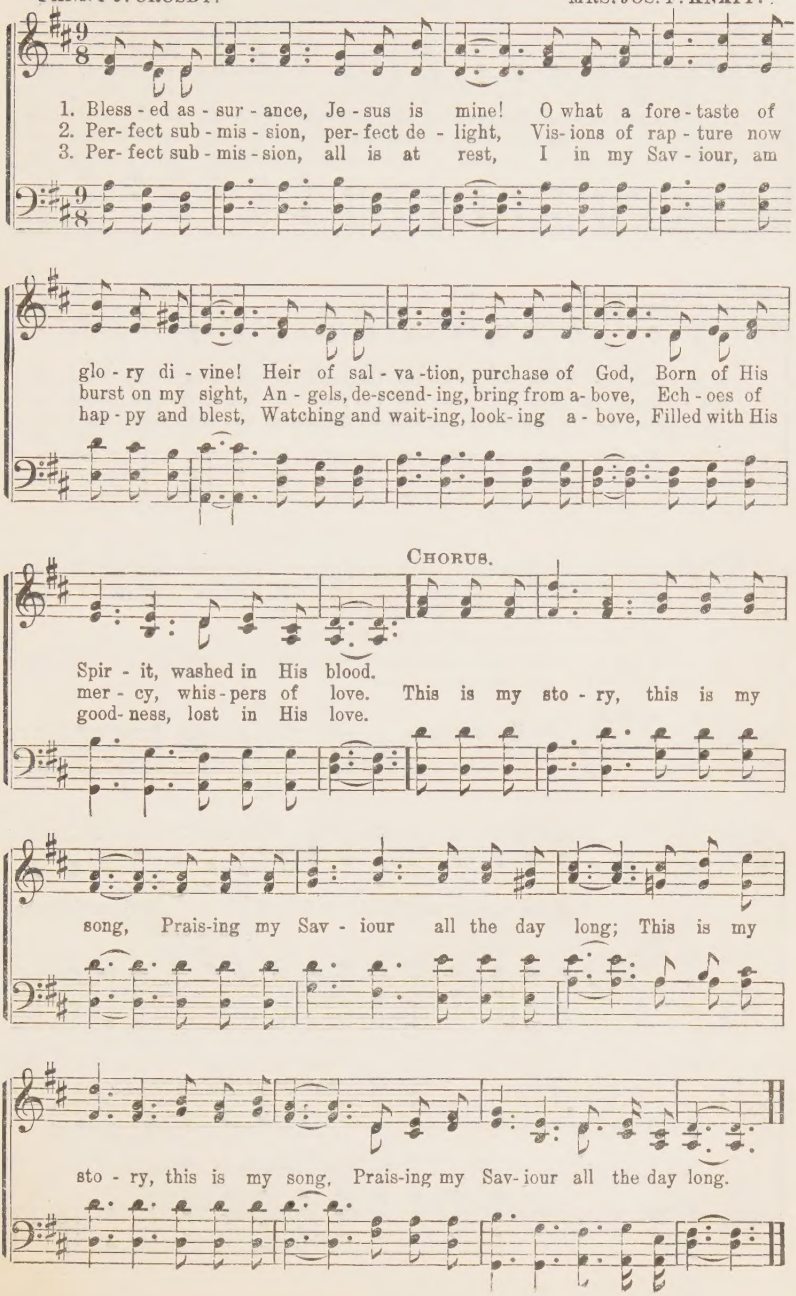
No. 114. I Know That My Redeemer Liveth.

Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

KATHARINE S. WADSWORTH. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. I know that my Re - deem - er liv - eth, His love can
2. I know that my Re - deem - er liv - eth, His grace He
3. I know that my Re - deem - er liv - eth, With peace, sweet
nev - er, nev - er fail; I fear no foe while He is near me,
free - ly gives to me; I'll fol - low where-so - e'er He lead - eth,
peace, He fills my soul; I'll do and be what-e'er He wants me,
Chorus.
For o - ver all I shall pre - vail. He's my Sav - iour, bless - ed
His love my guid - ing star shall be.
My life is un - der His con - trol.
He's my Saviour,
Sav - iour, And He leads me o - ver life's rough way; He's my
blessed Sav-iour,
Sav - iour, blessed Sav - iour, And I love Him more and more each day.
He's my Sav-iour,

No. 115. Blessed Assurance.

Used by per.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O what a fore - taste of
2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of rap - ture now
3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour, am
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of His
burst on my sight, An - gels, de-scend - ing, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of
hap - py and blest, Watching and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His
CHORUS.
Spir - it, washed in His blood.
mer - cy, whis - pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
good - ness, lost in His love.
song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my
sto - ry, this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - iour all the day long.

No. 116. Sowing the Seed of the Kingdom.

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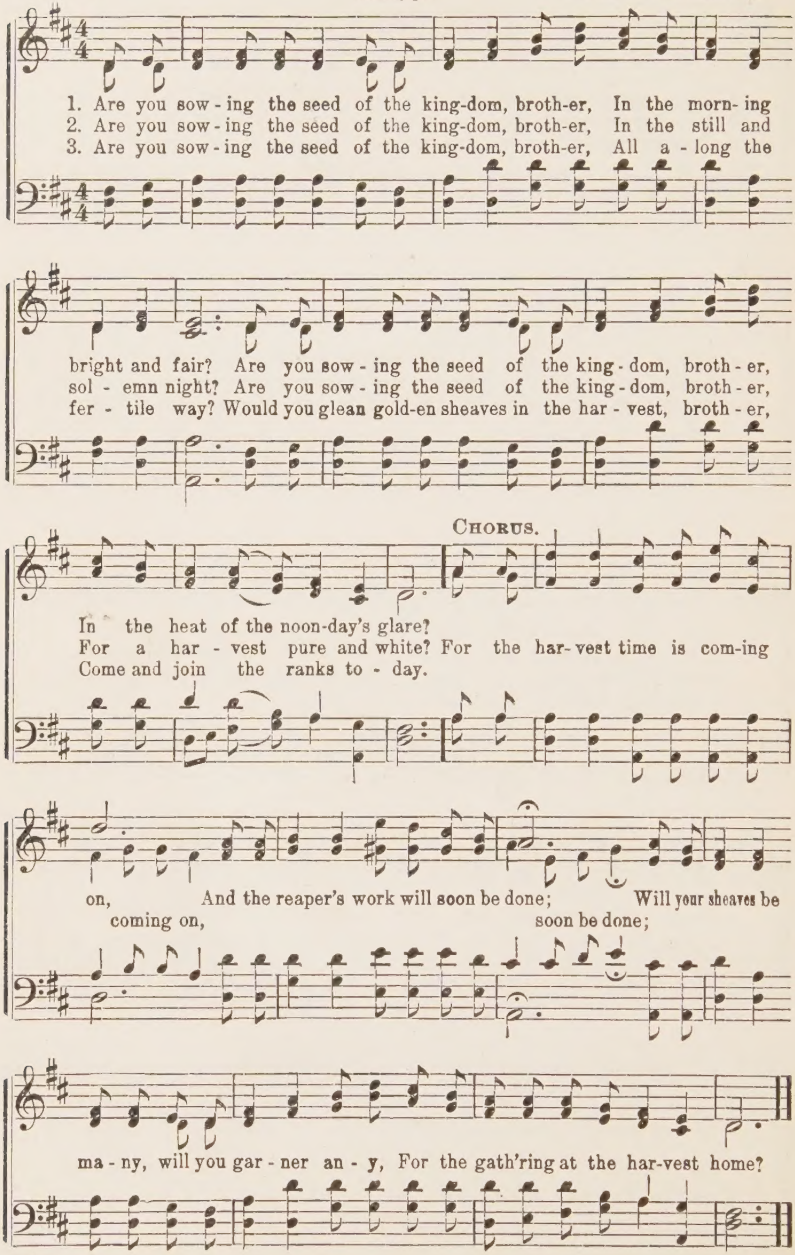
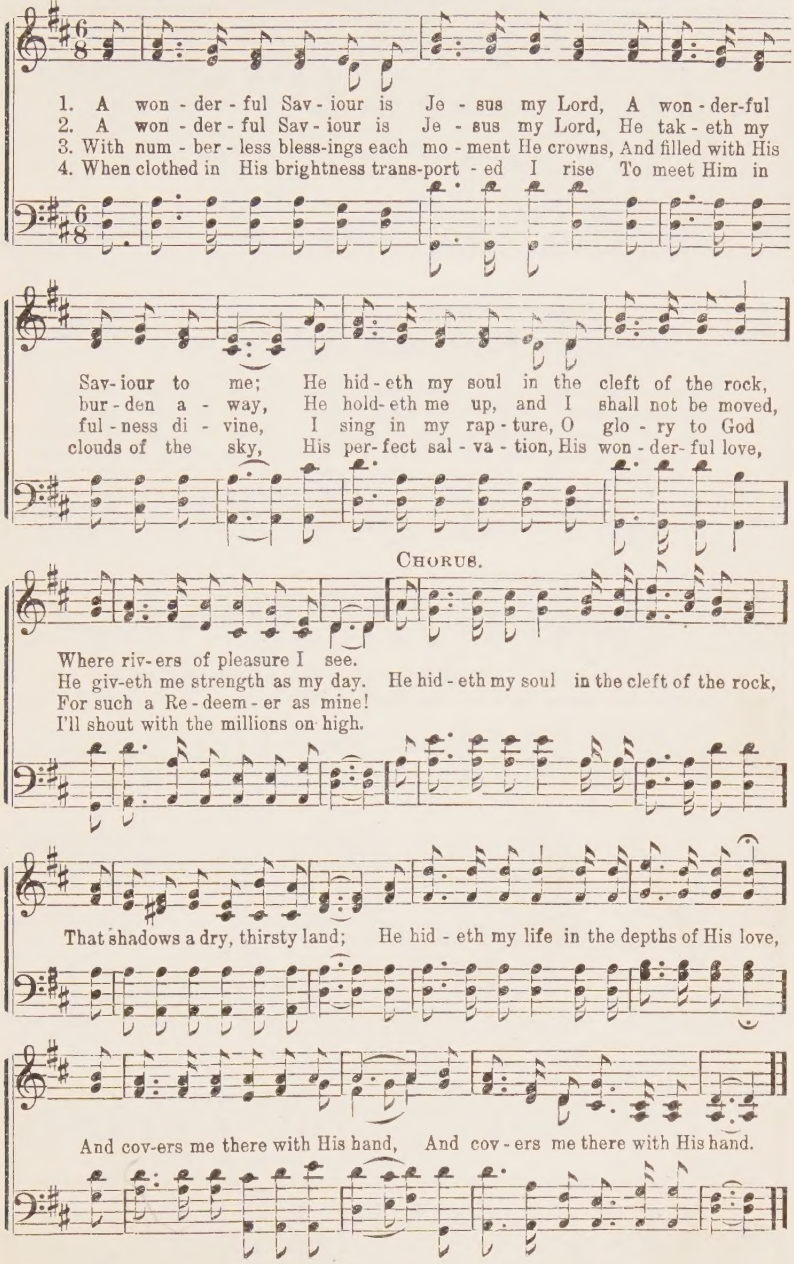
F. A. F Used by per. FRED A. FILLMORE.

1. Are you sow - ing the seed of the king-dom, broth-er, In the morn- ing
2. Are you sow - ing the seed of the king-dom, broth-er, In the still and
3. Are you sow - ing the seed of the king-dom, broth-er, All a - long the
bright and fair? Are you sow - ing the seed of the king - dom, broth - er,
sol - emn night? Are you sow - ing the seed of the king - dom, broth - er,
fer - tile way? Would you glean gold-en sheaves in the har - vest, broth - er,
CHORUS.
In the heat of the noon-day's glare?
For a har - vest pure and white? For the har-vest time is com-ing
Come and join the ranks to - day.
on, And the reaper's work will soon be done; Will your sheaves be
coming on, soon be done;
ma - ny, will you gar - ner an - y, For the gath'ring at the har-vest home?

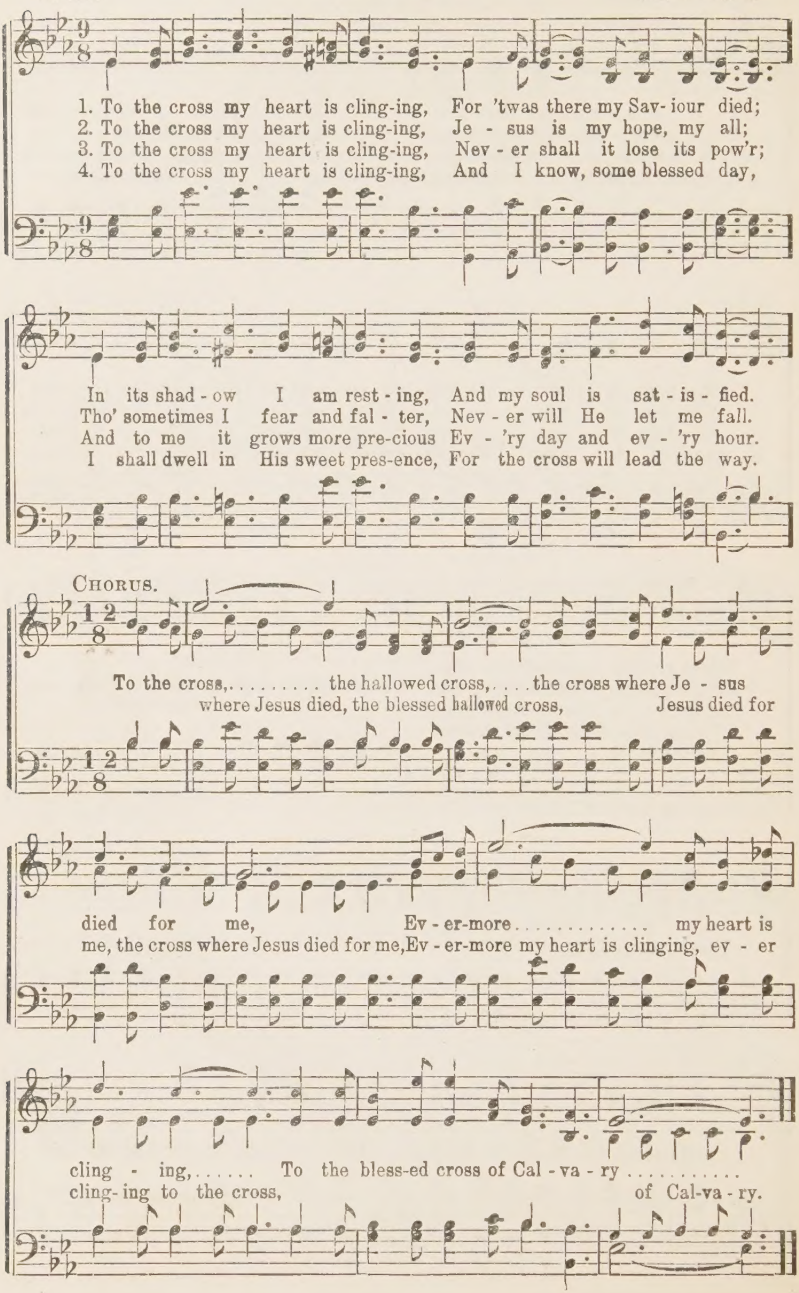
No. 117. He Hideth My Soul.

Copyright, 1890, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
Used by per.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der-ful
2. A won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
3. With num - ber - less bless-ings each mo - ment He crowns, And filled with His
4. When clothed in His brightness trans-port - ed I rise To meet Him in
Sav-iour to me; He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
bur - den a - way, He hold-eth me up, and I shall not be moved,
ful - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap - ture, O glo - ry to God
clouds of the sky, His per-fect sal - va - tion, His won - der- ful love,
CHORUS.
Where riv-ers of pleasure I see.
He giv-eth me strength as my day. He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
For such a Re - deem - er as mine!
I'll shout with the millions on high.
That shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid - eth my life in the depths of His love,
And cov-ers me there with His hand, And cov - ers me there with His hand.

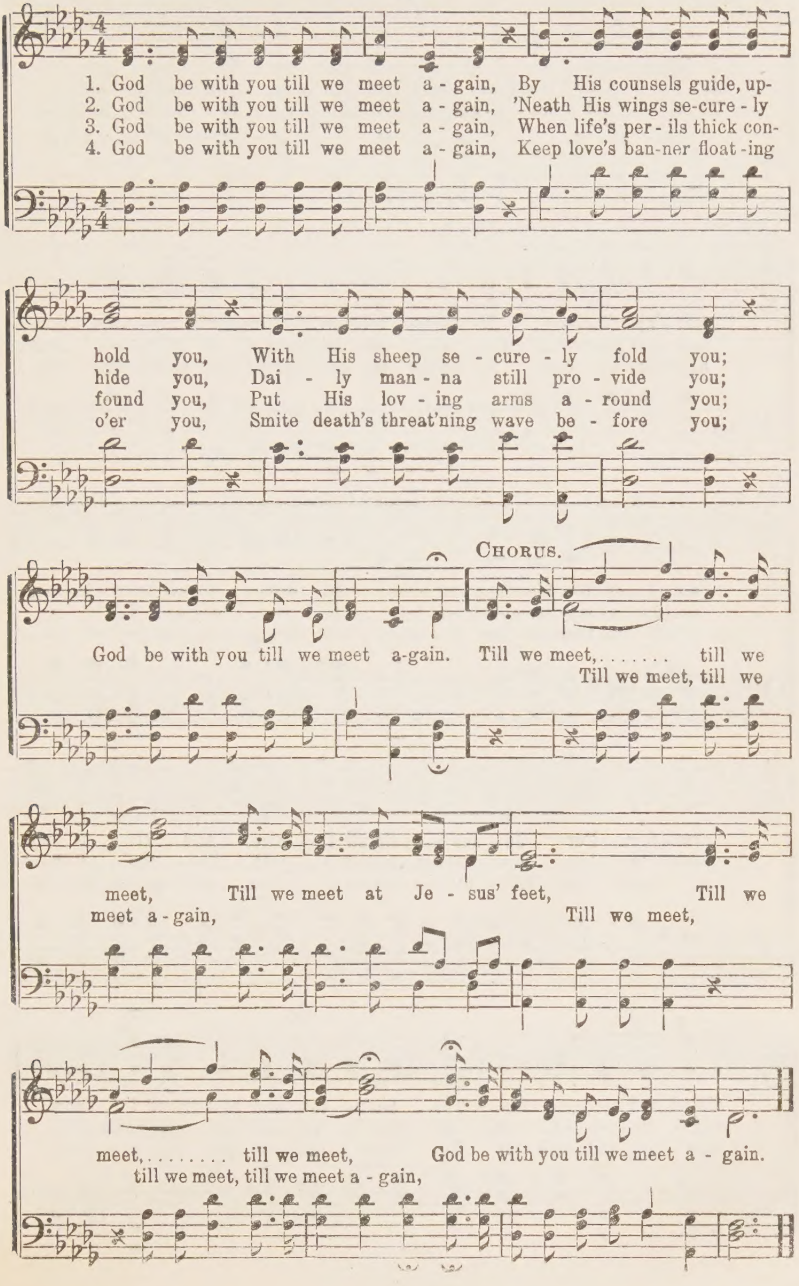
No. 118. To the Cross My Heart is Clinging.

Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

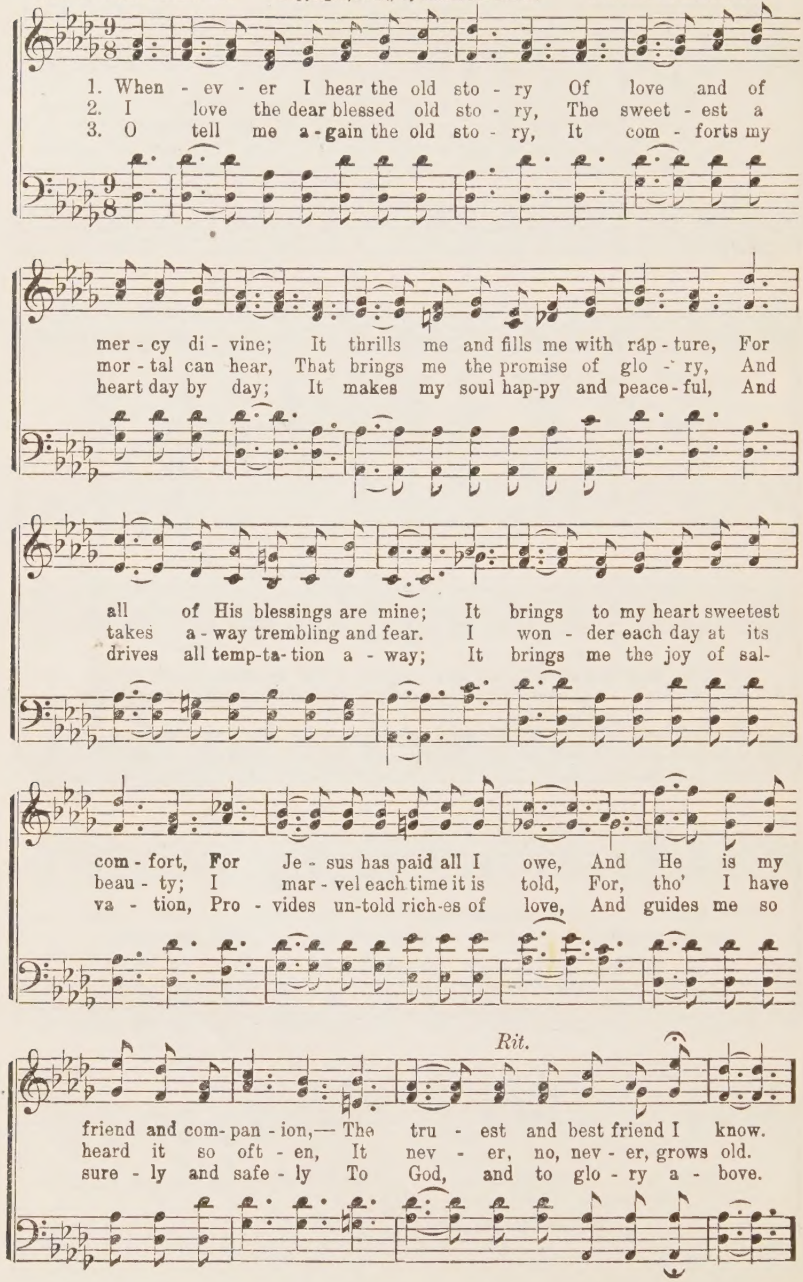
W. C. L. WM. C. LONG.

1. To the cross my heart is cling-ing, For 'twas there my Sav-iour died;
2. To the cross my heart is cling-ing, Je - sus is my hope, my all;
3. To the cross my heart is cling-ing, Nev - er shall it lose its pow'r;
4. To the cross my heart is cling-ing, And I know, some blessed day,
In its shad - ow I am rest - ing, And my soul is sat - is - fied.
Tho' sometimes I fear and fal - ter, Nev - er will He let me fall.
And to me it grows more pre-cious Ev - 'ry day and ev - 'ry hour.
I shall dwell in His sweet pres-ence, For the cross will lead the way.
Chorus.
To the cross,..... the hallowed cross,.... the cross where Je - sus
where Jesus died, the blessed hallowed cross, Jesus died for
died for me, Ev - er-more..... my heart is
me, the cross where Jesus died for me, Ev - er-more my heart is clinging, ev - er
cling - ing,..... To the bless-ed cross of Cal - va - ry.....
cling-ing to the cross, of Cal-va - ry.

No. 119. God Be With You.

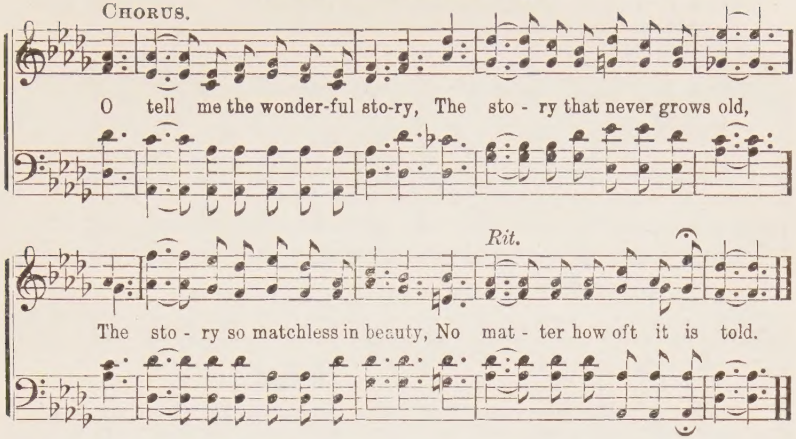
Copyright by J. E. Rankin, D. D.
Used by per.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up-
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se-cure - ly
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick con-
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban-ner float - ing
hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you;
hide you, Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you;
found you, Put His lov - ing arms a - round you;
o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you;
Chorus.
God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet, ... till we
Till we meet, till we
meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we
meet a - gain, Till we meet,
meet, ... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
till we meet, till we meet a - gain,

No. 120. The Dear Old Story.

REV. W. C. MARTIN. Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black. WM. K. McKNIGHT.

1. When - ev - er I hear the old sto - ry Of love and of
2. I love the dear blessed old sto - ry, The sweet - est a
3. O tell me a - gain the old sto - ry, It com - forts my
mer - cy di - vine; It thrills me and fills me with rap - ture, For
mor - tal can hear, That brings me the promise of glo - ry, And
heart day by day; It makes my soul hap-py and peace - ful, And
all of His blessings are mine; It brings to my heart sweetest
takes a - way trembling and fear. I won - der each day at its
drives all temp-ta-tion a - way; It brings me the joy of sal-
com - fort, For Je - sus has paid all I owe, And He is my
beau - ty; I mar - vel each time it is told, For, tho' I have
va - tion, Pro - vides un-told rich-es of love, And guides me so
Rit.
friend and com-pan - ion,— The tru - est and best friend I know.
heard it so oft - en, It nev - er, no, nev - er, grows old.
sure - ly and safe - ly To God, and to glo - ry a - bove.

The Dear Old Story.


CHORUS.
O tell me the wonder-ful sto-ry, The sto - ry that never grows old,
Rit.
The sto - ry so matchless in beauty, No mat - ter how oft it is told.

No. 121. I Need Thee Every Hour.

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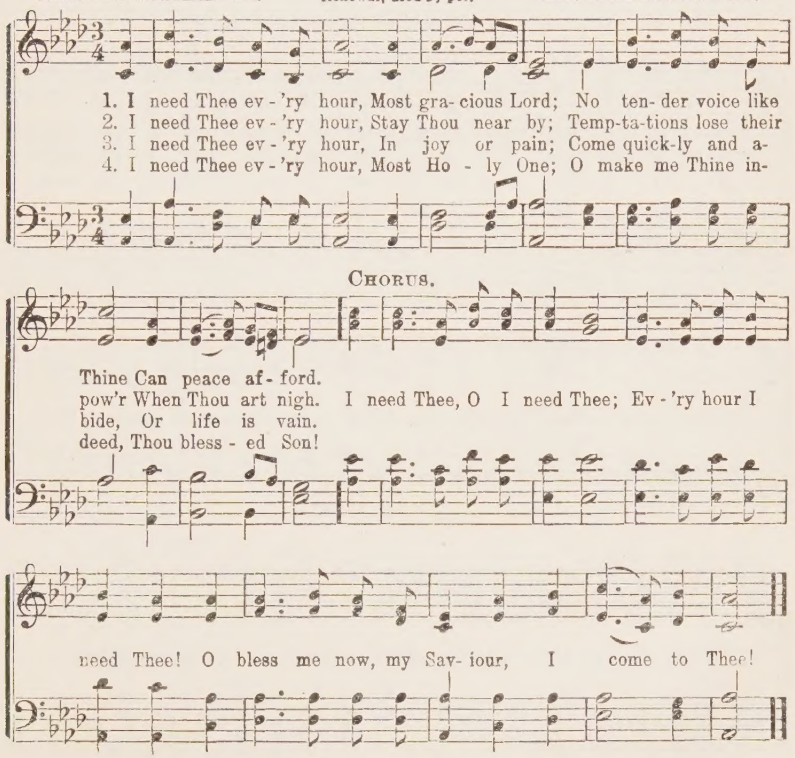
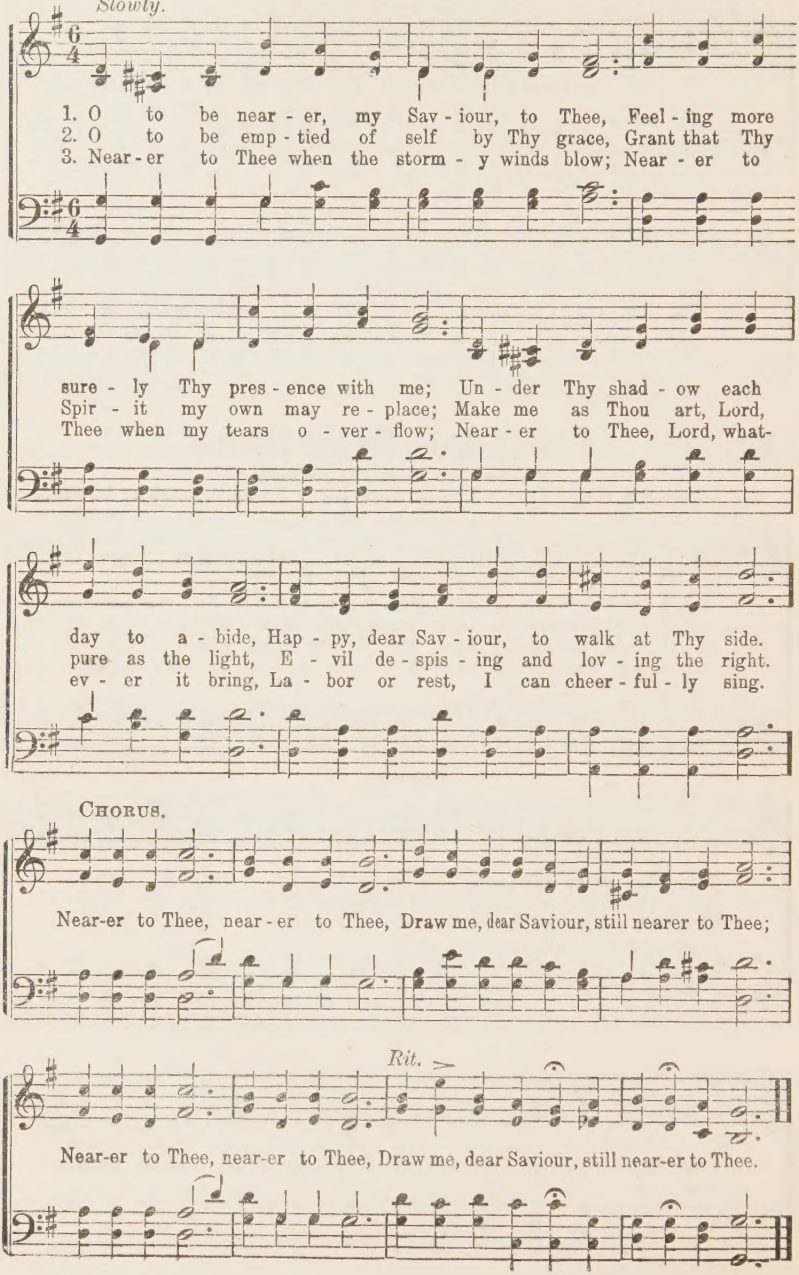
MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS. Renewal, used by per. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra- cious Lord; No ten- der voice like
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-
CHORUS.
Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son!
need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav- iour, I come to Thee!

No. 122. Nearer to Thee.

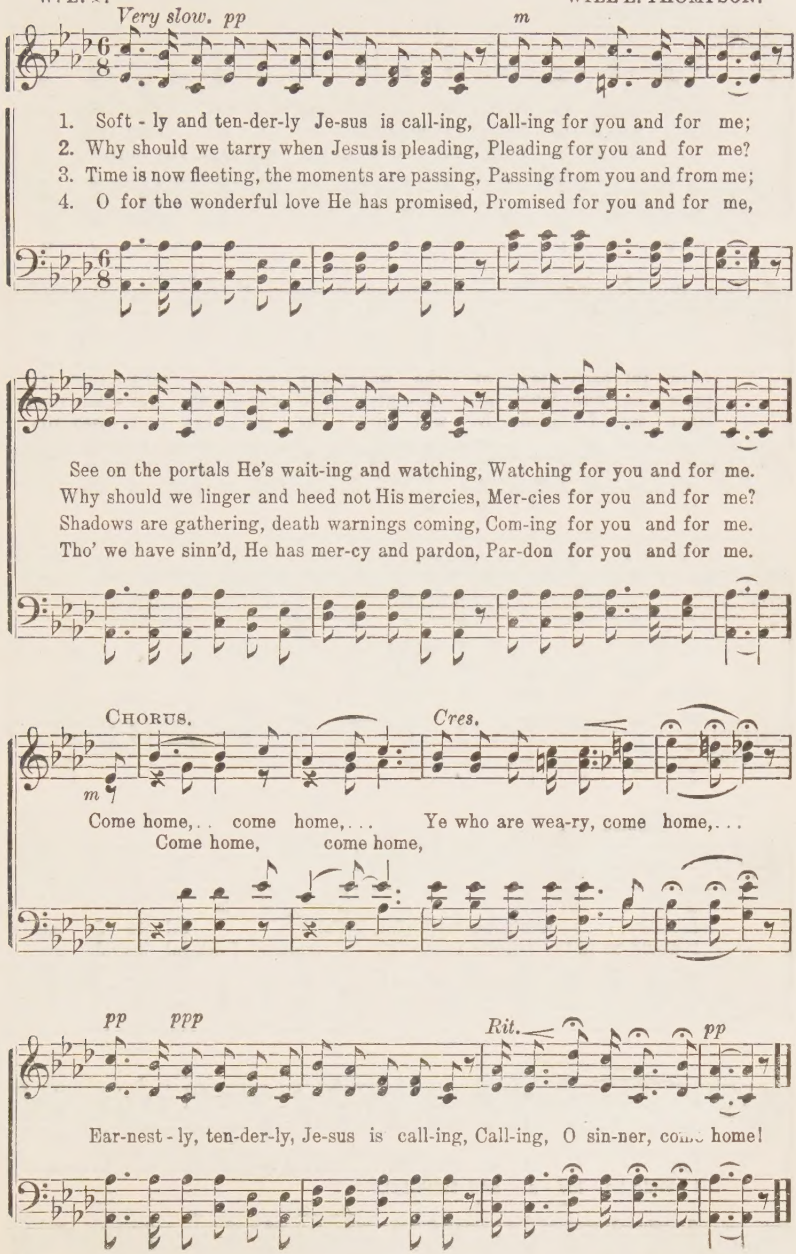
REV. W. C. MARTIN. Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black. JAMES M. BLACK.

Slowly.

1. O to be near - er, my Sav - iour, to Thee, Feel - ing more
2. O to be emp - tied of self by Thy grace, Grant that Thy
3. Near - er to Thee when the storm - y winds blow; Near - er to
sure - ly Thy pres - ence with me; Un - der Thy shad - ow each
Spir - it my own may re - place; Make me as Thou art, Lord,
Thee when my tears o - ver - flow; Near - er to Thee, Lord, what-
day to a - bide, Hap - py, dear Sav - iour, to walk at Thy side.
pure as the light, E - vil de - spis - ing and lov - ing the right.
ev - er it bring, La - bor or rest, I can cheer - ful - ly sing.
CHORUS.
Near-er to Thee, near - er to Thee, Draw me, dear Saviour, still nearer to Thee;
Rit.
Near-er to Thee, near-er to Thee, Draw me, dear Saviour, still near-er to Thee.

No. 123. Softly and Tenderly.

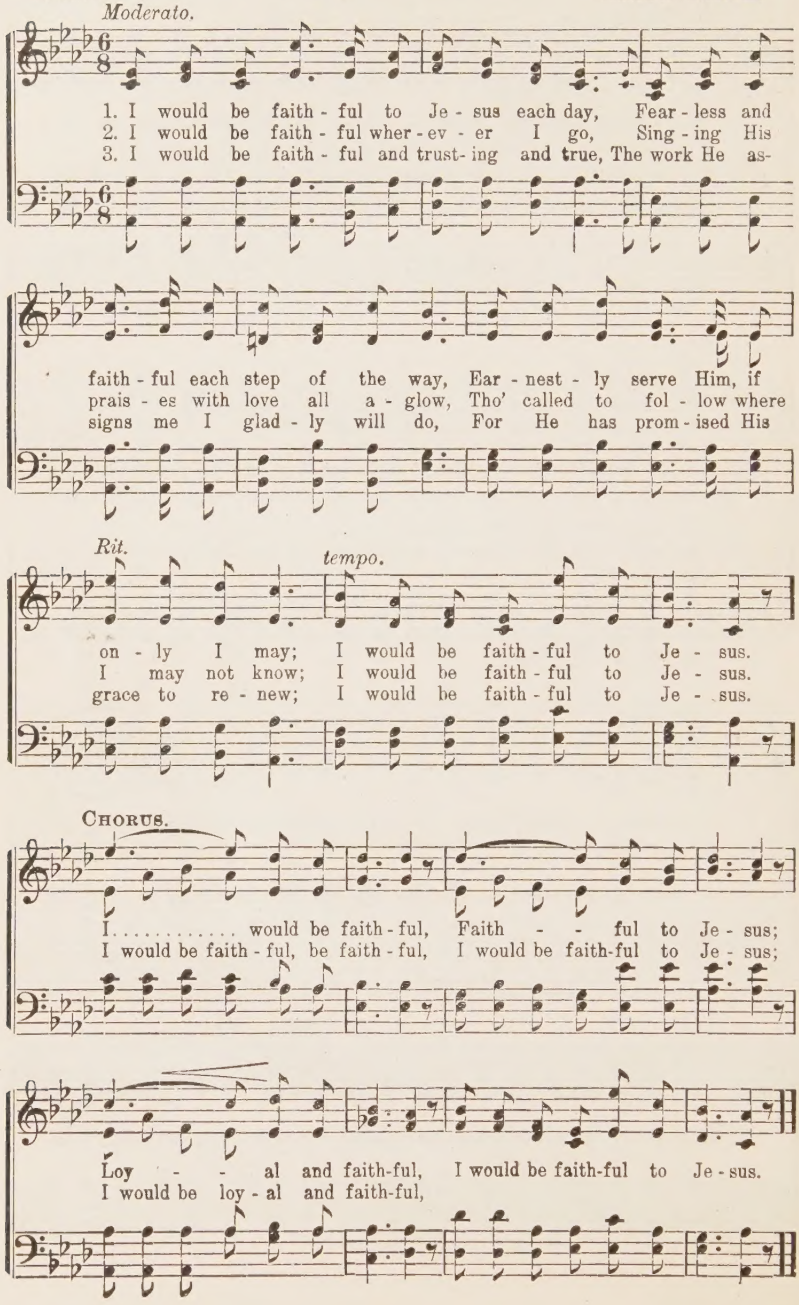
Copyright by Will L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, Ohio.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.


Very slow. pp
m
1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me,
See on the portals He's wait-ing and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death warnings coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer-cy and pardon, Par-don for you and for me.
CHORUS.
Cres.
m
Come home,.. come home,... Ye who are wea-ry, come home,...
Come home, come home,
pp ppp
Rit.
pp
Ear-nest - ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

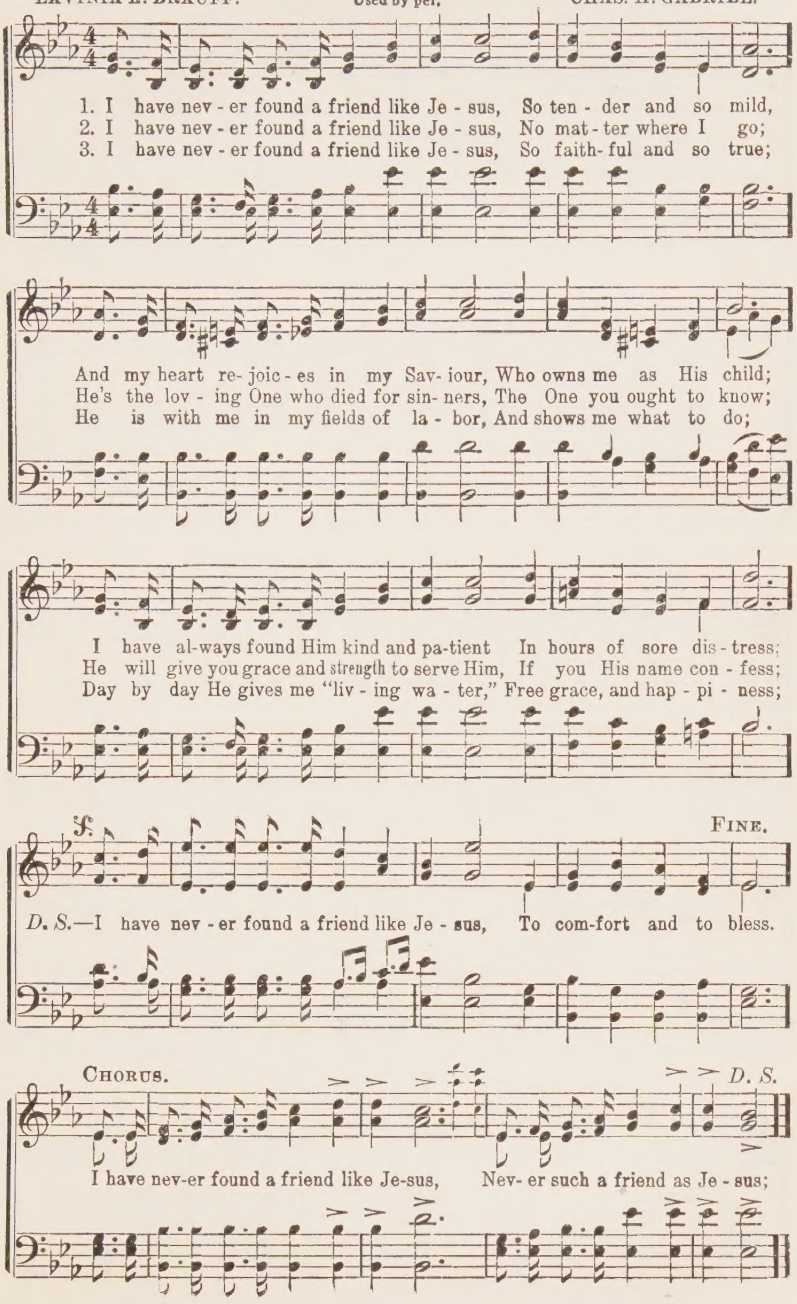
No. 124. I Would Be Faithful.

Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

J. M. B. JAMES M. BLACK.

Moderato.
1. I would be faith - ful to Je - sus each day, Fear - less and
2. I would be faith - ful wher - ev - er I go, Sing - ing His
3. I would be faith - ful and trust - ing and true, The work He as-
faith - ful each step of the way, Ear - nest - ly serve Him, if
prais - es with love all a - glow, Tho' called to fol - low where
signs me I glad - ly will do, For He has prom - ised His
Rit.
tempo.
on - ly I may; I would be faith - ful to Je - sus.
I may not know; I would be faith - ful to Je - sus.
grace to re - new; I would be faith - ful to Je - sus.
Chorus.
I..... would be faith - ful, Faith - - ful to Je - sus;
I would be faith - ful, be faith - ful, I would be faith-ful to Je - sus;
Loy - - al and faith-ful, I would be faith-ful to Je - sus.
I would be loy - al and faith-ful,

No. 125. I Have Never Found a Friend Like Jesus.

Copyright, 1911, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
Used by per.

LAVINIA E. BRAUFF. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I have nev - er found a friend like Je - sus, So ten - der and so mild,
2. I have nev - er found a friend like Je - sus, No mat - ter where I go;
3. I have nev - er found a friend like Je - sus, So faith - ful and so true;
And my heart re - joic - es in my Sav - iour, Who owns me as His child;
He's the lov - ing One who died for sin - ners, The One you ought to know;
He is with me in my fields of la - bor, And shows me what to do;
I have al-ways found Him kind and pa-tient In hours of sore dis - tress;
He will give you grace and strength to serve Him, If you His name con - fess;
Day by day He gives me "liv - ing wa - ter," Free grace, and hap - pi - ness;
Fine.
D. S.—I have nev - er found a friend like Je - sus, To com-fort and to bless.
Chorus.
D. S.
I have nev-er found a friend like Je-sus, Nev- er such a friend as Je - sus;

No. 126. How You Will Love Him!

Copyright, 1910, by Homer A. Rodeheaver.
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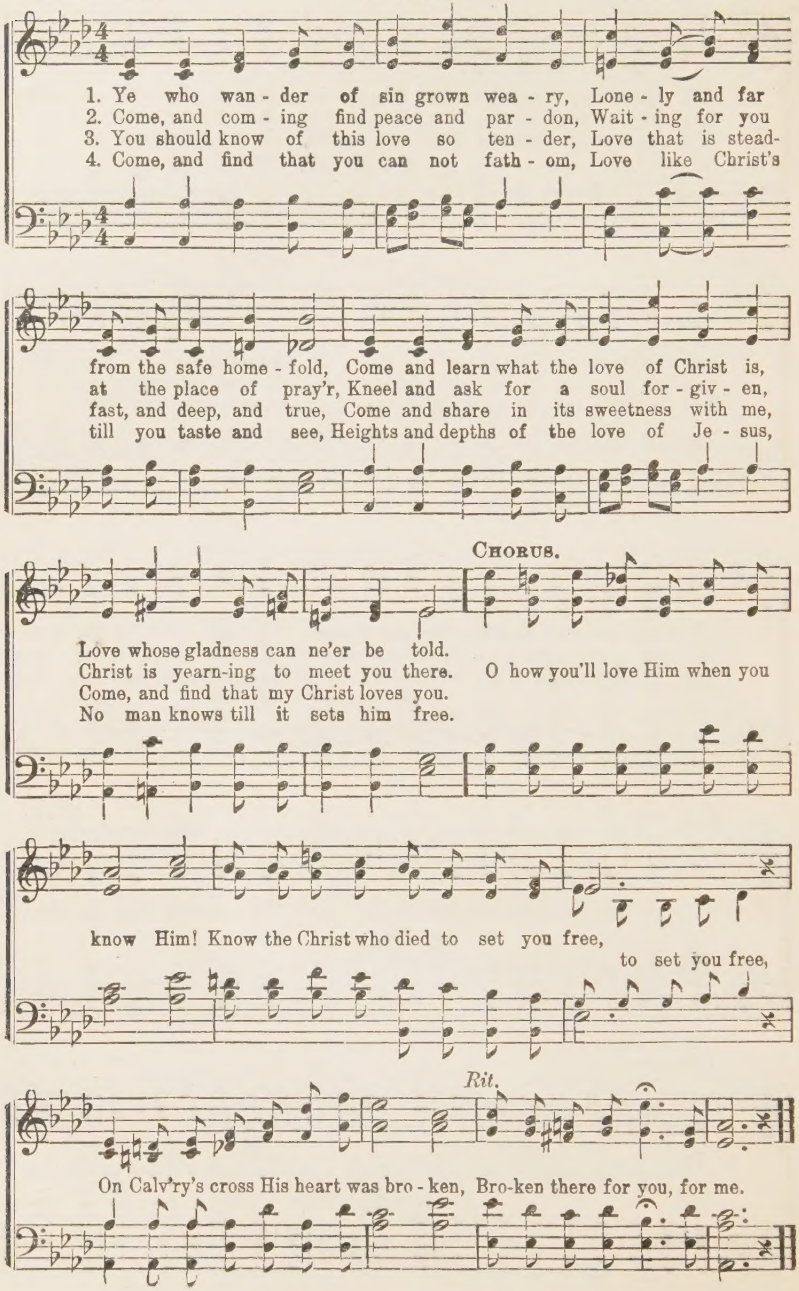
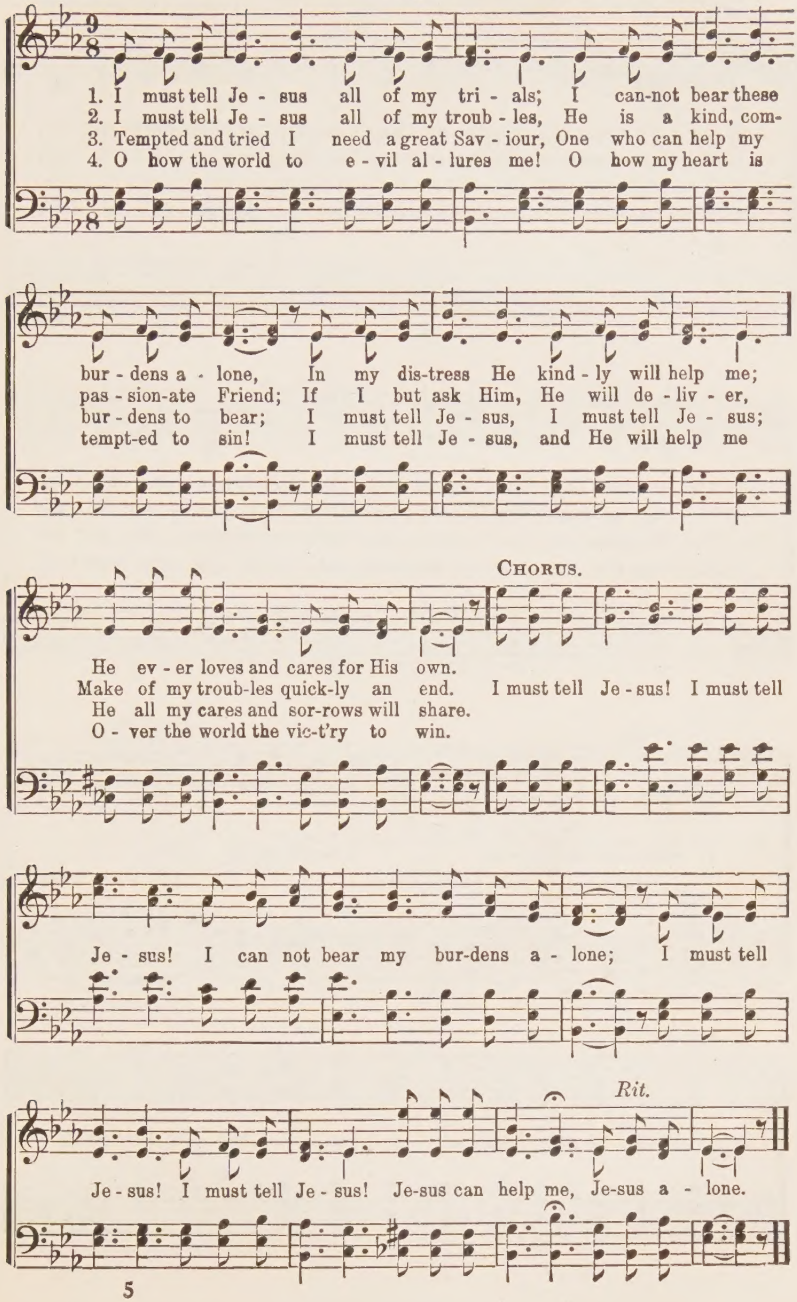
E. E. REXFORD. B. D. ACKLEY.


1. Ye who wan - der of sin grown wea - ry, Lone - ly and far
2. Come, and com - ing find peace and par - don, Wait - ing for you
3. You should know of this love so ten - der, Love that is stead-
4. Come, and find that you can not fath - om, Love like Christ's
from the safe home - fold, Come and learn what the love of Christ is,
at the place of pray'r, Kneel and ask for a soul for - giv - en,
fast, and deep, and true, Come and share in its sweetness with me,
till you taste and see, Heights and depths of the love of Je - sus,
CHORUS.
Love whose gladness can ne'er be told.
Christ is yearn-ing to meet you there.
Come, and find that my Christ loves you.
No man knows till it sets him free.
O how you'll love Him when you
know Him! Know the Christ who died to set you free,
to set you free,
Rit.
On Calv'ry's cross His heart was bro - ken, Bro-ken there for you, for me.

No. 127. I Must Tell Jesus.

Copyright, 1893, by The Hoffman Music Co.
Used by per.

E. A. H. REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les, He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - iour, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is
bur - dens a - lone, In my dis-tress He kind - ly will help me;
pas - sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me
CHORUS.
He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
Make of my troub-les quick-ly an end. I must tell Je - sus! I must tell
He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic-t'ry to win.
Je - sus! I can not bear my bur-dens a - lone; I must tell
Rit.
Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone.

No. 128. I Shall Not Be Moved.

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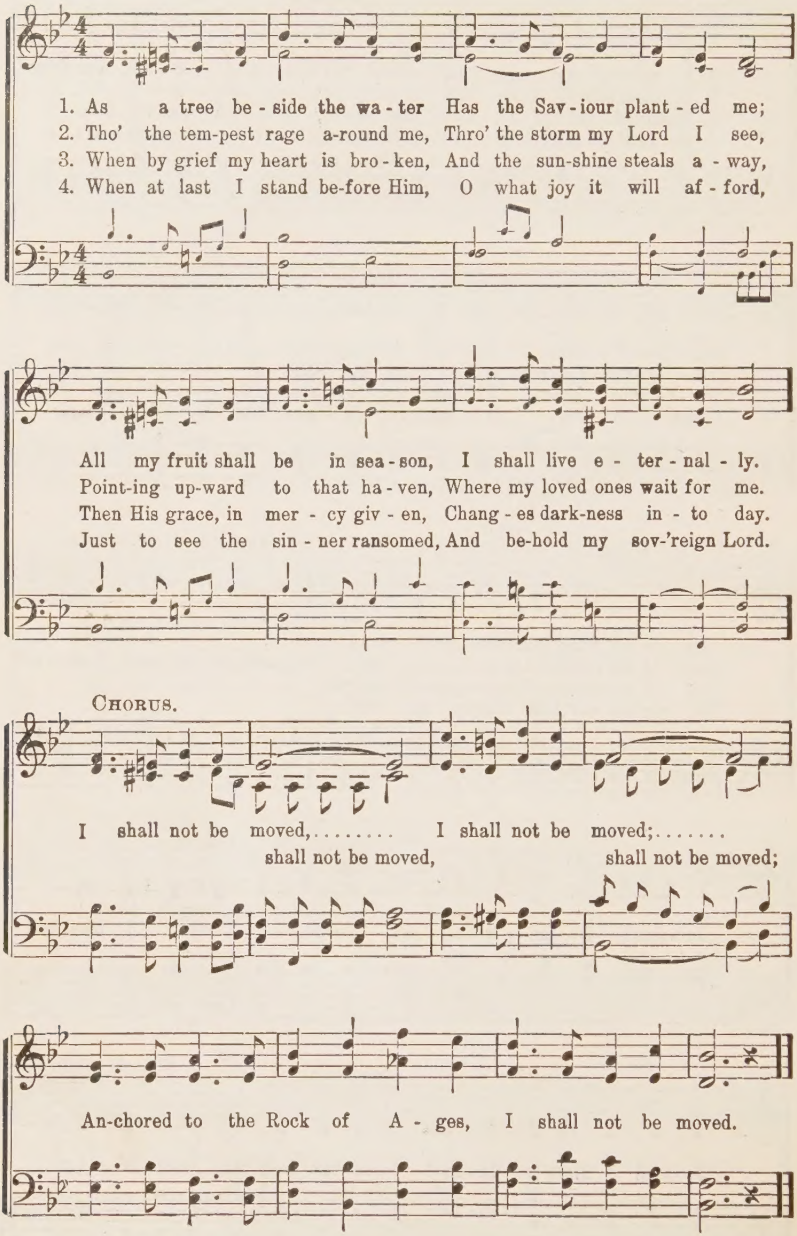
A. H. A. ALFRED H. ACKLEY.

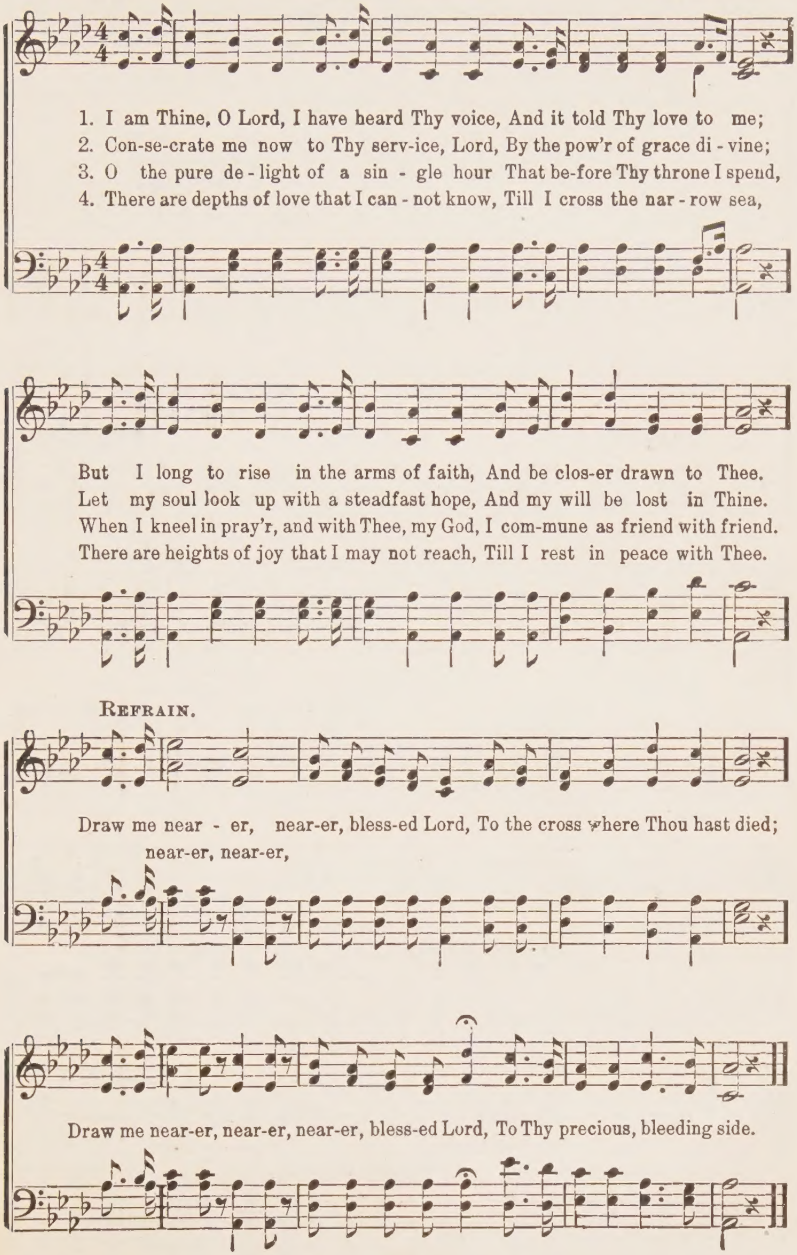

1. As a tree be - side the wa - ter Has the Sav - iour plant - ed me;
2. Tho' the tem-pest rage a-round me, Thro' the storm my Lord I see,
3. When by grief my heart is bro - ken, And the sun-shine steals a - way,
4. When at last I stand be-fore Him, O what joy it will af - ford,
All my fruit shall be in sea - son, I shall live e - ter - nal - ly.
Point-ing up-ward to that ha - ven, Where my loved ones wait for me.
Then His grace, in mer - cy giv - en, Chang - es dark-ness in - to day.
Just to see the sin - ner ransomed, And be-hold my sov-'reign Lord.
Chorus.
I shall not be moved,..... I shall not be moved;.....
shall not be moved, shall not be moved;
An-chored to the Rock of A - ges, I shall not be moved.

No. 129. I Am Thine, O Lord.

F. J. CROSBY.

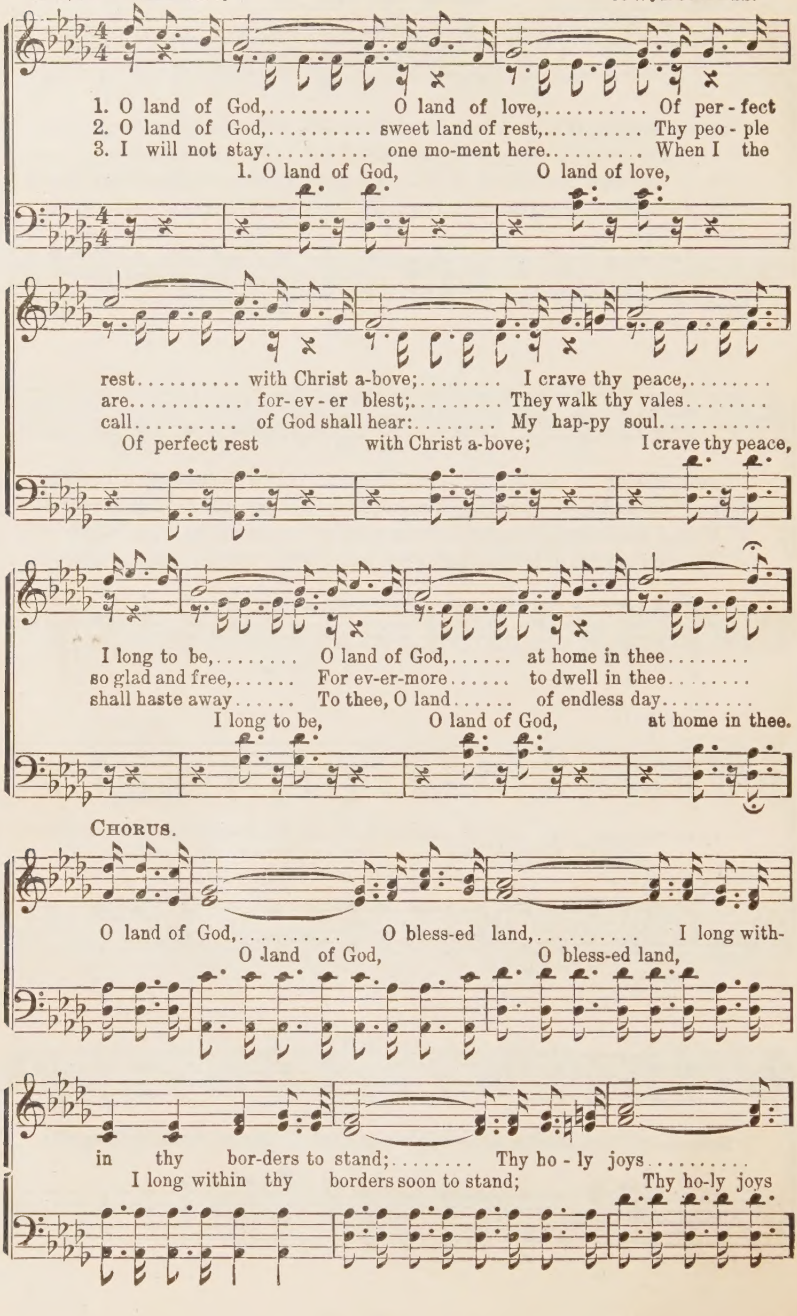
Copyright, 1903, by W. H. Doane.
Renewal. Used by per.

W. H. DOANE.

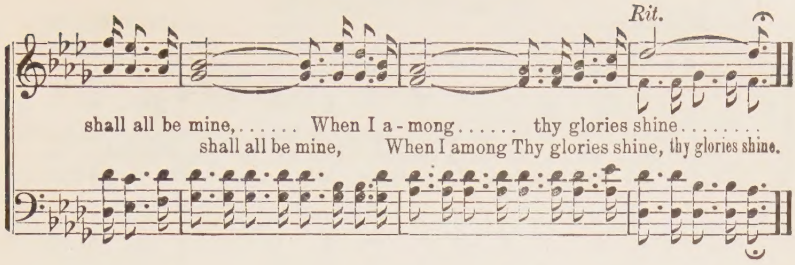

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be-fore Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know, Till I cross the nar - row sea,
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I com-mune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.
REFRAIN.
Draw me near - er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
near-er, near-er,
Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

No. 130. O Land of God.

Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

REV. W. C. MARTIN. J. W. ROBERTS.

1. O land of God, O land of love, Of per - fect
2. O land of God, sweet land of rest, Thy peo - ple
3. I will not stay one mo-ment here. When I the
1. O land of God, O land of love,
rest with Christ a-bove; I crave thy peace,
are for-ev-er blest; They walk thy vales
call of God shall hear: My hap-py soul
Of perfect rest with Christ a-bove; I crave thy peace,
I long to be, O land of God, at home in thee
so glad and free, For ev-er-more to dwell in thee
shall haste away To thee, O land of endless day
I long to be, O land of God, at home in thee.
CHORUS.
O land of God, O bless-ed land, I long with-
O land of God, O bless-ed land,
in thy bor-ders to stand; Thy ho - ly joys
I long within thy borders soon to stand; Thy ho-ly joys

O Land of God.



No. 131. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

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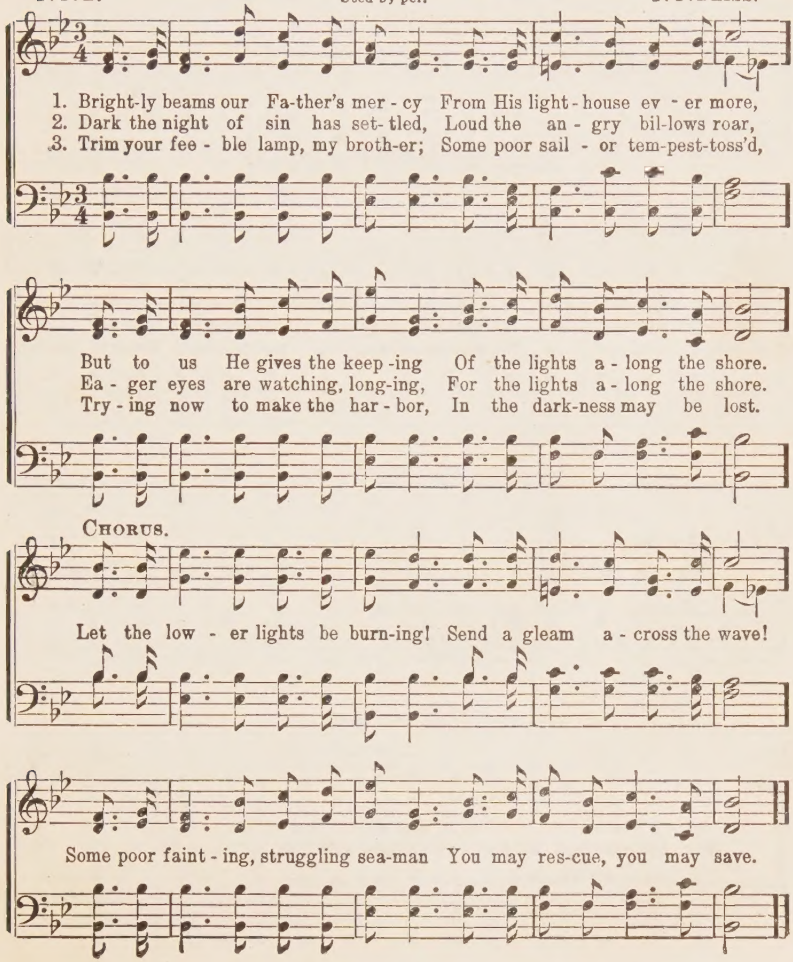
Used by per.

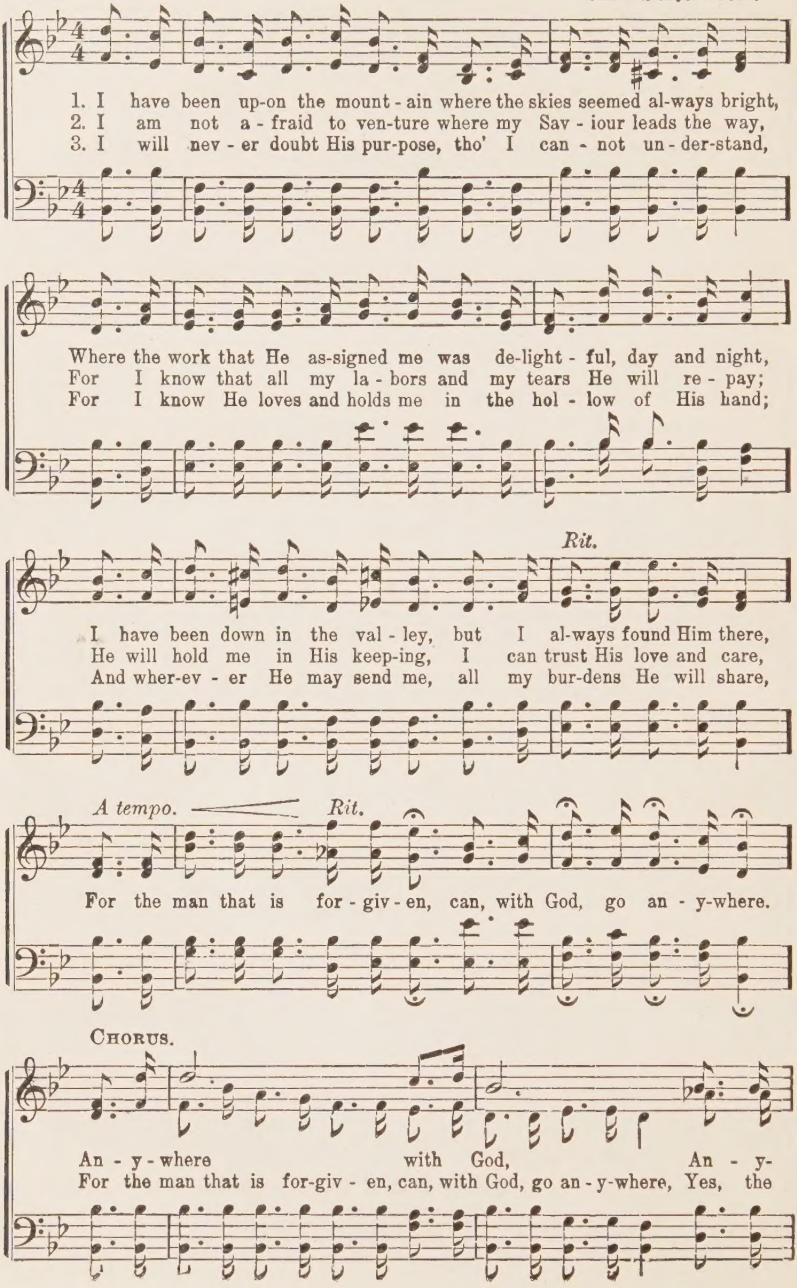
P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer - cy From His light - house ev - er more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set- tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar,
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er; Some poor sail - or tem-pest-toss'd,
But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.
CHORUS.
Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!
Some poor faint - ing, struggling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.

No. 132. Anywhere With God.

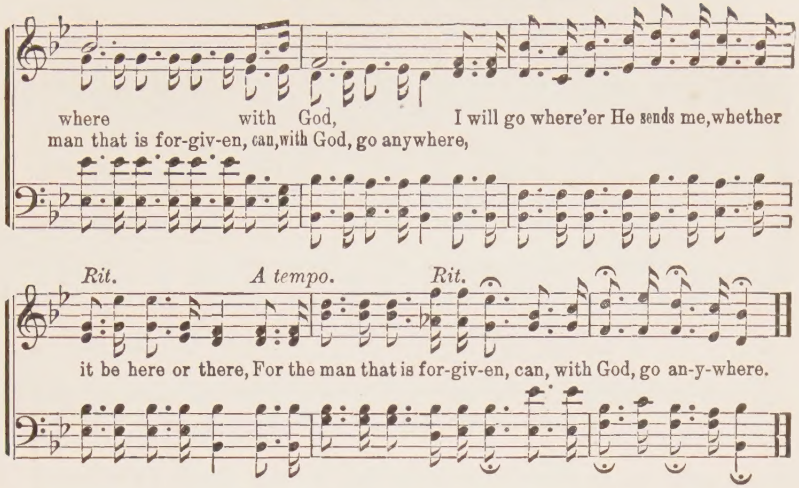
J. M. B.

Copyright, 1912, by James M. Black.

JAMES M. BLACK.

Moderato.

1. I have been up-on the mount-ain where the skies seemed al-ways bright,
2. I am not a-fraid to ven-ture where my Sav-iour leads the way,
3. I will nev-er doubt His pur-pose, tho' I can-not un-der-stand,
Where the work that He as-signed me was de-light-ful, day and night,
For I know that all my la-bors and my tears He will re-pay;
For I know He loves and holds me in the hol-low of His hand;
Rit.
I have been down in the val-ley, but I al-ways found Him there,
He will hold me in His keep-ing, I can trust His love and care,
And wher-ev-er He may send me, all my bur-dens He will share,
A tempo.
Rit.
For the man that is for-giv-en, can, with God, go an-y-where.
CHORUS.
An-y-where with God, An-y-
For the man that is for-giv-en, can, with God, go an-y-where, Yes, the

Anywhere With God.


where with God, I will go where'er He sends me, whether
man that is for-giv-en, can, with God, go anywhere,
Rit. A tempo. Rit.
it be here or there, For the man that is for-giv-en, can, with God, go an-y-where.

No. 133. "Almost Persuaded."

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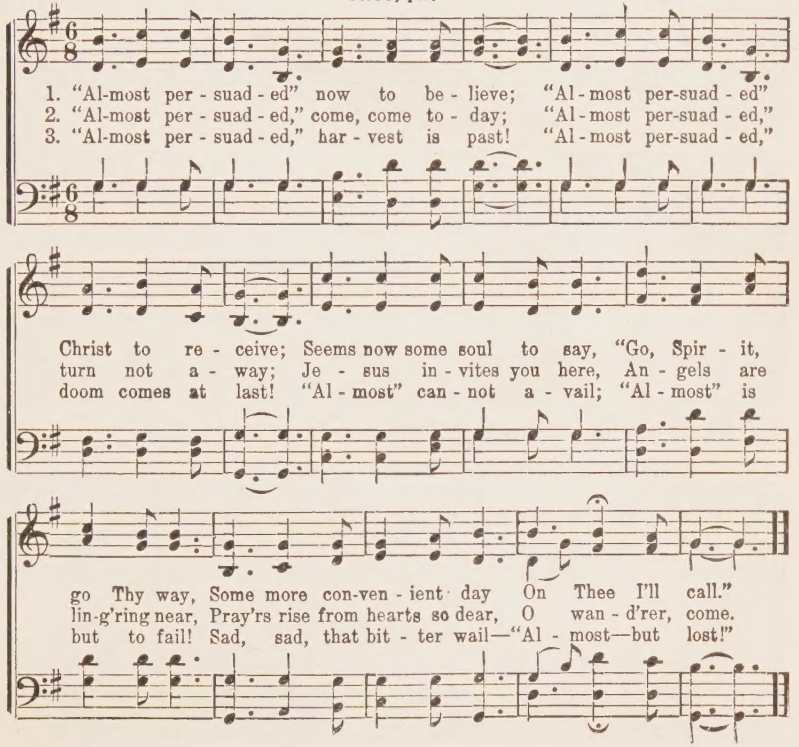
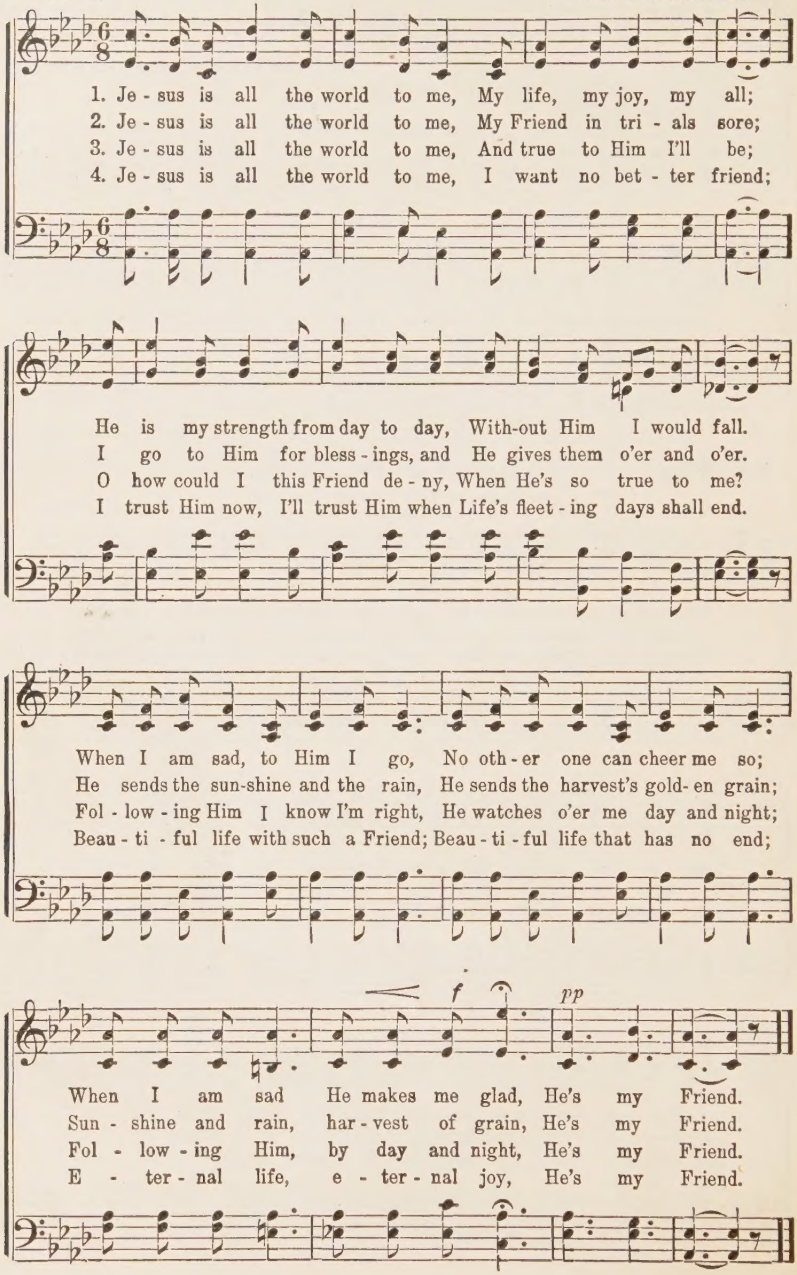
Used by per.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. "Al-most per - suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed"
2. "Al-most per - suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
3. "Al-most per - suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is
go Thy way, Some more con-ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lin-g'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear, O wan - d'rer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—but lost!"

No. 134. Jesus Is All the World to Me.

Copyright, 1904, by Will L. Thompson, East Liverpool, Ohio.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;
He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless - ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
O how could I this Friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet - ing days shall end.
When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold- en grain;
Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, He watches o'er me day and night;
Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend; Beau - ti - ful life that has no end;
f
pp
When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my Friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my Friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my Friend.

No. 135. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

Copyright, 1893, by Chas. H. Gabriel. J. M. Black, owner.

J. M. B. JAMES M. BLACK.

1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
When the saved of earth shall gath-er o - ver on the oth - er shore,
2. On that bright and cloud-less morn-ing when the dead in Christ shall rise,
When His cho - sen ones shall gath - er to their home be-yond the skies,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun,
Then when all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done,

1 2

And the morn - ing breaks, e-ter - nal, bright and fair;
And the (*Omit . . . . . .*) roll is called up
And the glo - ry of His res - ur-rec - tion share;
And the (*Omit . . . . . .*) roll is called up
Let us talk of all His won-drous love and care;
And the (*Omit . . . . . .*) roll is called up

D. S.—*roll is called up*

FINE. CHORUS.

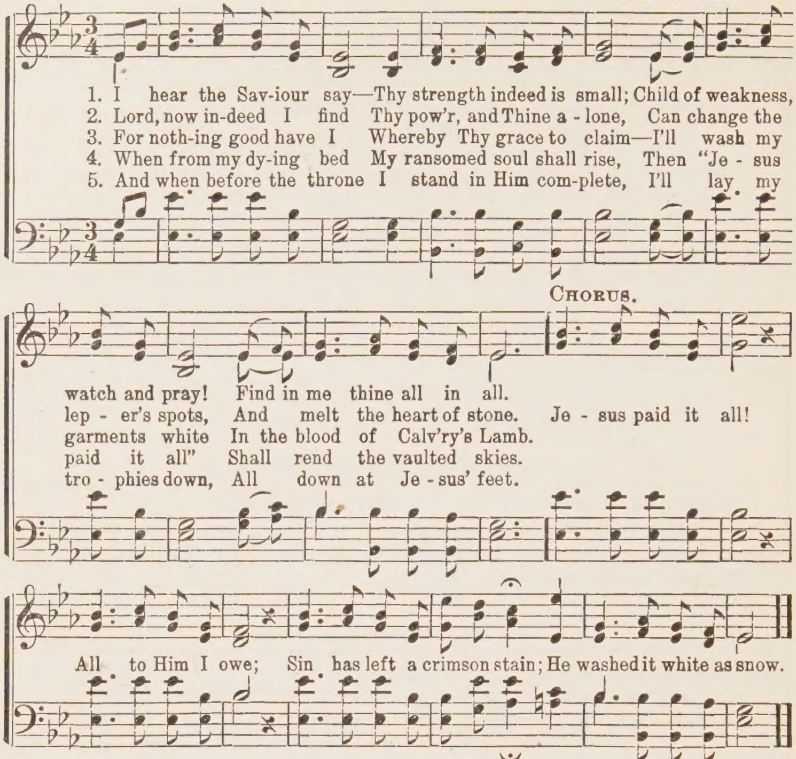
yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll..... is called up
When the roll is called up
yon - der, I'll be there.

yon - - der, When the roll..... is called up yon - -
yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be

D. S.

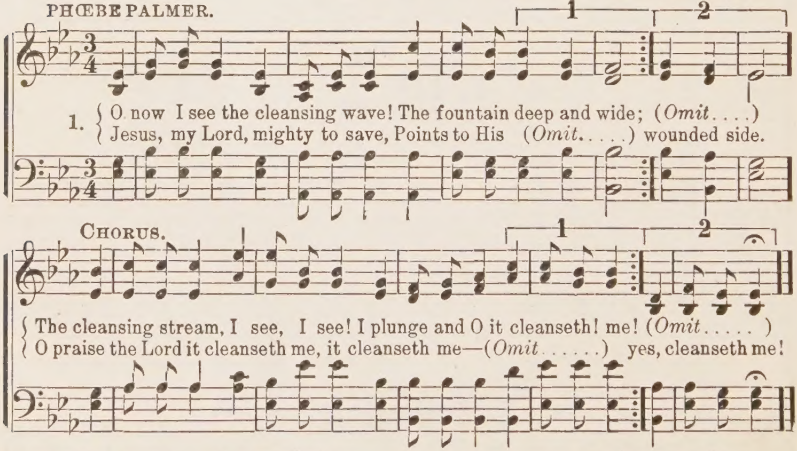
der, When the roll..... is called up yon - der, When the
there, When the roll

No. 136. All to Christ I Owe.

ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Sav-iour say—Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone, Can change the
3. For noth-ing good have I Whereby Thy grace to claim—I'll wash my
4. When from my dy-ing bed My ransomed soul shall rise, Then "Je - sus
5. And when before the throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll lay my
Chorus.
watch and pray! Find in me thine all in all.
lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it all!
garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
paid it all" Shall rend the vaulted skies.
tro - phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.
All to Him I owe; Sin has left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.

No. 137. Cleansing Wave.

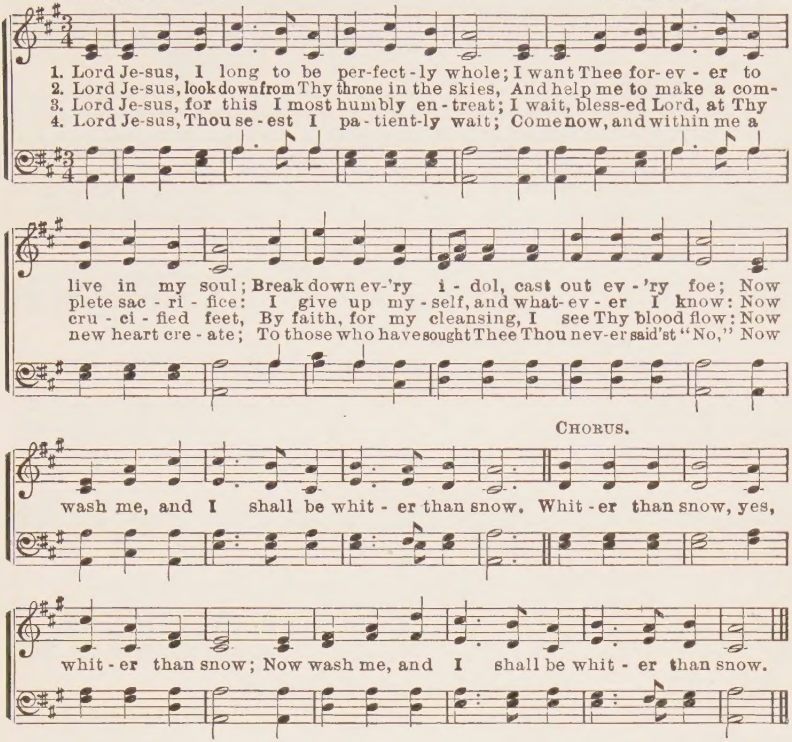
PHŒBE PALMER. MRS. J. F. KNAPP. By per.


1
2
1. { O now I see the cleansing wave! The fountain deep and wide; (Omit....)
{ Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save, Points to His (Omit.....) wounded side.
Chorus.
1
2
{ The cleansing stream, I see, I see! I plunge and O it cleanseth! me! (Omit.....)
{ O praise the Lord it cleanseth me, it cleanseth me—(Omit.....) yes, cleanseth me!

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin, [white,
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

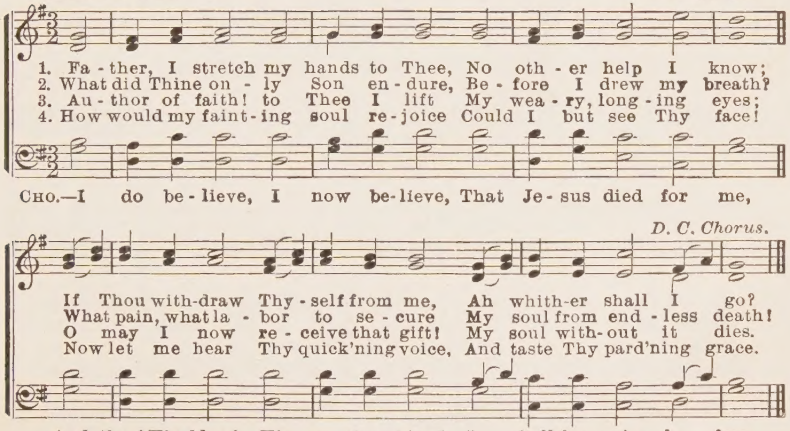
3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
My Jesus crucified,

No. 138. Whiter Than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for-ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit-er than snow, yes,
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com- plete sac - ri - fice: I give up my - self, and what-ev - er I know: Now whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most humbly en - treat; I wait, bless-ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow: Now
4. Lord Je-sus, Thou se - est I pa - tient-ly wait; Come now, and within me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee Thou nev-er said'st "No," Now
CHORUS.

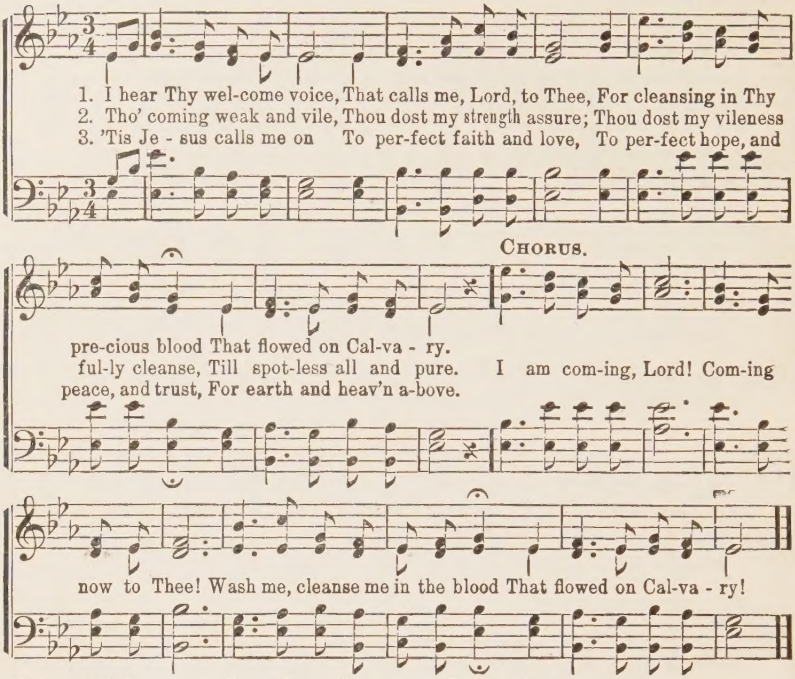
No. 139. I Do Believe.

CHARLES WESLEY. Unknown.


1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure, Be - fore I drew my breath?
3. Au - thor of faith! to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;
4. How would my faint - ing soul re - joice Could I but see Thy face!
CHO.—I do be - lieve, I now be-lieve, That Je - sus died for me,
D. C. Chorus.
If Thou with-draw Thy - self from me, Ah whith-er shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end - less death!
O may I now re - ceive that gift! My soul with-out it dies.
Now let me hear Thy quick'ning voice, And taste Thy pard'ning grace.
And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

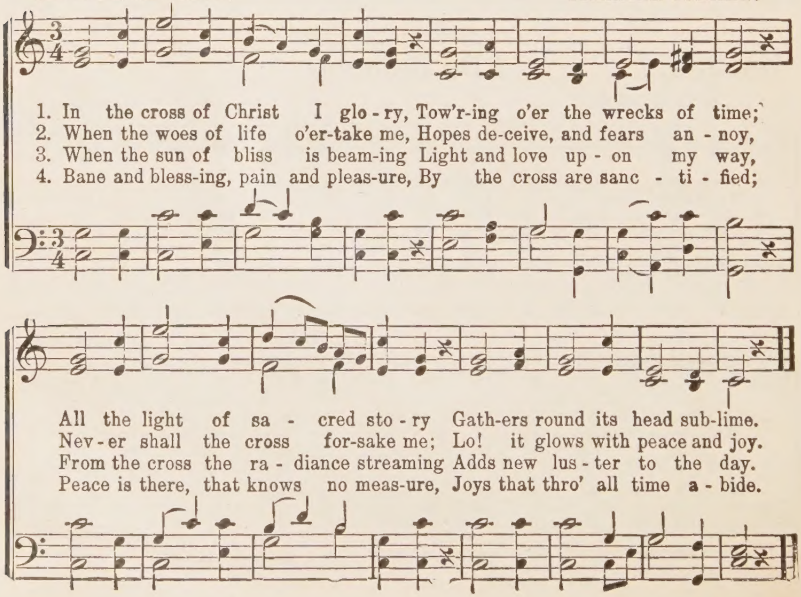
No. 140. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H. REV. L. HARTSOUGH.


1. I hear Thy wel-come voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and
CHORUS.
pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal-va - ry.
ful-ly cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure. I am com-ing, Lord! Com-ing
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a-bove.
now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-va - ry!

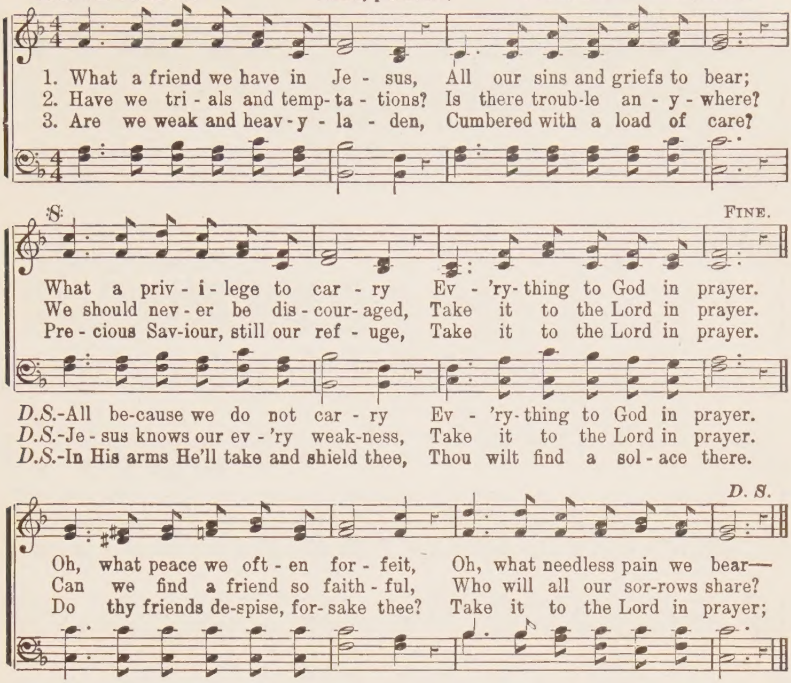
No. 141. In the Cross of Christ.

SIR JOHN BOWRING. ITHAMER CONKEY.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev-er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds new lus-ter to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

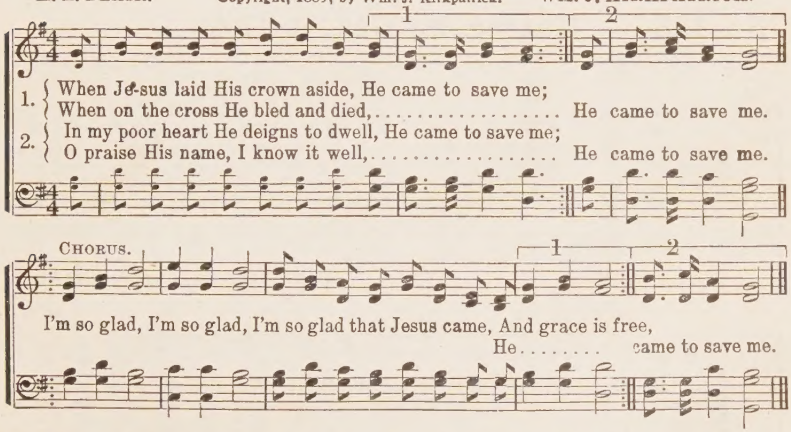
No. 142. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. Used by permission. CHARLES C. CONVERSE.


1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer.
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav-iour, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D.S.-All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer.
D.S.-Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D.S.-In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.
Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

No. 143. He Came to Save Me.

H. E. BLAIR. Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

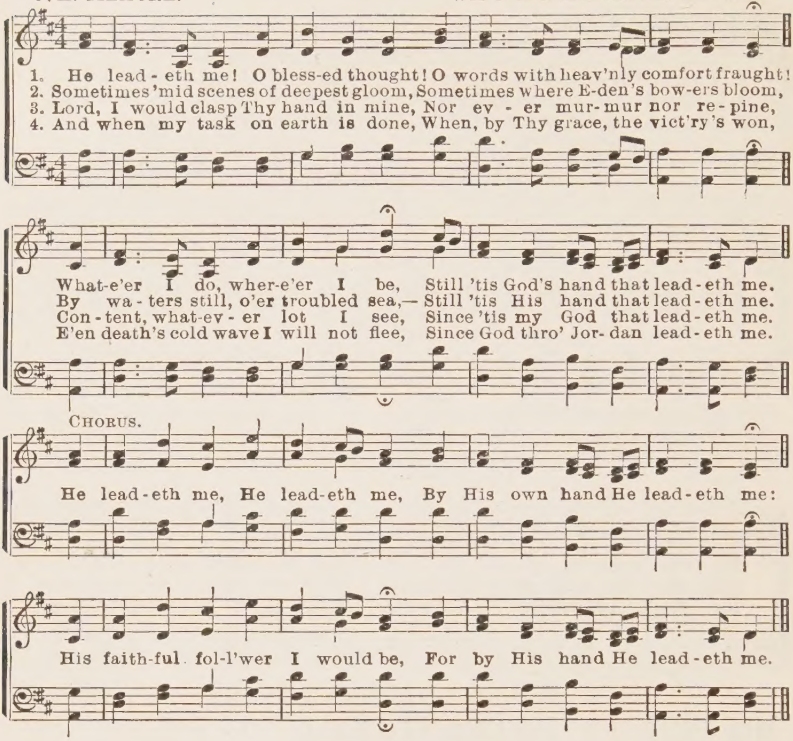

1. When Je-sus laid His crown aside, He came to save me;
When on the cross He bled and died, ... He came to save me.
2. In my poor heart He deigns to dwell, He came to save me;
O praise His name, I know it well, ... He came to save me.
CHORUS.
I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, And grace is free,
He ..... came to save me.

3 With gentle hands He leads me still,
He came to save me;
And trusting Him I fear no ill,
He came to save me.

4 To Him my faith with rapture clings,
He came to save me;
To Him my heart looks up and sings,
He came to save me.

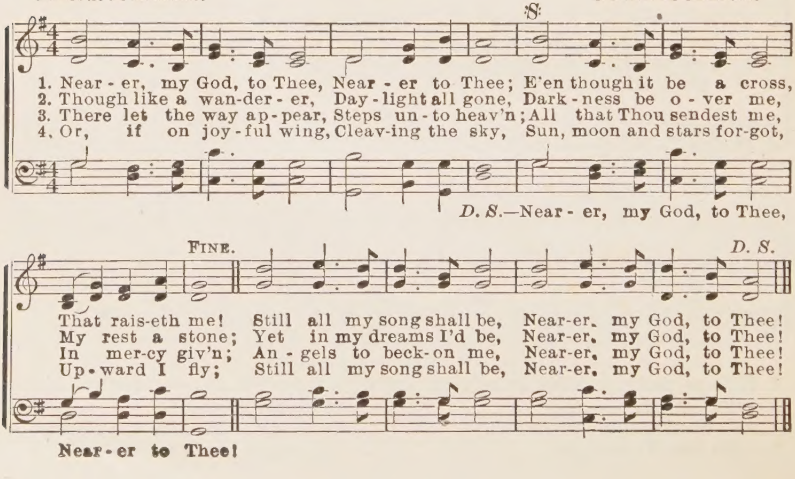
No. 144. He Leadeth Me.

J. H. GILMORE. WM. BATCHELDER BRADBURY.


1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed thought! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where E-den's bow-ers bloom,
By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea,— Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me.
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine,
Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.
CHORUS.
He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me:
His faith-ful fol-l'wer I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

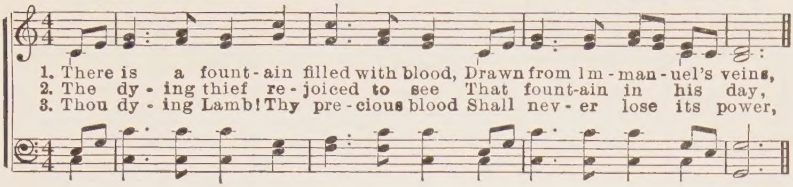
No. 145. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

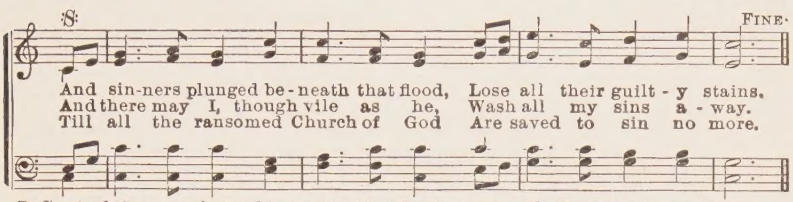
MRS. S. F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.


1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee; E'en though it be a cross,
That rais-eth me! Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee!
2. Though like a wan-der-er, Day-light all gone, Dark-ness be o-ver me,
My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee!
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me, Near-er, my God, to Thee!
4. Or, if on joy-ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon and stars for-got,
Up-ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee!
D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee,
FINE.
D. S.
Near-er to Thee!

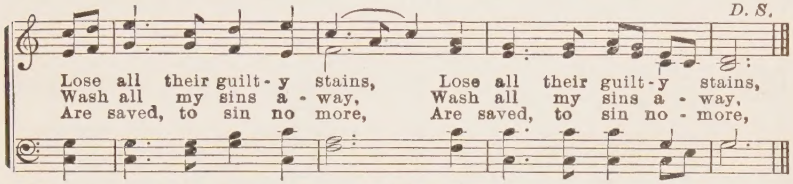
No. 146. There Is a Fountain.

W. COWPER. LOWELL MASON.


1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day,
3. Thou dy-ing Lamb! Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its power,


S.
FINE.
And sin-ners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved to sin no more.

D. S.—And sin-ners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
D. S.—And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
D. S.—Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved, to sin no more.

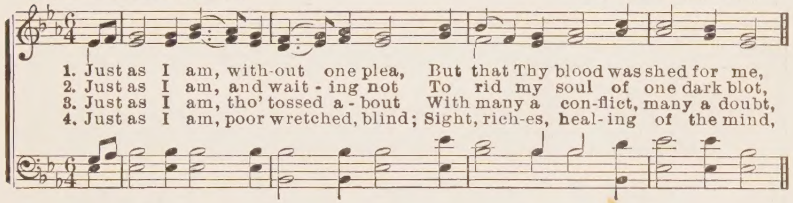

D. S.
Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains,
Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way,
Are saved, to sin no more, Are saved, to sin no-more,

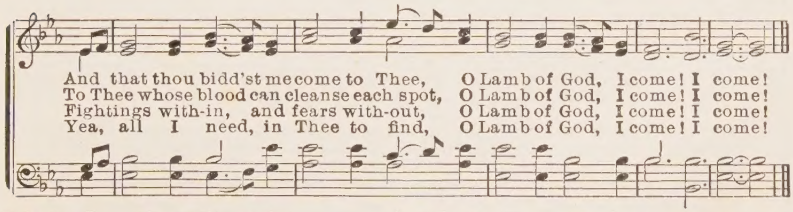
4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 147. Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.

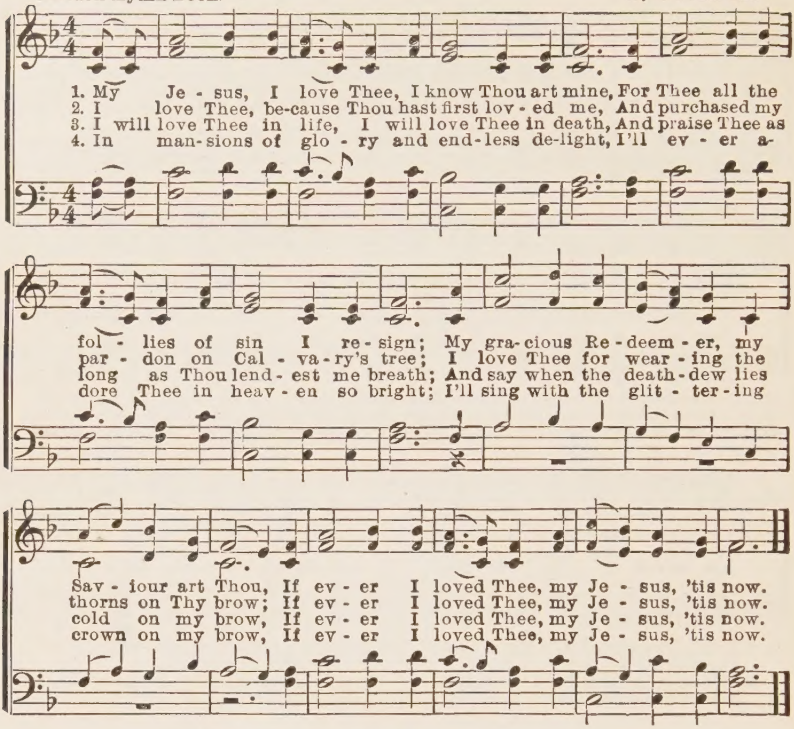

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, poor wretched, blind; Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,


And that thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fightings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

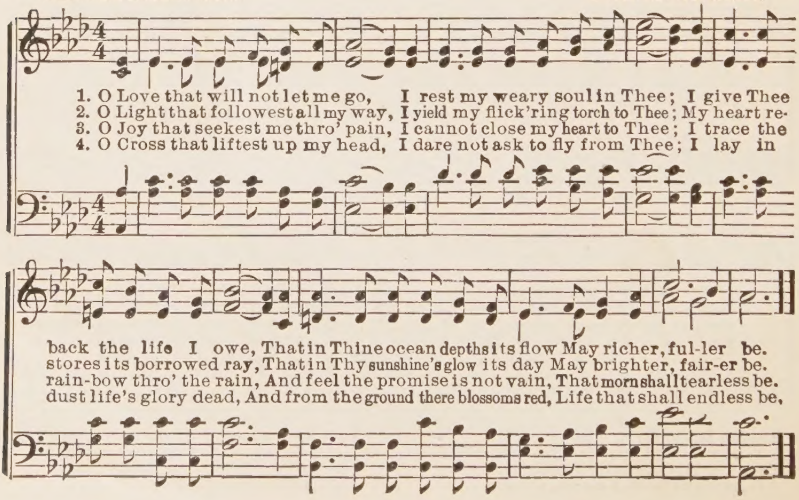
6 Just as I am.—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

No. 148. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be-cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a-
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va-ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
Sav - iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

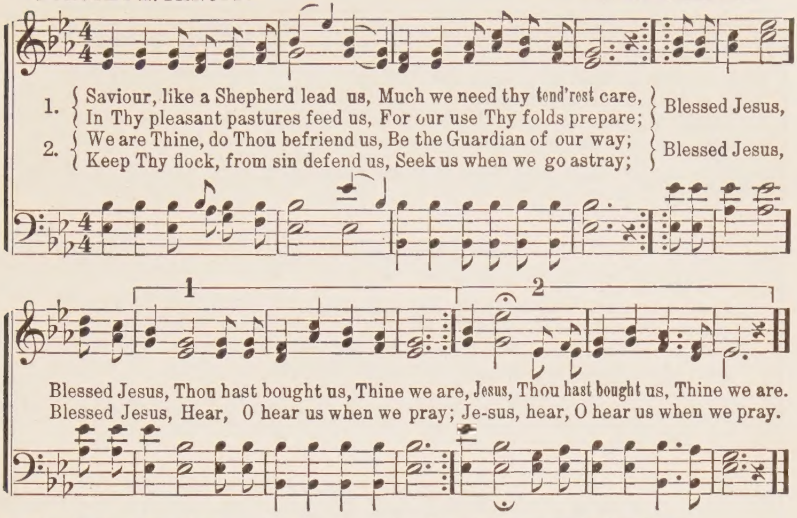
No. 149. O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go.

GEORGE MATHESON. ALBERT L. PEACE.


1. O Love that will not let me go, I rest my weary soul in Thee; I give Thee
2. O Light that followest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-
3. O Joy that seekest me thro' pain, I cannot close my heart to Thee; I trace the
4. O Cross that liftest up my head, I dare not ask to fly from Thee; I lay in
back the life I owe, That in Thine ocean depths its flow May richer, ful-ler be.
stores its borrowed ray, That in Thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter, fair-er be.
rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the promise is not vain, That morn shall tearless be.
dust life's glory dead, And from the ground there blossoms red, Life that shall endless be,

No. 150. Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP. W. B. BRADBURY.

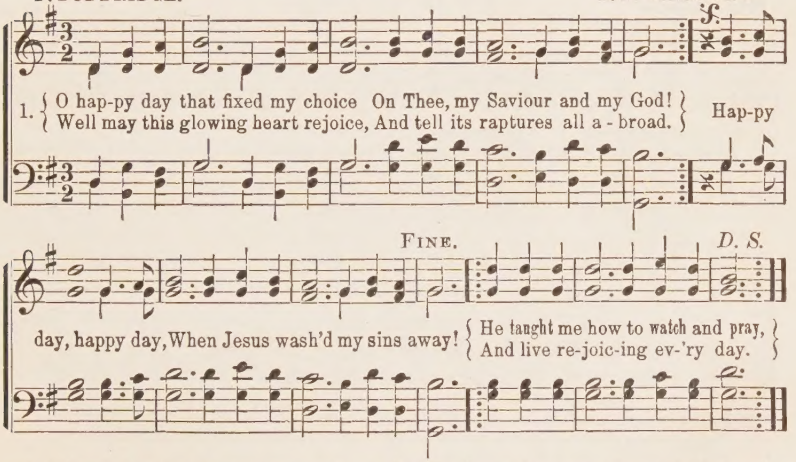

1. Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tend'rest care, In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare; Blessed Jesus,
2. We are Thine, do Thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way; Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go astray; Blessed Jesus,
1
2
Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are, Jesus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Blessed Jesus, Hear, O hear us when we pray; Je-sus, hear, O hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 151. Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.

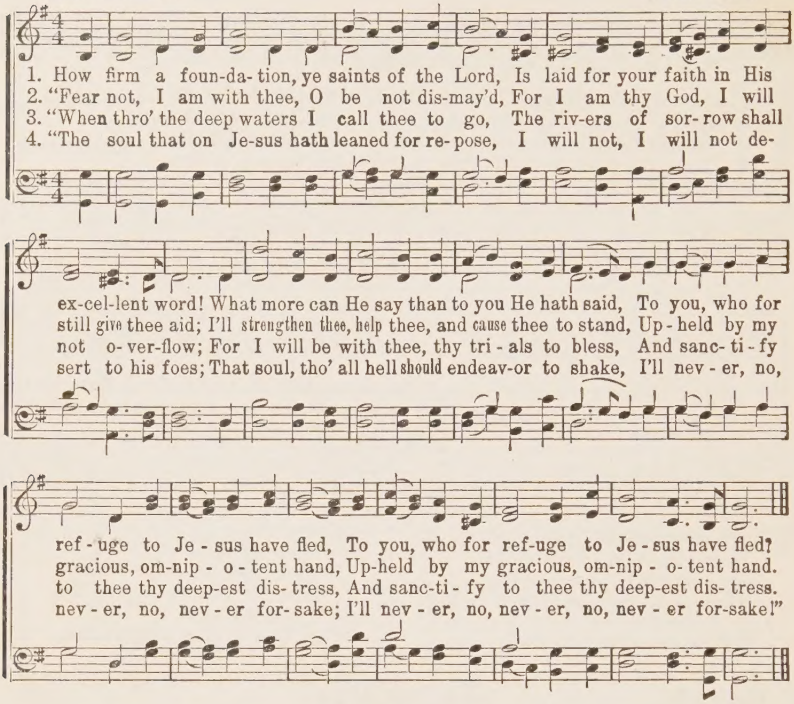

1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a - broad. Hap-py
FINE.
D. S.
day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away! He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house
While to that sacred shrine I move.

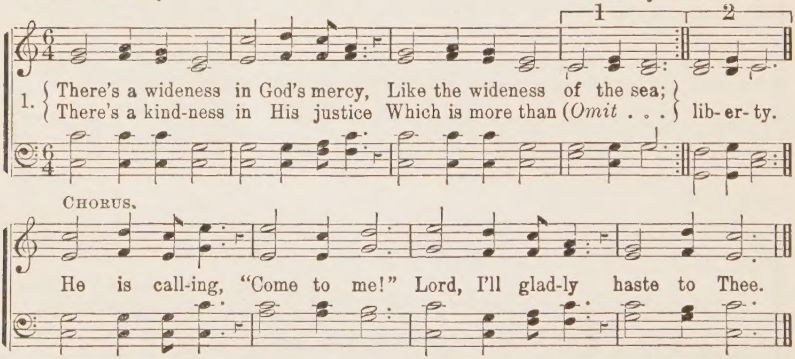
3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

No. 152. How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. J. READING.


1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-may'd, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall
4. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not, I will not de-
ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my
not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy
sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should endeav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no,
ref-uge to Je-sus have fled, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
gracious, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by my gracious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
to thee thy deep-est dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
nev-er, no, nev-er for-sake; I'll nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er for-sake!"

No. 153. He Is Calling.

F. W. FABER. Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1
2
1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea; }
{ There's a kind-ness in His justice Which is more than (Omit . . . } lib-er-ty.
CHORUS.
He is call-ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad-ly haste to Thee.

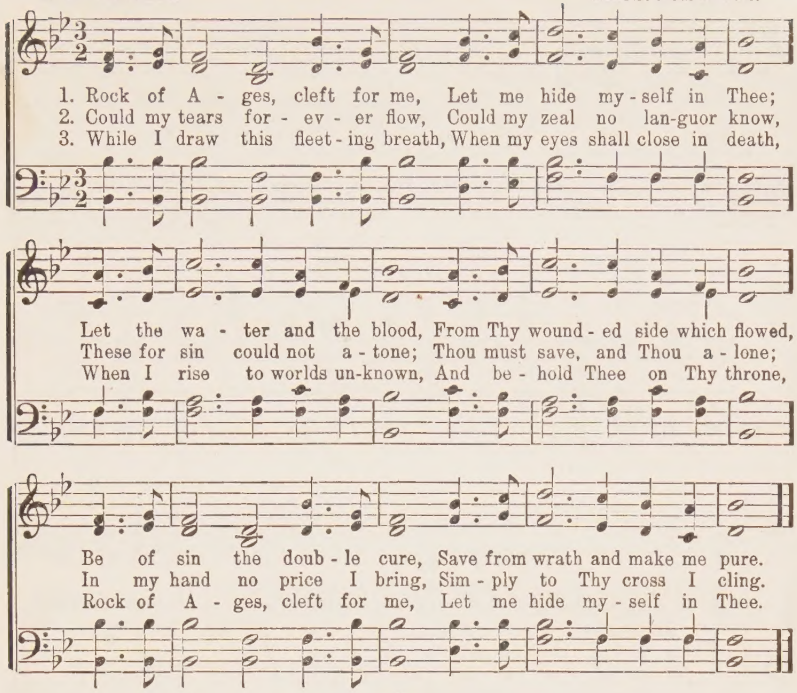
2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good:
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of the Lord.

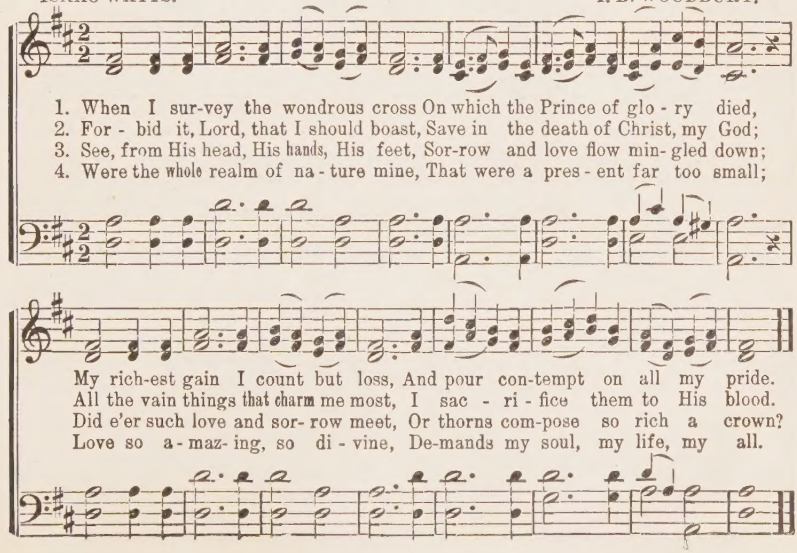
No. 154. Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOS. HASTINGS.

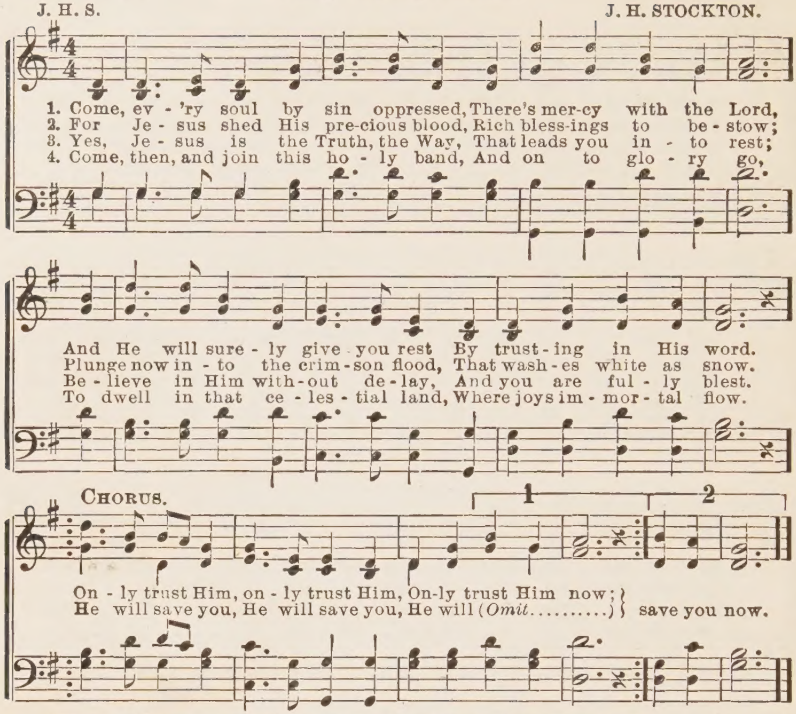

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,
Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

No. 155. When I Survey.

ISAAC WATTS. I. B. WOODBURY.


1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min- gled down;
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor- row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz- ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

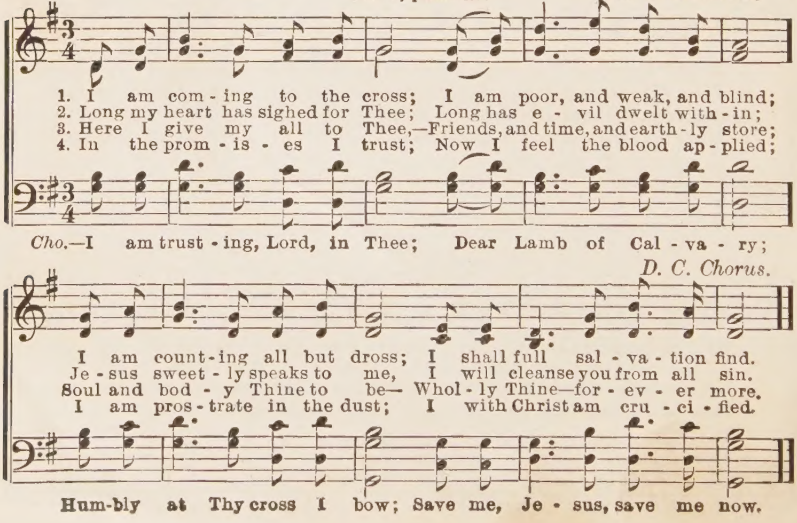
No. 156. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,
And He will sure - ly give you rest By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood, That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.
CHORUS.
1
2
On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will (Omit.....) save you now.

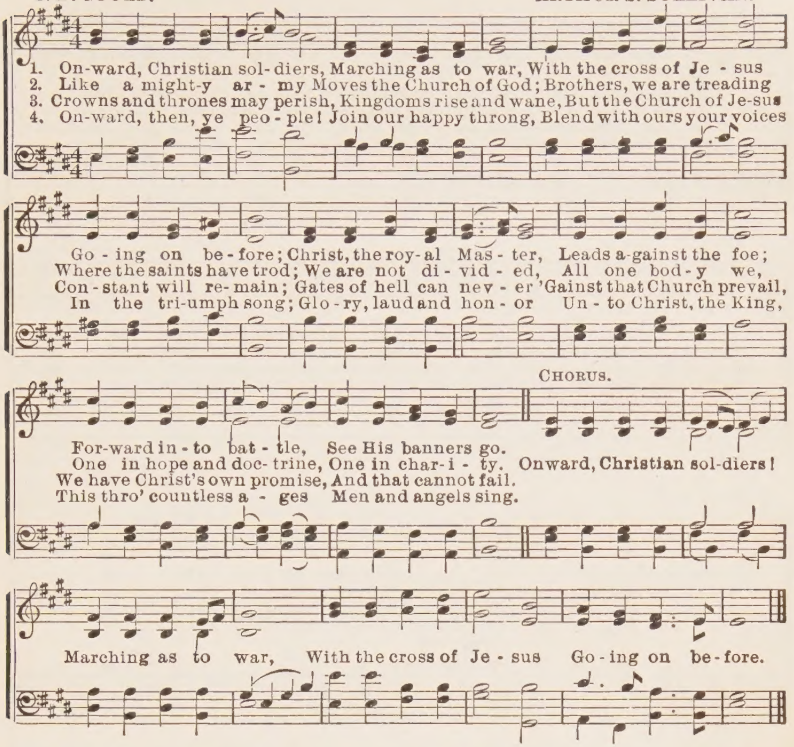
* The words "Come to Jesus" may be used for chorus instead of "Only Trust Him."

No. 157. I Am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Used by permission. WM. G. FISCHER.

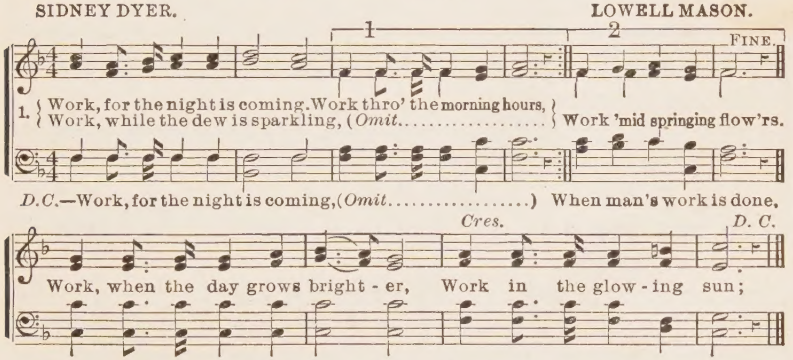

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has e - vil dwelt with - in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee,—Friends, and time, and earth - ly store;
4. In the prom - is - es I trust; Now I feel the blood ap - plied;
Cho.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee; Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
D. C. Chorus.
I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, I will cleanse you from all sin.
Soul and bod - y Thine to be— Whol - ly Thine—for - ev - er more.
I am pros - trate in the dust; I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

No. 158. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. B. GOULD. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je-sus
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices
Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod-y we,
Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail,
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King,
CHORUS.
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His banners go.
One in hope and doc- trine, One in char-i - ty. Onward, Christian sol-diers!
We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

No. 159. Work, for the Night is Coming.

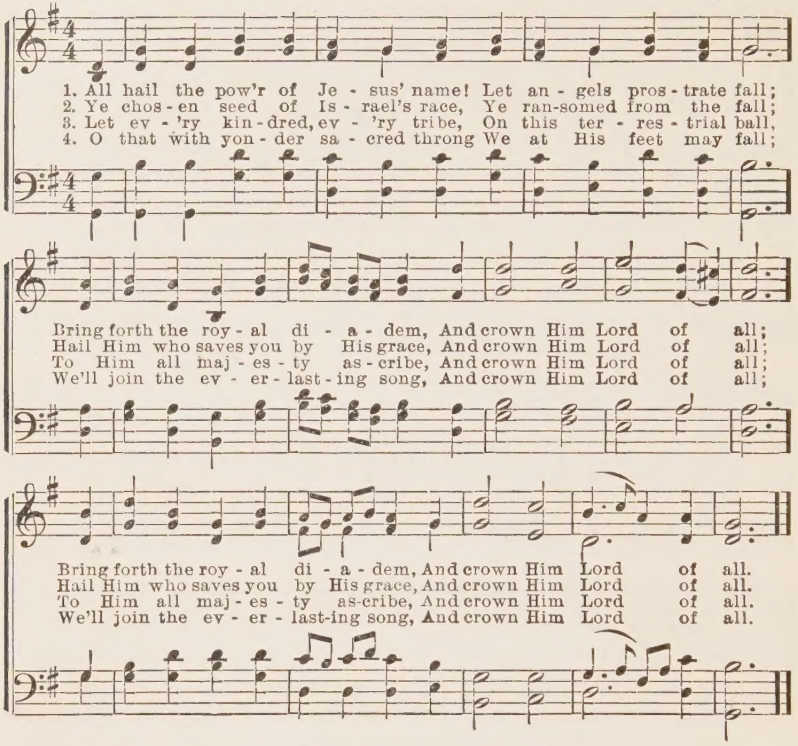
SIDNEY DYER. LOWELL MASON.


1
2
FINE.
1. { Work, for the night is coming. Work thro' the morning hours, }
{ Work, while the dew is sparkling, (Omit.....) } Work 'mid springing flow'rs.
D.C.—Work, for the night is coming, (Omit.....) When man's work is done.
Cres.
D. C.
Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

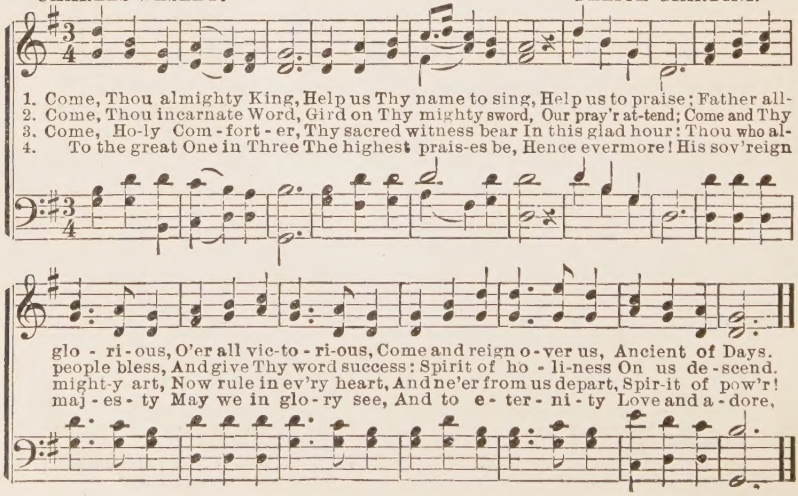
3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 160. All Hail the Power.

REV. E. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall;
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

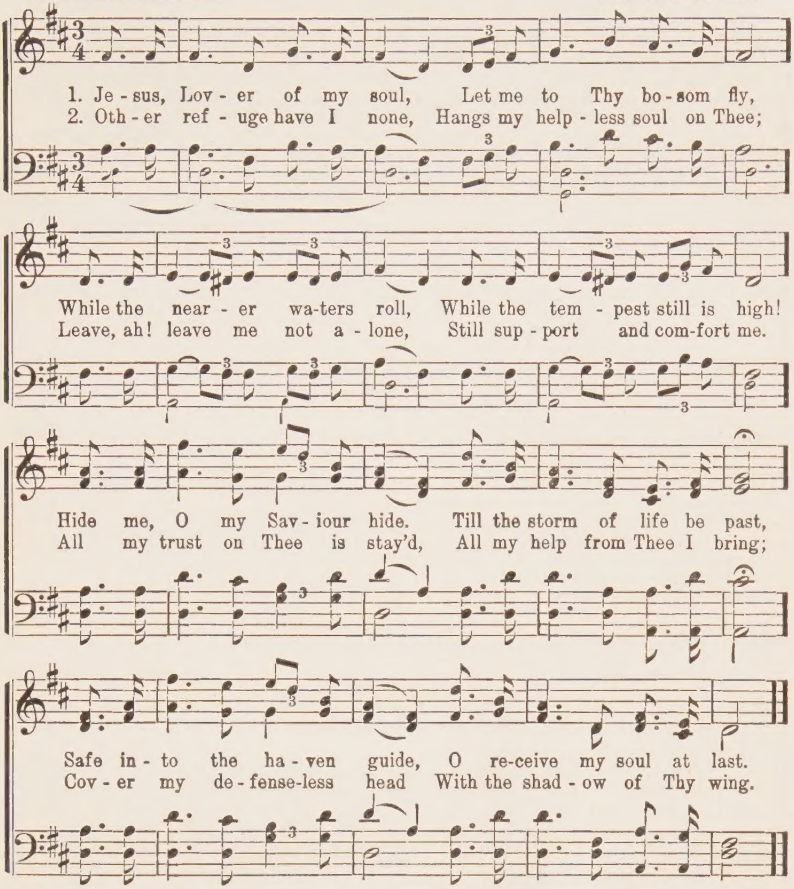
No. 161. Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. FELICE GIARDINI.


1. Come, Thou almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all-
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our pray'r at-tend; Come and Thy
3. Come, Ho-ly Com - fort - er, Thy sacred witness bear In this glad hour: Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three The highest prais-es be, Hence evermore! His sov'reign
glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic-to - ri-ous, Come and reign o - ver us, Ancient of Days.
people bless, And give Thy word success: Spirit of ho - li-ness On us de-scend.
might-y art, Now rule in ev'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir-it of pow'r!
maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore,

No. 162. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. J. P. HOLBROOK.

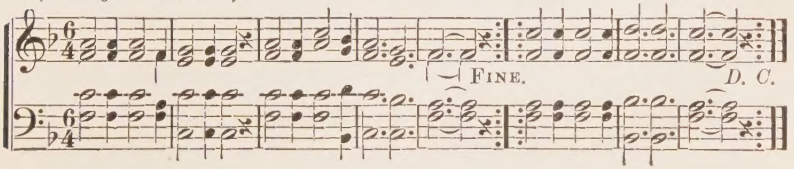

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
While the near - er wa-ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me.
Hide me, O my Sav - iour hide. Till the storm of life be past,
All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

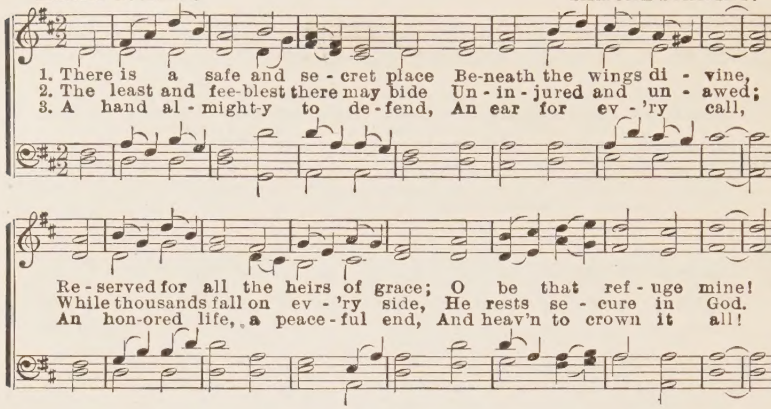
No. 163. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

(*For Hymn see above.*) S. B. MARSH



No. 164. There is a Safe and Secret Place.

HENRY F. LYTE. SAMUEL STANLEY.


1. There is a safe and se - cret place Be-neath the wings di - vine,
2. The least and fee-blest there may bide Un - in - jured and un - awed;
3. A hand al - might-y to de-fend, An ear for ev - 'ry call,
Re - served for all the heirs of grace; O be that ref - uge mine!
While thousands fall on ev - 'ry side, He rests se - cure in God.
An hon-ored life, a peace - ful end, And heav'n to crown it all!

No. 165. How Sweet the Name.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul;
And to the weary, rest.

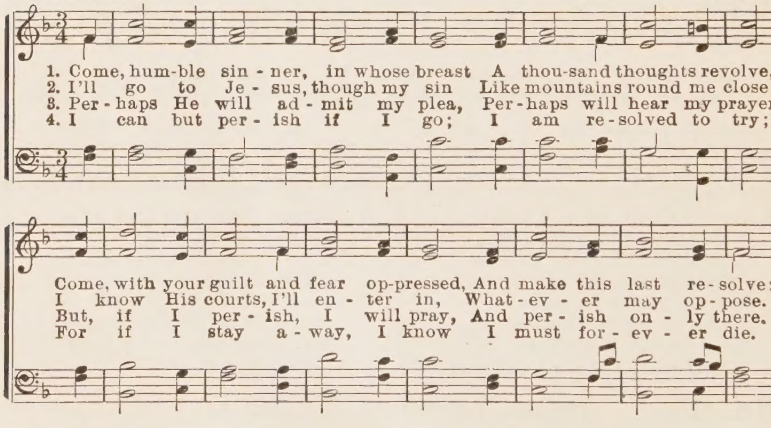
3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

JOHN NEWTON.

No. 166. Come, Humble Sinner.

EDMUND JONES. AARON WILLIAMS.


1. Come, hum-ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thou-sand thoughts revolve,
2. I'll go to Je - sus, though my sin Like mountains round me close;
3. Per - haps He will ad - mit my plea, Per - haps will hear my prayer;
4. I can but per - ish if I go; I am re-solved to try;
Come, with your guilt and fear op-pressed, And make this last re-solve:—
I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op-pose.
But, if I per - ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there.
For if I stay a - way, I know I must for - ev - er die.

No. 167. Jesus, Thine All-Victorious Love.

1 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire
And make the mountains flow:

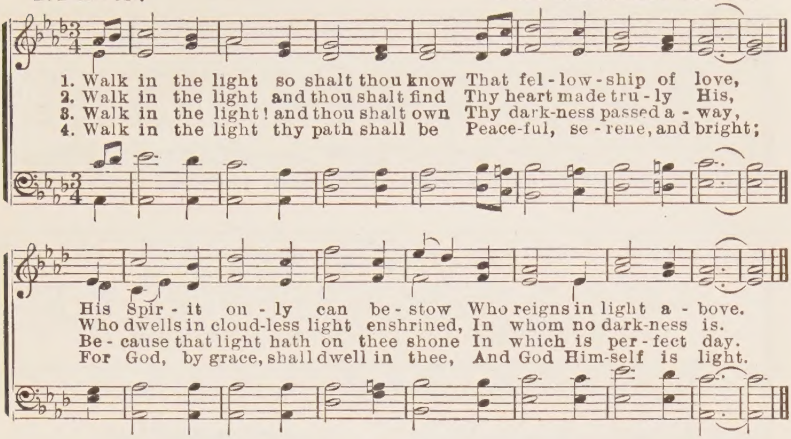
3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come!

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 168. Walk in the Light.

B. BARTON. From MEHUL AND HAYDN.


1. Walk in the light so shalt thou know That fel-low-ship of love,
2. Walk in the light and thou shalt find Thy heart made tru-ly His,
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy dark-ness passed a-way,
4. Walk in the light thy path shall be Peace-ful, se-rene, and bright;
His Spir-it on-ly can be-stow Who reigns in light a-bove.
Who dwells in cloud-less light enshrined, In whom no dark-ness is.
Be-cause that light hath on thee shone In which is per-fect day.
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God Him-self is light.

No. 169. O for a Faith.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief and pain,
Will lean upon its God;

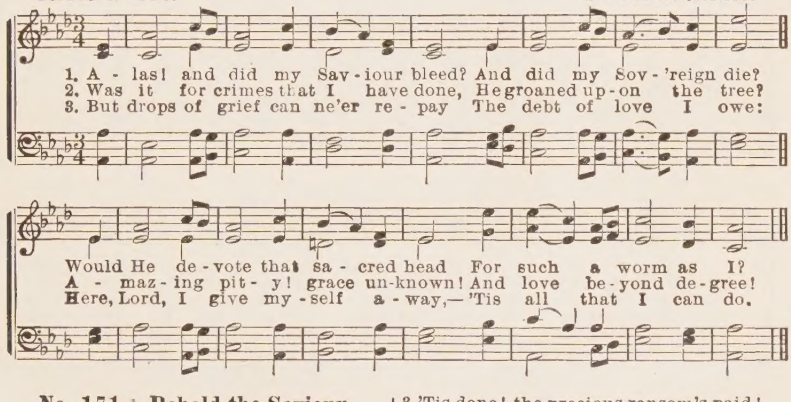
3 A faith that shines more bright and clear,
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

No. 170. Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed?

ISAAC WATTS. STEPHEN JENKS.


1. A-las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe:
Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A-maz-ing pit-y! grace un-known! And love be-yond de-gree!
Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way,—'Tis all that I can do.

No. 171. Behold the Saviour.

1 Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark! how He groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend:
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

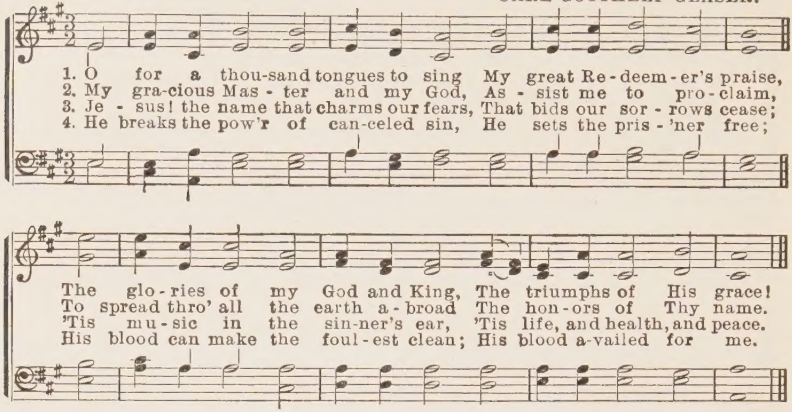
3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
"Receive my soul!" He cries,
See where He bows His sacred head:
He bows His head, and dies!

4 But soon He'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like Thine?

S. WESLEY.

No. 172. O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing.

C. WESLEY. CARL GOTTHELF GLASER.


1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise,
2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim,
3. Je-sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of can-celed sin, He sets the pris-'ner free;
The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace!
To spread thro' all the earth a-broad The hon-ors of Thy name.
'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ear, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the foul-est clean; His blood a-vailed for me.

No. 173. O for a Heart to Praise.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

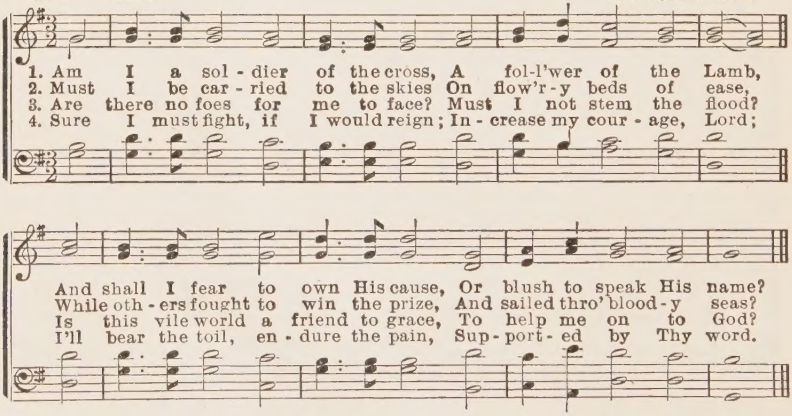
3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 174. Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

ISAAC WATTS. THOS. A. ARNE.


1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-l'wer of the Lamb,
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow'r-y beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

No. 175. I'm Not Ashamed.

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause;
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know His name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

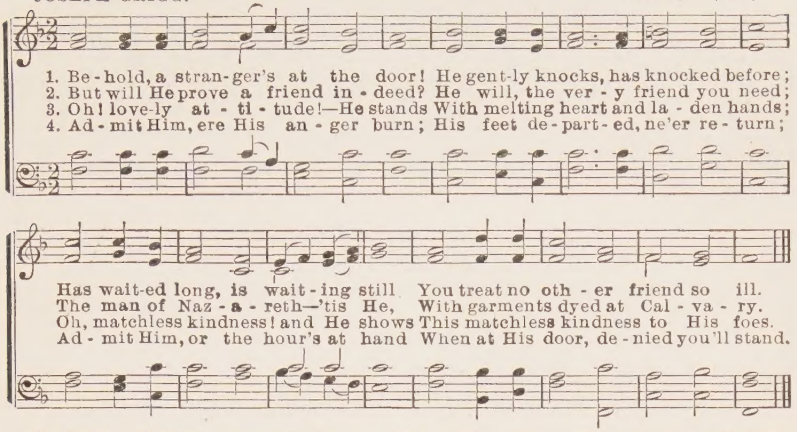
3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 176. Behold, a Stranger's at the Door.

JOSEPH GRIGG. H. K. OLIVER.


1. Be - hold, a stran-ger's at the door! He gent-ly knocks, has knocked before;
2. But will He prove a friend in - deed? He will, the ver - y friend you need;
3. Oh! love-ly at - ti - tude!—He stands With melting heart and la - den hands;
4. Ad - mit Him, ere His an - ger burn; His feet de - part - ed, ne'er re - turn;
Has wait-ed long, is wait - ing still You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
The man of Naz - a - reth—'tis He, With garments dyed at Cal - va - ry.
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
Ad - mit Him, or the hour's at hand When at His door, de - nied you'll stand.

No. 177. O Thou, Our Saviour.

1 O Thou, our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Behold a cloud of incense rise;
The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
Grateful, accepted sacrifice.

2 Regard our prayers for Zion's peace:
Shed in our hearts Thy love abroad:
Thy gifts abundantly increase;
Enlarge, and fill us all with God.

3 Before Thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,
And guide into Thy perfect will;
Cause us Thy hallowed name to know;
The work of faith in us fulfill.

4 Take the dear purchase of Thy blood:
Thy blood shall wash us white as snow;
Present us sanctified to God,
And perfected in love below.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 178. Stay, Thou Insulted Spirit.

1 Stay, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done Thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

2 Tho' I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vexed, and urged Thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years.

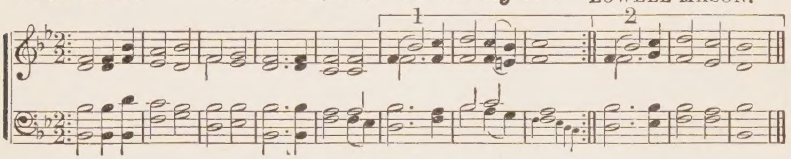
3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er Thy grace received;
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved;

4 Yet, O the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from Thy people's rest.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 179. Blest Hour of Prayer.

LOWELL MASON.



1 Blest hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God;
To send to Heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased His people's voice to hear;
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

3 Blest hour, for, where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given;
And mortals find His earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

4 Hail, peaceful hour! supremely blest
Amid the hours of worldly care;
The hour that yields the spirit rest,
That sacred hour, the hour of prayer.

No. 180. O Christ.

1 O Christ, who hast prepared a place
For us around Thy throne of grace,
We pray Thee, lift our hearts above,
And draw them with the cords of love.

2 Source of all good, Thou, gracious Lord,
Art our exceeding great reward;
How transient is our present pain,
How boundless our eternal gain!

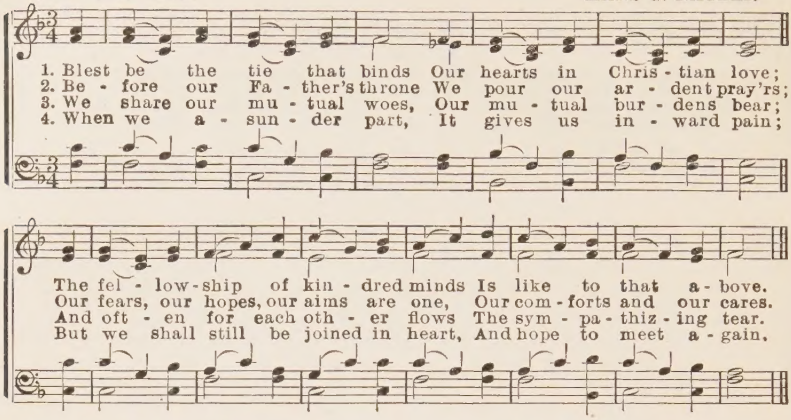
3 With open face and joyful heart,
We then shall see Thee as Thou art:
Our love shall never cease to glow,
Our praise shall never cease to flow.

4 Thy never-failing grace to prove,
A surety of Thine endless love,
Send down Thy Holy Ghost to be
The raiser of our souls to Thee.

SANTOLIUS VICTORINUS. TR. BY J. CHANDLER.

No. 181. Blest Be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCETT. HANS G. NAGELI.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;
The fel - low-ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 182. Welcome, Sweet Day.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to day;
Here may we sit and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 183. A Charge to Keep.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!

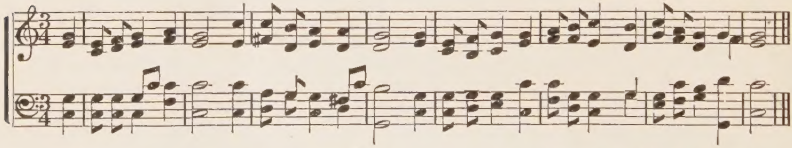
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 184. And Can I Yet Delay?

LOWELL MASON.



1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own Thee conqueror!

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take
And seal me ever Thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all Thy weight of love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 185. Make Haste to Live.

1 Make haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze;
How swift its moments fly!

2 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
The day will soon be gone.

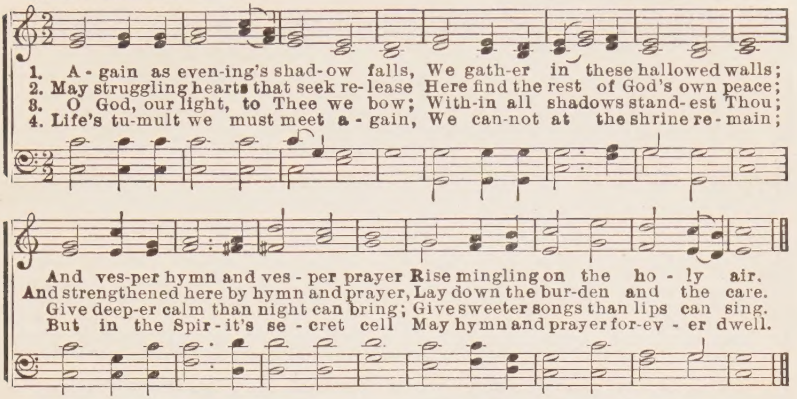
3 Up, then, with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away:
This is no time for thee to sleep,
Up, watch, and work, and pray!

4 Make haste, O man, to live,
Thy time is almost o'er;
O sleep not, dream not, but arise,
The Judge is at the door.

HORATIUS BONAR.

No. 186. Again as Evening's Shadow Falls.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.


1. A - gain as even-ing's shad-ow falls, We gath-er in these hallowed walls;
2. May struggling hearts that seek re-lease Here find the rest of God's own peace;
3. O God, our light, to Thee we bow; With-in all shadows stand-est Thou;
4. Life's tu-mult we must meet a - gain, We can-not at the shrine re - main;
And ves-per hymn and ves - per prayer Rise mingling on the ho - ly air.
And strengthened here by hymn and prayer, Lay down the bur-den and the care.
Give deep-er calm than night can bring; Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.
But in the Spir - it's se - cret cell May hymn and prayer for-ev - er dwell.

No. 187. God Calling Yet.

1 God calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! I cannot stay:
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part:
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

TR. JANE BORTHWICK.

No. 188. Jesus Shall Reign.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at His feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend His word.

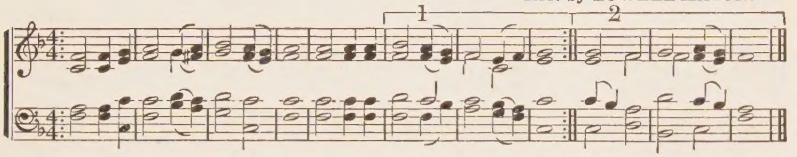
3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 189. Lord, I Am Thine.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine would I be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity!
The vow is past, beyond repeal,
Now will I set the solemn seal.

3 Here at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

4 Do Thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform:
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

SAMUEL DAVIES.

No. 190. Not Ashamed of Jesus.

1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

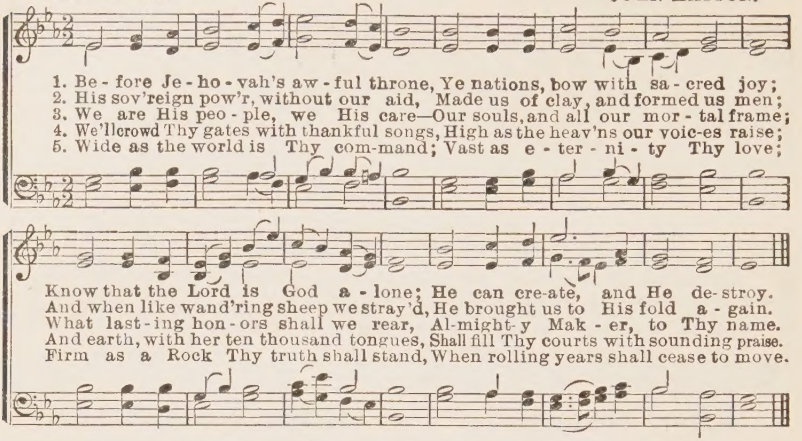
3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

No. 191. Before Jehovah's Awful Throne.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN HATTON.


1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye nations, bow with sa - cred joy;
2. His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men;
3. We are His peo - ple, we His care—Our souls, and all our mor - tal frame;
4. We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs, High as the heav'ns our voic-es raise;
5. Wide as the world is Thy com-mand; Vast as e - ter - ni - ty Thy love;
Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre-ate, and He de-stroy.
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd, He brought us to His fold a - gain.
What last-ing hon-ors shall we rear, Al-might-y Mak - er, to Thy name.
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues, Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
Firm as a Rock Thy truth shall stand, When rolling years shall cease to move.

No. 192. While Life Prolongs.

1 While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given:
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave;
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

3 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

4 While God invites, how blest the day:
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

No. 193. I Thirst, Thou Wounded.

1 I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee:
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

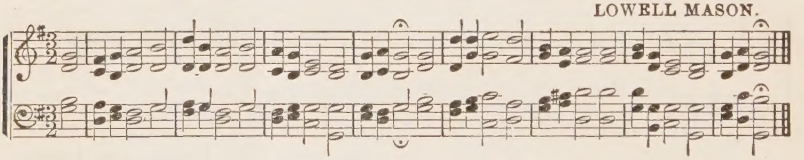
3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

4 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside;
My Lord, my Love, is crucified."

NICHOLAS L. ZINZENDORF.

No. 194. Of Him Who Did Salvation Bring.

LOWELL MASON.



1 Of Him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy,—He'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty,—He'll forgive.

2 Ask but His grace, and lo! 'tis given;
Ask, and He turns your hell to heaven:
Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, Thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins He blushed in blood;
He closed His eyes to show us God;
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

4 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against Thy charm is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

No. 195. Come, Sinners.

1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest:
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come all the world! come, sinners, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

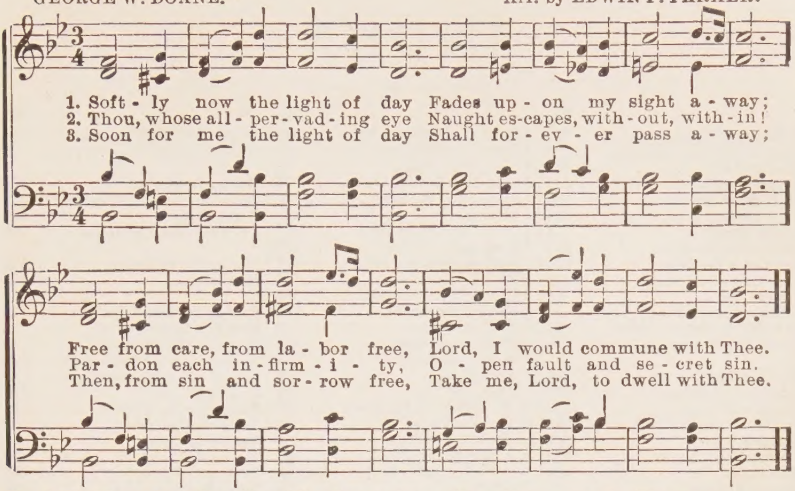
3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let His love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 196. Softly Now the Light of Day.

GEORGE W. DOANE. Arr. by EDWIN P. PARKER.


1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es-capes, with - out, with - in!
3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

No. 197. Never Further than Thy Cross.

1 Never further than Thy cross:
Never higher than Thy feet;
Here earth's precious things seem dross:
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

2 Here we learn to serve and give,
And rejoicing self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

3 Till amid the hosts of light,
We in Thee redeemed, complete,
Through Thy cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before Thy feet.

MRS. ELIZABETH CHARLES.

No. 198. Lord, We Come.

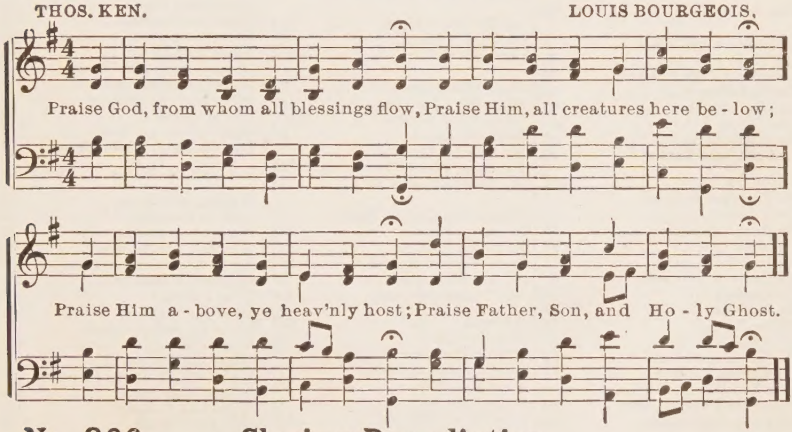
1 Lord we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow,
O do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

2 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

3 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

No. 199. Praise God.

THOS. KEN. LOUIS BOURGEOIS.


Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 200. Closing Benediction.

LEADER.—The Lord bless thee and keep thee.
RESPONSE.—The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.
ALL.—The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

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